THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

APRIL 20, '12 — 5cts. THE COPY

Beginning

THE JINGO

By George Randolph Chester

MORE THAN A MILLION AND THREE-QUARTERS CIRCULATION WEEKLY

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SLATE GRAY

Big Ben

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$2.50

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Westclox, La Salle, Illinois.

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These words are being uttered hundreds of times a day referring to Holeproof Hose for *men*, *women* and *children*. Wives who have tested this famous hosiery are suggesting Holeproof to their husbands. Men are surprising their wives with the wear they get from these excellent socks. And children are wearing Holeproof stockings six months without holes.

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A million men, women, and children are wearing this famous brand. We made 7,000,000 pairs last year. It cost us $55,000 merely to inspect this output—to examine each pair—to see that each was perfection. But this care is the secret of the Holeproof success. It extends throughout every department. We make hose that will stand a guarantee. That is the sole reason why we guarantee them.

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In all our experience we have not had to replace more than 5% of the hose we sell. 95% have always outlasted the guarantee. Six pairs are guaranteed six months. The reason they last is as follows:

70c a Pound

We pay for our cotton yarn an average of 70c a pound. It is Egyptian and Sea Island cotton, the finest, longest fibred, lightest and softest that grows. We use it 3-ply, so it's very flexible. The hose that it makes are thus strong and long-wearing, but light, soft and attractive too. We could buy common 2-ply yarn for 30c a pound. But we'd make common hose. And common hose, to be guaranteed, must be made cumbersome, heavy and coarse.

FAMOUS

Holeproof Hosiery

FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Carl Freschl

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Six pairs guaranteed six months cost $1.50 up to $3 according to finish and weight. Ask to see the *silk* Holeproof.

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Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906

Carl Freschl

Are Your Hose Insured?

TO DEALERS We have an opportunity to place the Holeproof line with a few more live dealers. Write for the Holeproof proposition and plan for sales promotion.

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THE REPUBLICAN SITUATION

By Samuel G. Blythe

THEODORE ROOSEVELT did two things when he became an open candidate for the Republican nomination for president. He made the renomination of President Taft as certain as anything political can be certain. And he lessened, to a large extent, the already slim chance President Taft has for reëlection next November.

After a second trip across the country from coast to coast—a trip that included every debatable state in the Union—and following Mr. Roosevelt's Columbus speech and his open candidacy, I find no reason to modify the conclusions I reached following a similar trip last fall. I said then that Mr. Taft will be renominated by the Republicans, and that is still the fact. I said also that Mr. Taft will not be elected in November if the Democrats make the right sort of a nomination against him, and that statement still holds good.

The Democrats have the election in their hands, the more so since the injection of Roosevelt into the situation. Their chances are better in every way than they have been since 1892. If they present a good candidate who makes the right sort of an appeal on a rational platform, Mr. Taft will be defeated and that candidate elected. If they are not politically wise in the selection of their candidate, Mr. Taft, who is stronger now than he was four or five months ago, will win, not overwhelmingly, but with votes to spare.

The reason Mr. Taft will win the nomination at Chicago is being shown every day in the political news in the papers. He will win because the men who control the machinery are for him. There have been claims that if there could be presidential preference primaries in all the states, Mr. Roosevelt would be largely the choice of the Republicans for president. Without discounting the popularity of Mr. Roosevelt, that statement, which is not susceptible of proof at this time, carries no particular weight, for there are just as good reasons for doubting it—perhaps better—as there are for believing it. It is the opinion of competent political observers that Mr. Roosevelt would receive a rude shock if he could go before preferential primaries in all states, and North Dakota has proved it as this is written and other states are likely to prove it before this is printed.

The fact is that Mr. Roosevelt, admired as he is by a large majority of his fellow citizens in this country, is held to have placed himself in an untenable position from a party viewpoint, and party obligations are still strong with the mass of the people—not so strong as they have been or so weak as they will be—but still strong. There was some clamor for him, induced and fostered by newspaper polls and by the efforts of men who have reasons for being against Taft. But that was largely sentimental. When it came down to his actual candidacy, which involves the defeat of Mr. Taft and the consequent repudiation of the platform, obligations and record of the Republican party, a good many of the men who were doing the cheering for Mr. Roosevelt suddenly became silent. It was one thing to shout for a hero when nothing was concerned but the noise, and another to support him and aid in the defeat of the titular head of the party by voting for the hero as well as shouting for him.

No matter how widespread the opinion among Republicans may be that Mr. Taft is likely to be defeated, the party spirit is still impelling enough to face defeat with him, rather than to disown and discredit him, and thereby disown and discredit the party. Colonel Roosevelt miscalculated. He relied too much on the assertions of friends.

Colonel Roosevelt undoubtedly thought there was a loud call from the people for him. He was half right. There was a loud call, but it was not altogether a genuine call. Some of the people who were calling didn't think he would think they meant it. They were calling largely in the spirit of adventure, in the American spirit of starting something. When these same people saw he took the call seriously they immediately stopped the noise and voted, not as they had so boldly shouted, but as the party spirit impelled them to vote.

Any attempt to explain the Colonel's psychology must be gratuitous. He doesn't play the game by set rules, but makes up the rules as he goes along. Still no candid friend can fail to see now that the situation into which he injected himself was almost impossible before he jumped in, and immediately became impossible because of his entrance. Most of them saw it before he threw his hat in the ring. Just why the Colonel, who is felt to be one of the shrewdest and most adroit politicians of the day, did not see things with his usual clear vision, is merely a subject for speculation.

Colonel Roosevelt's closest friends—personal friends and not political friends—political friends being close only in a selfish way—besought him to stay where he was. The Colonel had frequently said this was not his fight, that he didn't want to be a candidate, and that he would not consent to run unless there was an overwhelming demand for him. Even if he did desire to be president again—and the fact that he is an active candidate for the place is proof that he did so desire—he was in the most advantageous position possible before his declaration. He was in a position where he could gain everything and lose nothing. If the nomination came to him he could take it on the assumption that it was the result of a great popular demand. If it didn't come he had lost nothing for there was nothing to show that he had ever aspired to it.

He was urged to remain in a purely receptive position. He was told that if he felt he must write a proclamation, to write one that should say substantially that he was not a candidate for the nomination, that he felt Mr. Taft should be renominated by the Republican party, but if the Republican party did not so feel and desired to draft him for service, he would consider the call when it came to him. A declaration of this kind would have had all the good points of the declaration he did make and none of the bad points. Most important of all, it would not have placed him on the defensive, where he was immediately placed when he issued his declaration.

The men who wanted Mr. Roosevelt to run, and who urged him to come out, and who finally brought him out, are earnest and sincere men, but each one of them had a grievance against Mr. Taft, not all personal, perhaps—although many of the grievances were personal—but political. They felt that Mr. Taft would be defeated. They held to principles in advance of any Mr. Taft has advocated or promulgated. They saw only one side of the matter.

It is quite likely that ten years from now a movement of this kind would be successful. But the people move slowly and are moved even more slowly. The fetish of party is still strong. It is stronger, too, in the canvass for a nomination than in the canvass for an election. After a man is nominated, and a platform is adopted, and the issues are defined and the whole campaign is clear cut, the people are far more likely to change and vote according to their desires and convictions than they are in the matter of a nomination. Nominations have been made for the people in this country for many years. They are accustomed to that procedure. Their recourse has been in the actual election of the candidates. No matter what the rights of this particular situation may be, the fact is as stated. Reforms come slowly. It has taken years of ceaseless agitation to get the few direct-primary laws we have now. It will take years more to get a universal primary system. Habit is largely the controlling factor. The habit of the people is to let the men who control the machinery name their candidates for them, and that habit is still too powerful to

Can He Stick?

make the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt possible, even if he were more in favor than apparently he is.

This is lamentable, but also it is true. The men in advance of a political or social movement are usually sentimentalists. They would not be in advance if they were not. But sentimentality does not sway the mass. Habit controls. Hence, though the men who advocate the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt in place of Mr. Taft have looked at the situation through glasses tinged with their very sentimentality, and have let their enthusiasm and their conception of right and justice sway them, the people have not risen to the heights. The organizations still control. The organizations are for Taft. And there you are.

Notwithstanding, a situation might easily arise in this country when the people would take matters in their own hands and force the nomination of a popular hero, just as they have frequently taken matters into their own hands and defeated for election an undesirable candidate. But that situation must inevitably be predicated on a man who inspires and is unhesitatingly held to be the real leader of the revolt. The candidacy of Colonel Roosevelt bogged down exactly at this point. As the Greatest Living American, the people of the United States were largely for Mr. Roosevelt and delighted to honor and acclaim him. But when he became an actual candidate for the presidency again, he ceased to be, in their estimation, the Greatest Living American, and became a politician who wanted an office. That step put him on a par with others who want office. When Mr. Roosevelt was put into this position by the people they looked him over with the same sort of cold and analytical eye they focus on other candidates. "There's nothing supernatural about this chap," they said. "Let's have a look and see why we should be for him."

Now, mark you, the Republican party, until the very moment when it became certain Mr. Roosevelt would be an active candidate against Mr. Taft, was largely anti-Taft. That is, the Republicans who felt that Mr. Taft had failed in a large measure were in the majority in the party. Also there was an almost universal feeling that with Mr. Taft nominated and a well-selected Democrat running against him, the Democrat would win, because many Republicans who held this opinion had made up their minds to vote against Mr. Taft. Then Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy, which had been intangible, became a fact by his declaration of February 24, 1912. That crystallized the situation. The work of the organization men in the various states who had the task of getting delegates for Mr. Taft became easier, not because there had been any increase in political regard for Mr. Taft, but because Mr. Roosevelt had taken himself down from his pedestal.

How the Columbus Speech Helped Mr. Taft

DESPITE the constant rumors that Mr. Roosevelt would be a candidate, a very large proportion of the Republicans of this country said and thought he would not be. They considered they had his word for it. But with his declaration, sentiment hardened into opposition overnight. Then with the man actually in the field, the Republicans who had held him as their hero brought to bear on his candidacy objections that had before that time been brushed aside as immaterial and not to be considered, because Mr. Roosevelt was not a candidate, they thought. Also Mr. Roosevelt contributed an additional argument or two himself at the same time.

There are three reasons why Mr. Roosevelt will not be nominated and why there will not be an overwhelming popular demand for his nomination. The first of these is the third term argument. It is doubtful whether the fear of a third term for a president has more than a passing effect on a nomination. It would be more likely to operate adversely after a nomination and to defeat an election. Still, the anti-third-term sentiment is strong, and it helped Mr. Taft some. There is room for all sorts of quibbling over Mr. Roosevelt's position on this. As the anti-third-term feeling is entirely sentimental, so the arguments for or against it must be based on individual opinion and deduction, instead of on fact. But the American sentiment against any man becoming president three times had its effect.

The second impelling cause for the turning away from Colonel Roosevelt was his Columbus speech. That came a few days before the declaration of his candidacy. Colonel Roosevelt is the only man who knows whether he, the Colonel, thought that speech would attract or repel support. He is full grown and mature, with an accurate knowledge of what words mean, and should have—if he hasn't—a comprehensive understanding of the aggregate temper of the people. The American people are as yet somewhat conversational in their radicalism. They talk about radicalism, but they are not radical. They will be in time, but the process of change is slow, especially as the persons who do most of the thinking for the people are hugely conservative. Hence, when Colonel Roosevelt came out for the recall of judicial decisions the people fell back, and those who did not fall back were pushed back by the conservatives who do the popular thinking. This departure was held to be too radical even for the most advanced of the mass. But that was not the main gain for Taft in that speech. The big thing, considered Taft-wise, was that the great bulk of the business men of the country, and the bankers and others who control the business men—financially, of course—were frightened. Naturally timid, they were thoroughly scared. The Columbus speech alienated thousands of men in thousands of communities who, if it had not been made, might have been for Colonel Roosevelt.

Disregarding the merits or the demerits of the contention, that speech solidified the business opposition to Roosevelt. It makes no difference whether Mr. Roosevelt or any of his supporters contend he is fighting for a principle and not for himself, the principle he enunciated in Columbus helped Mr. Taft immensely and hurt Mr. Roosevelt in exactly the same proportion. It was in advance of the times. It was entirely impolitic. It was undoubtedly urged by the more radical of Mr. Roosevelt's supporters, but it supplied one thing lacking to the organization men who are making the fight for Taft—it put the business men behind them and the business men put those dependent on them behind also. Mr. Taft couldn't have fared better if he had written the speech himself.

I was in the Middle West when Mr. Roosevelt made his Columbus speech. I had gone over that territory four months before and had found Colonel Roosevelt as popular as ever with the people. The result of the speech was apparent overnight. It swept over the Roosevelt movement with the same blighting effect with which a frost sweeps over a field of flowers. Next morning after the papers had been read there were reënforcements for Mr. Taft. This, of course, was first noticeable in business circles, but it spread rapidly. On the second day after the speech it was not uncommon to hear men who had been Republicans all their lives say they were for Mr. Taft now, although they had previously favored Roosevelt; and I heard dozens of men say they would not vote for Roosevelt if he were nominated, but would bolt. This was not in any particular locality, but all the way from Kansas City to the Pacific Coast and back again to Boston.

So much for that. The Columbus speech undoubtedly eased the ways for Mr. Taft, by giving the Republican organization men in the various states support and encouragement that had been lacking hitherto. But—and this is another important reason for his decrease in popularity—as soon as Colonel Roosevelt made his declaration of February 24, 1912, in which he said, "I will accept the nomination for president if it is tendered to me," his stock fell away below par. The anti-third-term sentiment, the feeling that Taft must be renominated or the Republican party repudiated, the Columbus speech—all these were greatly augmented by the third reason for loss of faith in Roosevelt and for his subsequent loss of support.

On November 8, 1904, as soon as it was settled that President Roosevelt had been elected, he gave out a statement to the public in which he said: "On the fourth of March next I shall have served three and one-half years, and this three and one-half years constitute my first term. The wise custom which limits the president to two terms regards the substance and not the form, and under no circumstances will I be a candidate or accept another nomination." Later, on December 11, 1907, Mr. Roosevelt reiterated that statement by saying: "I have not changed and shall not change that decision thus announced."

Wiseacres' Guesses as to Roosevelt's Motives

AFTER his open avowal of his candidacy on February twenty-fourth last the tide turned. I observed it everywhere, this change in sentiment. The American people know that Roosevelt nominated Taft. They know he elected Taft. They do not care particularly for Taft, but many of them think that Roosevelt has not played fairly with Taft, and when Roosevelt comes to sum up the reasons for his defeat he will place this reason near the head of the list if he considers the matter calmly and philosophically. Many people will scoff at this. But you can hear it talked everywhere in this country. Many persons, especially the Roosevelt protagonists, will say the emergency is too great to be dominated by mere sentimentality of this character. Admitting any claims of that character that may be advanced as to why this conviction should not work to the disadvantage of Mr. Roosevelt, I still maintain that this sentiment is largely responsible for checking the Roosevelt movement.

There are always in every campaign deep thinkers who inhabit various parts of the country, and seek to ascribe motives and to explain circumstances, and who impute supernal political strategy to individuals and construct fantastic theories as to the finesse of various politicians. These are working overtime now. They say Colonel Roosevelt has no idea he will be nominated this year, but that he has gone into the campaign merely to keep himself in the public eye and to place himself in the position where he can say, after Taft's defeat: "You had a chance to nominate me. You refused. I should have won." And, more than that, to make it imperative that he shall be nominated in 1916. In other words, they say Mr. Roosevelt, with intense political sagacity, is playing for 1916, when the Republican party will have to turn to him, he thinks. Mr. Roosevelt has an agile and an adroit mind, and he may have these almost supernatural powers of political astuteness, but it is hardly likely. He doesn't want to lose. He cannot afford to lose. He went into this campaign with 1912 in view, not 1916, and the reasons he did so are because he advised himself badly and was badly advised by others.

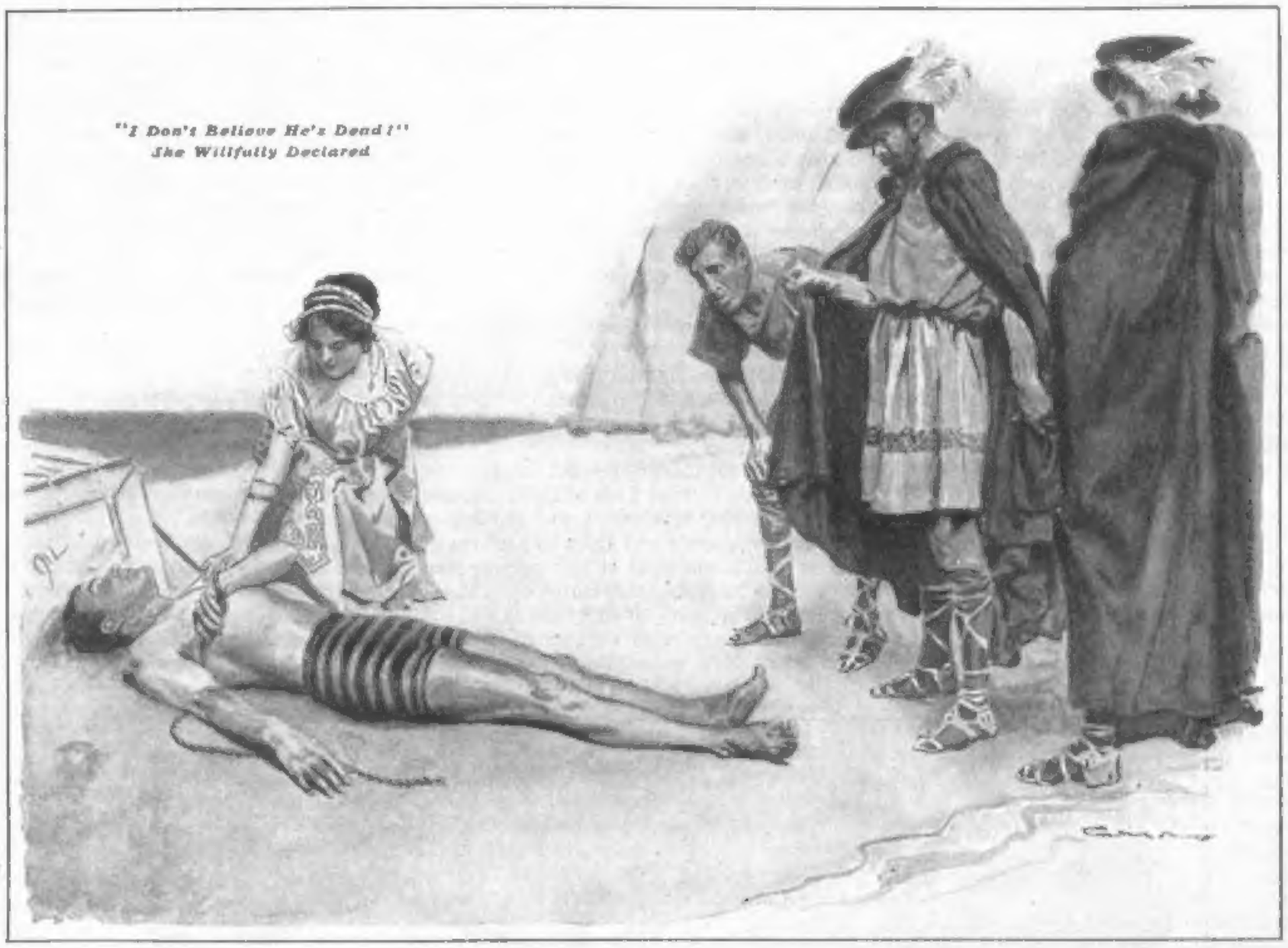
The success of Senator La Follette in the North Dakota primaries, and its subsequent interpretation by the Roosevelt managers as an evidence of the anti-Taft sentiment, in reality beg the question. Even if Roosevelt had not been in the race to take off Taft votes, Senator La Follette would have carried North Dakota overwhelmingly, for North Dakota farmers are solidly against Taft, almost, on account of the reciprocity issue and for other reasons.

(Continued on Page 43)

THE JINGO

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON



"I Don't Believe He's Dead!" She Willfully Declared

THE king slapped his hand to the back of his neck and jumped to his feet. Shaking the rain from his hair, he slammed and bolted the big wooden shutters just behind him. The princess, in the supple devilment of her nineteen years, leaned meekly against the shutters, but there was a suspicious spark in the wide brown eyes with which she held her brother's wondering attention.

"We only stuck our noses out!" she deceptively apologized as her slim brown hand slid stealthily up to the bolt.

The king laughed in spite of himself as he gazed down on her, her curling brown hair gleaming wet and the raindrops glistening on her oval face; and he shook his head at his younger brother, a tall boy of seventeen who stood laughing behind her, quite ready for any mischief the girl might suggest.

"Shutters were made to keep storms out," the king observed with every appearance of stern wisdom.

"Jump!" suddenly cried their guest from his seat in front of the wide fireplace where thick, flaming logs did their best against the damp and chill of the spring storm.

The guest, a black-bearded young man with the fashionable red cording upon his dark blue coat, was too late with his warning, for the princess had at last succeeded in slyly slipping the bolt, and she and her younger brother sprang away, shrieking with laughter as the shutters flew wide open and the storm rushed in from the night, drenching the king and the marble floor, blowing out most of the flaring candle-balls which formed a frieze about the big hall, and swirling great volumes of smoke from the fireplace.

The king, a tall and wholesome-looking fellow of about thirty-five, shook the water again from his hair and beard, and made an energetic plunge for his brother and sister.

"Head them off, Onalyon!" he called as, eluding him, they circled the big apartment, hurdling the dignified benches which came in their way.

At that moment they had turned in the far corner of the hall, had dodged the breathless and laughing king, and had headed straight for outdoors, almost hand in hand. Prince Onalyon sprang to intercept them. The girl, her cheeks and her eyes flaming with the joy of the romp, and the hem of her white robe cracking behind her like a whip, revealing every lithe curve of her, giggled something to her brother; and with shrieking mischief they hurled straight on, heads down.

Onalyon, watching the girl with suddenly gleaming eyes, braced himself, determined that they should not dash out upon the storm-swept terrace. Before he quite knew what had happened, however, he was himself rushed over the threshold and the big shutters bolted against him, leaving him to make his way round through to the main entrance.

The girl held the bolt while her younger brother stood before her, ready to grapple with the king and defend their victory at all hazards. The king, however, merely sat down and laughed.

"You may occasion the prince a severe cold," he observed with twinkling eyes.

"I hope he sneezes for the rest of his life!" giggled the princess.

"You might find that annoying in your husband," he suggested.

"She's not going to marry Onalyon!" immediately asserted her younger brother.

"I am afraid she must," insisted the king, becoming grave. "We've allowed her to be a child a long time."

"I won't!" and the girl tilted herself for a second upon the toes of her dainty sandals to come down on her heels for emphasis. "Please don't say I have to!" and, slipping down upon the arm of the king's chair, she turned her eyes appealingly to him. "You're always saying it." Seeing the collar of his tunic gaping conveniently open at the back, she dangled one of her dripping curls into the space to make him squirm. "Why must I?"

"To prevent war, for one thing."

"I wish we could have a war," she remarked; and, plucking a gray hair from his beard, she tried to twist it round his nose. "I'd rather have that than marry Onalyon."

"Is there any other among the nobles whom you would prefer?" he anxiously inquired.

"Who would it be?" she laughingly demanded. "Birrquay has a funny nose, and Calamaz talks about himself all the time, and Polecon is too fat, and Grisophal looks cross, and Huppylac squeaks, and Onalyon spends too much time on his beard. The rest are all too young or too old, and the nicest ones are all married."

"I'll speak to Onalyon about that beard," laughed the king, much relieved. "This is the first time that a marriage between the two dynasties has seemed possible since the war a hundred years ago."

The princess screamed and, hastily jumping from the arm of the chair, stood with distended eyes confronting her younger brother, emitting shriek after shriek straight at him. Tedoyah, searching the apartment for something—anything—to relieve the agony of serious conversation, had found on the floor a leaf which had been blown in by the storm. Upon the leaf was the priceless gift of a cold, cold worm; and this he had, with great care and delicacy, dropped into the exact center of the warm palm of Bezzanna.

"I'll put spiders in your bed!" she hysterically cried. "I'll put snakes in your clothes! I'll put bugs in your cap! I'll fill your pockets with caterpillars!"

An extra loud clap of thunder, which seemed to shake the very building, resounded outside just as Onalyon entered from the corridor, dripping and laughing.

"I like it, since I'm wet through," he said, hurrying to the fire and snapping the water from his fingers into Bezzanna's face as he passed her. "It's a fearful storm—the worst we've had in years, I think."

"I want to see it," declared Bezzanna wistfully, going to the shutters and sliding her hand longingly to and fro upon the bolt. "I don't see why you men, who claim to have all the intelligence there is, can't invent some way to see out without letting in the wind and the rain and the cold."

Both the king and the prince laughed.

"You have a positive genius for imagining impossible things," commented Onalyon. "I suppose you want us to find some wood or marble, or some other solid substance, which you can see through."

"Of course I do," she replied. "I'm tired of having it all dark indoors on cold days and when it rains. If we only had ice that would not melt!"

Naturally they could not help laughing at her. What she asked was so absurd—beyond the bounds of possibility—a miracle, in fact!

"That's as bad as your wanting us to set a slice of water on edge in your room, so you could see yourself in it," laughed the king.

"I didn't ask you to do that," she hotly denied, indignant at the misrepresentation. "I only asked you to find something to put in my room in which I could see to do up my hair as clearly as if I had a slice of water set on edge." "It amounts to the same," insisted the prince.

"It does not," contradicted Tedoyah. "What she said was a perfectly sensible illustration. My whole crowd has been working on it for months."

"Women are queer," observed the king sagely. "They are always wanting impossible things."

"That's because women won't admit there is anything impossible," stoutly asserted Bezzanna. "And there isn't. Why, last summer I said there should be some way for men to fly, and you told me it was impossible. Only a few days afterward a man flew straight over Isola."

Both the king and the prince looked at her sadly.

"I suppose you will never admit that what we saw was only a big bird," sighed the king with the hopeless air of a man who knows how useless it is to combat a feminine prejudice, no matter how absurd.

"Of course she won't admit it," maintained Tedoyah. "I saw the man myself."

"You'd see anything she did," laughed the king. "But consider how foolish that idea is! A bird is twenty times stronger than a man in proportion to its size. This has been proved. Therefore man cannot fly until he becomes twenty times stronger than he now is—which is of course impossible."

"I saw a man up there," Bezzanna mumbled, as much to herself as to them.

"Oh, well, maybe you did," wearily gave in the king.

"You don't believe that," she charged. "You're only saying it to stop the argument. But how do you know what kind of men there are outside of here? Maybe they are twenty times stronger—and twenty times more intelligent, for that matter."

Even Tedoyah was indignant at this insulting supposition. It was going a trifle beyond the limit of mere absurdity to assert that anywhere in the world there were male human beings of better fiber and furnishing than the stalwart and brainy sons of Isola!

"You are not very patriotic, to say the least," reproached the king, really very much hurt.

"I don't say that anybody could be nicer, or better, or more lovable," hastily defended Bezzanna, filled with remorse. "They're very probably hideous monsters and I should hate them; but I do know they must be very wise. They build big ships and sail the water in them. Sometimes I watch for hours from the top of our tower to see them go sailing by, away yonder on the edge of the ocean; and sometimes I fancy that if they could only pass through the many miles of reefs which shut off Isola from the rest of the world, wherever it is, they would bring me some great unknown happiness; so I call and call and call to those far-off ships; but of course they never hear me. Are these things all foolish dreams, brother? Say no!"

"Certainly not," accommodated the king, laughing; then, more seriously: "Really, though, we cannot know what vast progress may have been made in the world since the ignorant age when, many hundreds of years ago, the original founders of Isola were cast ashore here in a convulsion of the sea and, bound in by the impassable reefs which sprang up on the one side and by unscalable mountains on the other, were forced to stay."

"They couldn't have found a better place," declared Bezzanna, with intense conviction. "Isola is the prettiest country in the world. Listen! My, how it storms! Brother, I simply must go out and see it!"

"I suppose you'll have to go," consented the king with an indulgent smile. "It never seems to hurt you, and you do thoroughly enjoy it."

"She mustn't go this time," interposed the prince as the two youngsters started hurriedly for their wraps. "It's really too severe for her."

"You don't need to come," she kindly told him. "You'd better go up to your rooms and take a hot bath and put on some dry clothes—and have Aunt Gee-gee order you some tea!"

"Why wait for wraps?" observed the prince as calmly as he could under his white anger; and once more he threw open the shutters and, bareheaded, stepped outside into the storm, the fury of which, however, was now somewhat abated.

"Please put these on!" cried Bezzanna, running to him with his cap and cape. "I'm sorry; truly—I didn't mean it."

"Thank you," said the prince happily, and put them on. "What is there about a storm that attracts you so, Bezzanna?" he asked as he caught her arm to brace her against the rushing wind. He was glad of that excuse to touch and hold her. "Is it the wildness of it?"

"Not altogether that," she answered. "I think it's the mystery of it more than the wildness or the beauty. I have always had a queer impression that sometime the storm would bring me something very wonderful."

"What strange thoughts you have!" he commented a trifle sadly. "They come from discontent, I think. Why is Isola so unsatisfactory?"

"Because I want impossible things, I guess," she laughed.

"I hope the storm brings them to you," the prince was gallant enough to say. "What do you think it will be?"

"Who knows?" she returned as Tedoyah grasped her arms to drag her away. "Perhaps"—and she laughed mischievously—"Perhaps a truly lover!"

II

"MY SHIP!" wailed Bezzanna. "I said that the next one which came by was mine; and now it is all breaking up!"

"Where?" asked the king, gaining the top of the tower with the prince and clutching at the railing.

"Wait for the next lightning flash!" directed the girl excitedly. "Don't look straight out at the open space, but over between the tops of the two big trees on the cliff. Stand just here—at this corner."

Her soft, warm hand clutched her brother's. Below them they could hear the thrashing of the trees in the park, and they held tightly to each other and the rail to avoid being blown away by the fitful gusts of wind into darkness so dense that it seemed almost palpable. Suddenly the world opened with a great blue flare and closed again in inky blackness, and for minutes afterward they were looking, dazed, upon the vivid visual image which that flash had revealed. Even in the darkness they could still see the wildly tossing trees, with the white sides of their leaves flaunted uppermost; the long, winding stone steps which led up to the palace; the town, with its modest little terrace-topped houses cut sharp and clean into the vision as if they had been made from fresh cardboard; the wind-swept river, with its tossing small craft and clumsy barges; the little bay hidden in its sheltering and concealing arms of solid rock; and far to the right of that, the miles upon miles of seething, frothing reefs, fretted and churned into boiling foam—always the same, yet always changing—and so incessant in their illusion.

Upon the outer reefs broke the big waves with the sharp crash of pealing thunder; and at the mercy of these irresistible battering-rams, which had gathered their strength from the racing width of a wide sea, lay a long, low, black hull with two smokestacks which, in the lightning's glare, still sent forth thin streams of smoke, red-brown against the velvet of the sky.

Another flash, and in that instant the ship slowly turned upon its side and crushed down in an awful silence upon the jagged points. Breathless, the four spectators upon the tower awaited the next blue-white cleavage of the heavens; but, before it came, a red glow appeared at the point on which their strained eyes were focused. It grew and spread until, suddenly bursting into vivid flame, it lighted its own scene of destruction. Dense clouds of smoke rolled up into the reddened sky while, forming its own silhouette by its own flame, the ship stood out, distinct and clean-cut, with every rod and every rail like a tracery of jet upon cloth of gold; and as the foaming waves rushed in toward the shore they were wreathed with crimson froth.

"It's wonderful!" gasped Bezzanna—"wonderful and awful!"

That fierce, far flame lighted dimly even the faces of the watchers on the tower, and Bezzanna, looking up at her older brother, saw tears in his eyes and pressed his arm closer.

"They are dying out there!" he said simply.

There came another broad flash of lightning, one which raced its way in forking brilliance across the heavens, and seemed to come back again and again to perform the same mad journey; and in the light of this parting struggle of the storm to retain its destructive clutch upon the universe there was more opportunity to study detail.

"Oh, look!" suddenly cried Bezzanna. "Down there, just over Pointed Rock, something is coming ashore!"

"The Rest are All Too Young or Too Old, and the Nicest Ones are All Married"

The something which she indicated seemed to be a huge box, and by an almost miraculous accident of passage between the haphazard openings in the successive reefs it had worked its clumsy way far in to the less troubled and less violent waters.

"Perhaps it is your gift from the sea!" suggested the prince.

She unconsciously drew a little away from him. She had thought she had been holding the arm of Tedoyah on that side. She looked round for her younger brother. He was just starting to descend the inside stairway of the tower.

"Where are you going?" she called to him.

"Down the ravine to the foot of the cliff," he replied. "That thing is going to miss the opening into the bay."

"It's mine, whatever it is," she hastily warned him. "I discovered it!"

"Wait!" called the prince, and hurried after her, for she had already started down the steps. "Does that girl know there is such a thing as danger?" he demanded of the king as they reached the splashing shelter of the stairway.

"Yes; for other people," laughed the king, and hurried, for he knew the feet of the two youngsters to be winged.

Down the winding steps the youngsters dashed to the big main hall, where the flames still leaped and roared in happy comfort and cast their fitful reflections upon the great hewn logs in the beamed ceiling; then out upon the leaf-strewn terrace and down the wide stone steps into the park, where branches from the distressed trees lay thickly upon the paths. Through the flooded gardens they raced and down through the winding, twisting, wet ravine, in the bed of which rushed a miniature torrent of rainfall to the sea.

There were slips and tumbles without number in that mad scramble, but the miracle which attends fleet youth happened for them at every footstep, for a loose stone upon which a careful adult might not place his foot with impunity only stirred gently under their flying touch.

Above, through the interlacing leaves, the sky was pink, and they knew that the ship was still burning, a realization which, each time they looked upward, heightened the fever of their eagerness. A final turn and a steep descent brought them at last, by a ticklish path against the face of the bare cliff, to the rocky beach which shelved sharply into the sea.

They stopped, backed against the towering wall, for a disappointed survey of the surf. Their prize was nowhere to be seen!

"All right; it's yours!" said Tedoyah. "I'll give you my share."

"That's because you think it's lost," charged Bezzanna; "but I want you to remember that you've let go all claims to it."

The boy laughed.

"I'll remember," he promised. "You'll never see it again though."

"I will," she insisted. "It's round the Point there, or it has come ashore among the rocks somewhere. I'll find it if I have to stay down here all night."

Tedoyah tried to restrain her, for the footing was insecure at its best and there were dangerous little pools, some of them quite deep; but, all wet as her garments were, she eluded his grasp like an eel and hurried on toward the Point, beyond which was a tiny cove, invisible from any place on the beach and accessible only with the greatest difficulty even in good weather.

She put out her foot to place it on the first of the series of irregular natural steps around the Point; but, at the moment, the flames of the ship died suddenly down, leaving but an infinitesimal spark which served only to accentuate the painful darkness. In that same instant there was a shriek from Bezzanna, and her brother heard a tumbling of rocks and a splash.

The agonized voices of the king and the prince from the lower reaches of the ravine called her name; but there was no answer.

Tedoyah had run to the Point, but he stood there helpless in the darkness, calling to her and to the men who were coming; and with his eyes fixed upon that flickering point of light on the ship he prayed for it to flame up again. His prayer was answered in a different manner from that he had asked; for all at once a giant ring of fire shot straight up into the heavens, and then there was a mighty roar as if the earth and sea had split asunder—then darkness again!

The darkness was not for long, however; for as if in answer to the tremendous explosion, or as if a direct result of it, the clouds near the horizon parted, and the round, red moon shone through, casting its peaceful rays upon a sea which still sullenly tossed and tumbled, but upon which there was no vestige of a ship.

The prince and the king had gained the beach by now, just in time to see Tedoyah, stripped of his cap and cape and tunic, gripping his way round the Point.

"Tedoyah!" called the king in fright.

Tedoyah paused, astride the very ridge of the Point.

"If I don't find Bezzanna I won't come back," he declared, and edged round another step.

The king and the prince came plunging toward him, the king limping sorely—both with a sublime disregard of their own safety.

"Is she lost?" demanded the king.

"I don't know!" cried the boy. "Bezzanna! Bezzanna!"

"I'm here," called a cheerful voice not twenty feet from him; and there, on the ledge of an opening in the cliff, sat Bezzanna, swinging her feet.

Tedoyah nearly fell off the ridge.

"You miserable wretch!" he gasped; and then to the men: "She's all right."

He had to say that over three times to make it distinguishable, and then he leaned his face against the rock and clasped the rugged granite with his arms to keep from falling off, and sobbed.

"Please don't!" wailed Bezzanna. "Don't you see I'm here?"

"Why didn't you answer us?" demanded the boy.

"I just got my breath," she calmly explained. "I fell in the deep pool and had to dive under the arch and climb up here. Our old cave is still high and deep and warm and dry, Tedoyah; and my prize came ashore, just as I said! It's a beautiful big box and I get the first touch! It's mine, remember! I was just going down to look at it."

"It is None of Your Particular Business!" She Flamed

"There's something else with it, I think," hesitated her brother, examining the prize from his better vantage-point.

"That's mine too!" she immediately reminded him.

"I wouldn't claim it," soberly advised Tedoyah, still with that curious hesitation; "for I think that the something else with it is a man—and he's dead!"

"Oh!" cried Bezzanna.

She had clambered halfway down the rock, but now she turned to it with her arms upstretched against it as if for protection from the uncanniness which she had not yet seen. Tedoyah, on the contrary, hurried on round the Point, closely followed by the prince, and leaped to the beach. As the king, with a badly hurt ankle, crept his more painful way round, the prince and Tedoyah bent down toward a sprawled something which lay against the side of the box next to the sea. The prince knelt to feel for a possible heartbeat which should distinguish the something as a man; but he rose, shaking his head.

Conquering her repugnance, Bezzanna clambered down again from her perch and approached timidly.

It was not much of a something to look at, but it had been once, when it was a man. It had been tall and muscular and well-formed, and the smoothly shaven face had been that of a young man not over thirty, whose countenance, now in repose, betrayed no telltale trace of bad living or evil thought. The full lips were firm and the broad jaws were tight, and his brow, upturned to the moonlight, was both high and wide. His sinewy hands still gripped the rope with which the box was stoutly bound, and he was clad only in bathing trunks; but his poor body, buffeted and bruised from head to foot, was crossmarked with red cuts, flowing afresh since they had been bathed by the mocking sea.

Looking up from it with a shudder, Bezzanna's eyes met those of the prince fixed upon her in hopeful speculation that perhaps this might, after all, end the restless dreaming.

"Out of the storm," he said softly and even pityingly.

A thrill of something antagonistic stirred in Bezzanna as she thought that she detected a faint note of triumph in Onalyon's voice.

"I don't believe he's dead!" she willfully declared; and, stooping down, she laid her hand firmly and yet gently over the heart of the sprawling figure.

As if in answer to that touch, the man made a startling, convulsive effort to rise upon his hands and knees, then moaned and fell back!

It was under Bezzanna's energetic direction that they removed the stranger to the cave, where she and the king bound up his wounds with strips of their clothing, while Tedoyah and the prince hurried to the palace and brought dry garments, and blankets, and ointment, and water, and hot broth, and a pot of fire.

He was very good-looking indeed, Bezzanna thought during the long time in which they worked so anxiously to resuscitate him, and she was bending over him when at last, after an hour of stupor, he slowly opened his eyes. They were blue!

For a moment he gazed, bewildered, into the sparkling and delighted brown orbs of Bezzanna; and then in a language which no one in Isola could be expected to understand, because it was the choicest Broadway, he inquired:

"Where is the nearest cable office?"

The king and the prince bent over him immediately, and he repeated his question with a shade of insistence. They did not understand; and, observing their beards, he tried them in Italian, French, Spanish and German—then scraped his memory for some fragments of Volapük, all the time making motions with the fingers of his right hand like a telegraph key.

Finally, as the matter was urgent and he realized the necessity of finding an interpreter, he struggled painfully to his elbow and looked about him searchingly.

"Where are my pants?" he demanded.

III

IN THE three days which passed before the fine-looking stranger could be removed to the palace he became very well acquainted with the volunteers who, in their perfect hospitality, undertook to nurse him in relays. He smiled quizzically every time Bezzanna and the king and plump Aunt Gee-gee came on watch, and made unceasing attempts to get into verbal communication with them. He mended less rapidly when Tedoyah and the prince were with him, for the boy was a restless youngster and his clumsy attempts to move quietly were worse than if he had turned handsprings, which was his natural mode of locomotion. The prince was even more disquieting, for he was too polite, too courteously ready to render assistance.

At such times the stalwart patient, looking out over the blue sea and waiting for his other nurses to come, had much time between healing naps for the consideration of his interrupted business journey, and also for speculation concerning his present environment. These did not seem to be poor people—they seemed, on the contrary, to be persons of quality and breeding and social standing; and yet, why did they have dinky little candles in the shape of a grooved ball and set in a silver cup made expressly for the purpose? If it was too much trouble to drop down a wire for an electric light, why didn't they at least bring a lantern or an auto lamp? He didn't like that silver candle-cup. It looked too permanent, as if they were used to that and nothing else. If they didn't have electric lights it looked bad for his chances of reaching a cable—and his firm would be worried about him.

Another thing! Why, when the fire went out, did they bring some more in an earthen pot? Why didn't they use matches? He noticed that they went out to look at the sun or the moon when they wanted to see how the time was passing. None of the men smoked. Nobody brought a magazine or a newspaper along. Why didn't the girl slip into a corner now and then and dab a chamois skin on her face, with the aid of a mirror? Not that her face needed any fixing, because it was right in every single particular.

About one thing, however, he had firmly made up his mind. When he got well he did not intend to wear those ridiculous strips of cloth wound round his legs. He intended to have pants!

On the day he was raised by ropes to the top of the cliff and carried into the palace he made up his mind just as firmly to another thing which he had as carefully thought out, and he told the princess about it as soon as he woke up from the four-hour sleep which the fatigue of that trip had given him.

"Betsy Ann," he cheerfully observed to the bright-eyed young person who sat quietly watching him while she worked a sapphire-blue scalloped edge on an endless strip of dark red cloth, which looked suspiciously as if it were intended to adorn the legs of the new guest, "I've decided not to learn your language, because I haven't room for any more purely ornamental knowledge." He told her this as earnestly as if she knew what he was saying, but with a twinkle in his eye which made amends for lack of language. "So you have to learn American."

"All right!" she gayly agreed, having picked up that phrase for a starter during the last three days, and she rose to get him what he wanted—as soon as she could find out what it was.

He gleefully shook hands with her on that; and, having no better means of communication for the present, they laughed at each other in quite a friendly fashion, keeping it up much longer than was really necessary.

"We're going to start right now," he assured her. "I have to bounce out of this and locate the real city, so I can get off a cablegram, as soon as I'm patched up enough to travel; but before I go I want to have a few heart-to-heart conversations with you and Black Whiskers—Onion, I think you call him—and the kid, and Mrs. Gee-gee and Old Scout."

"Thanks Old Scout?" she inquired eagerly, happy that he had asked for the king.

"No," he laughed, and brought her back with emphatic waves of his hand. "Thanks Old Scout looks like a regular fellow to me, but I don't want him just now. I'd rather give you your first lesson in American. I'd like a drink of water, please."

She looked at him inquiringly, her unruly brown curls dangling as she cocked her head on one side, and her red lips parted in a quizzical half smile.

"All right," she said pleasantly after thinking the matter over.

"Fine work!" he complimented her, and they both laughed again. "A drink of water, please."

He so evidently wanted something that she confidently fixed his pillows. They needed fixing, anyhow, and she thumped and punched and patted about them the way a woman does, and helped him lift his head so that she could thump and pat some more where the head had been lying; and she fluttered delightfully round him until she had made him quite comfortable indeed—except that his face was flushed. That may have been, however, because her own dark red cheek had brushed so close to his.

"All right, Betsy Ann," he thanked her when she had stepped back and surveyed her work with admiration. "Water, please. Water!" And this time he illustrated the word.

"Water," she repeated with a gleeful nod of understanding, and hurried away.

His eyes followed the swing of her graceful figure to the door where she turned and, meeting his gaze, gave him a parting glance of great friendliness, which left him very comfortable indeed.

While she was gone he took his first good survey of his room. It was a cheerful apartment, with blue cloth on the floor and upon the walls, the tops and the bottoms of the wall panels ornamented with scrolls of gold. There was a big fireplace, with a huge vase of dark red flowers on its shelf, and richly quaint furniture stood about in the agreeable confusion of articles which have been recently and logically used.

It was all very nice and comfortable, and even impressive; but there was something he missed tremendously. Was it wires? There wasn't a wire about the room—electric light, telephone, push-button—or any hint of the use or need of a wire; and he had come from the most extensively wired city in the most extensively wired country in the world. The two big windows were wide open to the pleasant spring breeze; and he could see, from where he lay, down over the green hill and the smiling valley to the town; but in all that pretty landscape there was no trace of a wire, no gaunt and warped poles, no uncompromising

(Continued on Page 64)

"Your National Costume is So Cute!" She Bubbled

BIRDS OF RETURN PASSAGE

By Henry Beach Needham

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

THE Barber of Savoy—not by Rossini—a light comedy, with a prologue in the city of New York, was enacted on the slope of Mount Etna, Sicily. It was about ten o'clock one grand night, two years ago, that I met the barber in that weird spot. It happened thus:

When They Emigrated to America They Never Had the Slightest Intention of Breaking Home Ties

Etna was in eruption. The lava stream—a fiery snake—was crawling down the mountain through the vineyards, crushing houses and threatening the small towns of Belpasso and Nicolosi and the city of Catania. It was a beautiful night, with a full moon; but the smoke from the active volcano obscured the heavens, and climbing up the terraced vineyards was difficult and dangerous. There was a lure to the rumbling crater that led us on despite the grumbling of the native guide. When we decided to turn back we found that the descent was to be more hazardous. With all the moonlight, it was pitch-dark. Looking up the mountain, the lava stream appeared like a fiery river; but near by it gave very little light. We were discussing our predicament when a party of ten or a dozen Sicilians approached us. They were from Aderno, a little town on the lower slope, and they were headed for Belpasso to give cheer and comfort to friends who lived in the pathway of the menacing lava stream. One of this party carried an acetylene lamp, which gave a surprising amount of light. Hearing the English language spoken, the lampbearer walked over and in very good English asked us if he could be of any assistance. His manner was extremely courteous, though he looked the part of a brigand. When we learned that he and his companions were going down the mountain we accepted the offer of help, for the acetylene lamp made walking very much easier.

On the descent, these Sicilians asked many questions. A number of the party spoke English and they took particular delight in telling us of their travels. One had spent several years in South America and three had lived in the United States. With this general introduction they stopped and formed a circle about the lampbearer—a former resident of New York! He was visibly pleased to be thus brought into the limelight—the acetylene light—and he drew from his pocket a dirty card—his business card in the United States—and handed it to me with a great deal of pride. The soiled card read:

SAVOY TONSORIAL PARLOR
—— THIRD AVENUE
HAIRCUTTING AND BEARDTRIMMING A SPECIALTY
A FACE OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER!
TRY OUR FAMOUS ANTISEPTIC MASSAGE. IT PRESERVES AND BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION AND BRINGS A HEALTHFUL BLOOM TO YOUR CHEEKS
TOOLS AND TOWELS STERILIZED
SIX ARTISTIC BARBERS CONSTANTLY IN ATTENDANCE

The lampbearer had been one of the six artistic barbers! In appearance he looked as if he had just come from one of the sulphur pits. He was sadly in need of barbering. A haircut and a shave would have improved his native beauty wonderfully, and a facial massage might have done much for his complexion; but if the bloom was not on his cheek the spirit of youth was in his heart and body. And he was proud of his American experience, but perfectly contented to spend the rest of his days in sunny Sicily.

In such a place and at such a time, to an itinerant Yankee journalist, it was an odd encounter. And yet in broad daylight there is nothing novel about such an experience in many parts of Sicily, in Southern Italy, or anywhere on the face of the globe whence natives emigrate to the United States. While waiting at Taormina for the train which was to take me back to Naples, I noticed a young fellow whose dress was conspicuously American. His coat had square, padded shoulders, and he wore a speaking waistcoat. His tan shoes, now rather shabby, were of that summer-squash last then considered "classy" in the best Bowery circles. I fervently hope there was nothing so distinctive in my dress and that it was the Middle Western accent in my conversation with another American that attracted his attention. Be that as it may, he walked over with evident hesitation and, apologizing for his intrusion, asked me if my home was not in the United States. He spoke English exceedingly well. He had made his "pile" in New York and, with his father, was in the contracting business in Sicily. He was engaged in rebuilding Messina, which had been devastated by the earthquake of 1908—rebuilding it along "American lines." The beauty of that historic city has departed and on its site has risen a hideous "boom town" of lime and brick—and much galvanized iron. He courteously offered himself as a guide to show me the ruins of the place in which he was born—and more especially, as he put it, "our American houses."

"Why did you go to America?" I asked him.

He seemed to marvel at the question. It was as if I had inquired of an American ornithologist: Why do the robins go south with the approach of winter? He had gone to the United States to get money to keep alive. He had remained until he got it; and, thinking that he had enough to make life easy at home, he had returned to his beloved Sicily, bringing with him our American fashions, the most practical if not the most beautiful of our architecture, and what was to him a small fortune in our American coin of the realm. He summed it all up in an epigram:

"Over there, money in the pocket; here, very little money in the pocket—but sunshine!" And he showed his white teeth.

American Money in Southern Italy

NEAR the ancient Grecian city of Syracuse is Augusta. It is a place made over with American money. A Sicilian of Augusta emigrated to America and devoted twelve years of his life to the business of selling fruit in Chicago. He returned to his native heath with sixty thousand dollars. A year later another Augustan returned from America with sixteen thousand dollars. These American-made "millionaires" painted the United States in colors of gold—not the ideals of the republic, but the opportunities! And the tide of emigration set out from that locality. The natives did not leave the warm sunshine of their land in search of liberty, for they had liberty in abundance—liberty to abstain from work and to starve! Their pioneering was not to establish homes in a new and a better land. It was like the rush of the goldseeker to Alaska—to filch from the barren land a nugget, a comparatively small nugget; to endure hardship; to live as no native Americans would think of living; to scrimp and save and starve and pinch; and finally, if their ship came in, to sail for Naples or Palermo with a great sigh of relief and a happy heart; and, once again in Sicily, to plant the American nugget in Sicilian soil; to build a new house or rebuild an old one; to buy a little land and cultivate it; or to eke out a simple living from the industries of the community. Augusta is kept alive today by American money.

These Letters Passed From Hand to Hand

The best vineyard land in Sicily brings one hundred and thirty dollars an acre; the best orchard land, eighty dollars an acre. Good land, without grapevines or fruit trees, is worth thirty dollars. These Sicilian immigrants could have purchased good land in the United States, not very far removed from the cities in which they garnered their nuggets, very much cheaper. And yet they preferred Sicily to America, volcanic soil and the slopes of hill and mountain cultivated only by painstaking labor, and investments necessitating a cash capital of three to ten times as much as would be required in the United States! Why? Sentiment, home ties, a salubrious climate and sunshine. When they emigrated to America they never had the slightest intention of breaking home ties. They were birds of passage—return passage. Perhaps, when the Panama Canal is opened and the Southern Italian or the Sicilian immigrant can reach Southern California for, say, ten dollars more than it now costs him to travel to New York, there may be more permanency to this foreign invasion. The Italian and the Sicilian will find an agreeable climate and continuous sunshine on the Pacific Coast; and if they are able to put sentiment aside and forget all about home ties they may become permanent residents of America—perhaps!

During the fiscal years 1908 to 1910, inclusive, there were admitted to the United States 2,576,266 immigrant aliens. For the same period 823,311 emigrant aliens departed. In other words, for every one hundred admitted, thirty-two left the country! This exodus of aliens exceeded the total immigration to the United States in any one year previous to 1903, and it is considerably larger than the total number of immigrants admitted to the country from 1820 to 1840.

Europe Is Their Home and the United States Their Workshop

These emigrant aliens did not go empty-handed. How much money they took with them can only be estimated. Officials who have talked on board ship with aliens leaving this country have found that some have three hundred dollars, others five hundred dollars, and a few one thousand dollars or more. Undoubtedly it would be no exaggeration to say that these departing aliens have carried with them—on their persons—one hundred and fifty dollars a head. This, for the three years indicated, would mean almost one hundred and twenty-five million dollars!

This amount, however, does not represent the money they have taken out of the country. During their residence here of two, three or five years, they were constantly sending money home. Careful estimates have been made of the amount of money transmitted abroad by aliens in post-office money orders, express money orders and transfers through immigrant banks. The total for the year 1907 alone is two hundred and seventy-five million dollars. Of course the alien should be credited with the amount of money he brings into this country. From 1899 to 1910, inclusive, the money shown by immigrants to inspectors at ports of arrival amounted to $206,145,738, or $21.57 a head. This was for twelve years, and is seventy-five million dollars less than the amount of money sent out of the country in a single year. Incoming aliens have doubtless brought with them more money than was shown to the inspectors; but, on the other hand, the record of money sent out of the country does not take into account amounts transmitted by registered letter; this would far more than offset unrecorded money brought in.

The statute of March 2, 1819, entitled An Act Regulating Passenger Ships and Vessels, contained a provision to the effect that the captain or master of any ship carrying passengers from a foreign port to the United States must deliver to the proper official at the port of arrival a list or manifest giving the age, sex, occupation, country of origin and country of intended future residence of each passenger. This law became effective July 1, 1819, and official immigration statistics date from that time. These statistics show that for the ninety-one years ending June 30, 1910, there were admitted to the United States 27,818,710 immigrants; also that 92.3 per cent of these aliens came from Europe. During this time the United Kingdom furnished more immigrants than any of the Continental countries. Ireland unquestionably led other British countries in this regard; but, as nearly two million immigrants were reported merely as coming from the United Kingdom, it is impossible to determine what proportion originated in Ireland, though the movement of population

He Was Contented to Spend the Rest of His Days in Sunny Sicily

from Ireland to the United States was particularly heavy during the period of 1840 to 1852. For the ninety-one years, Germany takes second rank with the United Kingdom as a source of immigration, while Austria-Hungary, Italy and Russia follow in the order named.

There has been a radical change in the character of European immigration in recent times. The movement from Austria-Hungary, Italy and Russia is a development of the last thirty years, during which period the source of the principal immigration to the United States has shifted from Northern and Western Europe to Southern and Eastern Europe. For this reason, the Immigration Commission has adopted, in its report, a division of aliens into two general classes, designated the old and the new immigration, based on the alien's country of origin. These classes include:

Old—Dutch and Flemish; English; French; German; Irish; Scandinavian; Scotch and Welsh.

New—Armenian, Bohemian and Moravian; Bulgarian, Servian and Montenegran; Croatian and Slovenian; Dalmatian, Bosnian and Herzegovinian; Finnish; Greek; Hebrew; North Italian; South Italian; Lithuanian; Magyar; Polish; Portuguese; Rumanian; Russian; Ruthenian; Slovak; Spanish; Syrian and Turkish.

Nearly all Syrian and a large number of Turkish immigrants come from Asiatic Turkey; but, because they are so closely allied with the people of Turkey in Europe, they are classified as a part of the new immigration from Europe.

The Old Immigration and the New

THE old immigration comprised about ninety-five per cent of the movement of population from Europe to the United States from 1819 to 1880. During the last thirty years the movement has been largely composed of aliens from the new group, until, in 1907, the new immigration provided eighty-one per cent of the total number of European aliens admitted into the United States. The crest of the old wave was reached in 1882—the crest of the new in 1907; and the remarkable change in the character of European immigration which took place during this quarter of a century is shown by the following table:

CLASS	YEAR		PER CENT Distributed As	
	1882	1907	1882	1907
Old Immigration	563,175	227,851	86.9	19
New Immigration	84,973	971,608	13.1	81
Not Specified	38	107	*	*
Total	648,186	1,199,566	100.0	100

* Less than 5 per cent.

Prior to July 1, 1907, no official record of the departure of aliens from the United States was kept. The immigration law of February 20, 1907, provided that, beginning with the next fiscal year, data respecting emigrant aliens should be recorded. The records of the Trans-Atlantic Passenger Association for the years 1899-1910 show that thirty-seven steerage passengers were carried from the United States to European ports for every one hundred brought from Europe to this country; and the best available data substantially prove that, for a long period of years, the outward movement of aliens has been approximately one-third of the incoming movement. A comparison for the years 1908, 1909 and 1910 is available from the statistics. European immigrants—including Syrians—admitted to the United States, and European emigrant aliens—including Syrians—departing from the United States, for the three years, were as follows:

CLASS	IMMIGRANTS ADMITTED	EMIGRANTS DEPARTING	PER CENT DEPARTING
Old Immigration	569,762	93,764	16
New Immigration	1,667,906	644,071	38
Total	2,237,668	737,835	32

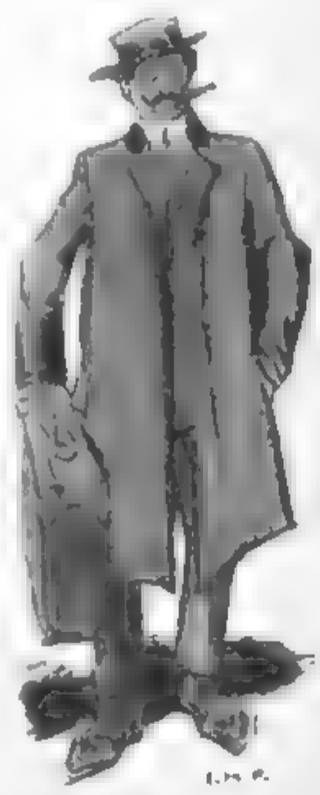
From all the data available, it appears that at least one-third of our European immigrants eventually return to Europe. Furthermore, the number of emigrant aliens who revisit the United States is exaggerated in the public mind. "It seems to be a common belief," reports the Immigration Commission, "that this outward movement is largely composed of persons who follow seasonal occupations in the United States and who consequently come and go according to the seasonal demands for labor. *Such is not the case.*"

The important conclusion to be drawn from the record of departures of aliens from the United States is that, as a whole, the races or peoples composing the old immigration are in great part permanent settlers, while a large proportion of the new immigration are transients—birds of return passage—whose interest in America is measured by the opportunity afforded to labor. Europe is their home and the United States their workshop. They are European suburbanites.

The Hebrews form an exception to this rule. In 1907 they constituted twelve per cent of the European immigration. There came hard times, with labor unemployed; and yet, in 1908, the Hebrews represented only about two per cent of the exodus to Europe. This indicates a degree of permanency not found in any other race or people of either class.

The domicile of the immigrant's wife has an important bearing on his intentions in regard to permanent or transitory residence. Statistics have been compiled which shed much light on this matter. No race of the old immigration—that is, immigrants from Great Britain or Northern Europe—has as many as five per cent of its married wage-earners unaccompanied by their wives; 4.3 per cent of the German immigrants reported their wives in the mother country. Of the new immigrants, however, only four races show seventy-five per cent of the married male workers with their wives in the United States; as a matter of fact, of the principal races the proportions of married male wage-earners who have their wives with them are very much lower, with the figures as follows: Bulgarians, 10 per cent; Greeks, 25.8 per cent; Rumanians, 26.1 per cent; Servians, 35.5 per cent; Croatians, 40.7 per cent; while slightly more than one-half of the Russians and Magyars have their wives with them in the United States. Of the immigrants from North Italy, 31.6 reported their wives abroad; and of South Italy 36.9 per cent of the immigrants had left their wives at home. Where the wife is the home is—supposedly.

At the present time the movement of population from Europe to the United States, with few exceptions, is due entirely to economic causes. "Emigration due to political reasons and, to a less extent, religious oppression, undoubtedly exists," reports the Immigration Commission; "but even in countries where these incentives prevail the more important cause is very largely an economic one. This does not mean, however, that emigration from Europe is now an economic necessity. At times in the past, notably during the famine years in Ireland, actual want forced a choice between emigration and literal starvation; but the present movement results, in the main, simply from a widespread desire for better economic conditions rather than from the necessity of escaping intolerable ones. In other words, the emigrant of today comes to the United States not merely to make a living, but to make a better living than is possible at home."



"They See Their Countrymen Returning Well Dressed, With a Cigar in the Mouth"

There is, of course, in the alien who comes to this country a spirit of unrest and, to some degree, a hunger for adventure. There is also something of an ambition for general social betterment; but, in the last analysis, the real incentive is the belief that labor receives a far greater pecuniary reward in the United States than in Europe. From an economic standpoint the condition of the wage-worker is generally very much higher in America, particularly with respect to unskilled laborers, who constitute a very large proportion of our immigration. Much of the emigration from Southern and Eastern Europe is directly traceable to the inability of the peasantry to make a decent living in agricultural pursuits. Not only is this labor poorly paid, but employment is seasonal and intermittent. In agrarian Russia, where the tide of emigration has not set in, a crop failure brings about a famine; whereas in Southern and Eastern Europe it results in emigration, usually to the United States. Financial and industrial depressions stimulate emigration to some extent; but, inasmuch as such conditions in Europe usually coincide with similar depressions in the United States, the emigration movement is relatively smaller than in more prosperous times.

"It is a common but entirely erroneous belief," says the Immigration Commission, "that peasants and artisans in Europe can live so very cheaply that the low wages have practically as great a purchasing power as the higher wages in the United States. The low cost of living among the working people of Europe, and especially of Southern and Eastern Europe, is due to a low standard of living rather than to the cheapness of food and other necessary commodities. As a matter of fact, meat and other costly articles of food which are considered almost essential to the everyday table of the American workingman cannot be afforded among laborers in like occupations in Southern and Eastern Europe. The same is true of housing, clothing and other things which enter into the cost of living." And the commission believes that "a laudable ambition for better things than they possess rather than a need for actual necessities is the chief motive behind the movement to the United States."

One-Third of Our European Immigrants Eventually Return to Europe

The two agencies which, more than any other, stimulate emigration from Europe to the United States are letters from those already in America and the visits of former emigrants to their native country. And of the two the letters home are by far the more potent. If one visits small villages in Southern Italy and Sicily, he is sure to run across some native who speaks English, who has been to America; and from him the traveler will learn that the village has contributed a portion of its population to swell the tide of emigration to the United States. It would be hard to find an Italian or Sicilian community in which this is not the case, and it is equally true of large areas in Austria, Hungary, Greece, Turkey and the Balkans. Now the emigrants from those countries, with very few exceptions, retain an interest in the home land, and because of these home ties there is much correspondence back and forth. These letters from persons who have emigrated to the United States are passed from hand to hand until the emigrants' friends and neighbors become acquainted with the contents. When times are good in America the letters contain optimistic references to wages and labor opportunities; and when the emigrants' friends and neighbors make the comparison with conditions at home whole communities are fired with a desire to emigrate.

The Line of Letters From America

"THE greatest influence in promoting emigration," Consul McFarland says of Bohemia, "comes from relatives and friends in the United States who write glowing accounts of the enormous wages received, food such as the nobility eat at home and houses grandly furnished." In an unpublished report to the Bureau of Immigration, Inspectors Dobler and Sempsey, who visited Europe in 1906, refer to the "effect produced in peasant villages by the receipt of letters from America containing remittances of perhaps sixty dollars to one hundred dollars. . . . The cottage of the recipient becomes at once the place to which the entire male population proceeds, and the letters are read and reread until the contents can be repeated word for word. When instances of this kind have been multiplied by thousands it is not difficult to understand what impels poor people to leave their homes."

These inspectors found, in an Italian village near Milan, an English-speaking peasant who acted as receiver and distributer of letters from America.

Germany Takes Second Rank With the United Kingdom as a Source of Immigration

These letters he sent from village to village, and in this way the glowing word written by some emigrant in the United States, that "work is abundant and wages princely in America," would influence a score of peasants. The comment of the peasant who circulated letters from America was: "We all like America. It gives us good cheer to think about it."

The return of an emigrant who has been successful in America and the visits of those who have established better homes across the "big water" have their effect on emigration. There was a man in a little village in Transylvania who sold two head of cattle and with the proceeds emigrated to the United States. Two years later he returned with five hundred dollars! Immediately there was a fever of emigration among his acquaintances, which has been increasing ever since. What is true of Hungary is equally true of Italy; for a large land proprietor made this statement to the Royal Italian Agricultural Commission: "Emigration is spontaneous. It becomes like a contagious disease. Even the children speak of going to America." The same testimony is given by the American minister to Rumania, Servia and Bulgaria. He advised the Immigration Commission of a system of mutual savings adopted in certain Bulgarian villages, which illustrates the faith in America as a refuge for the poor, and said:

"A number of cases were heard of in nearly every district, where it required the combined savings for years of a score or more of peasants to provide the means for one person to emigrate to the United States. They have a kind of lottery, by which one of the group would have the benefit of the savings of all the others and go. The lucky one would, after a few months in the United States, repay with interest the amount advanced by his compatriots, with the result that all would have a still stronger desire to go to America; and then would fall another drawing and another emigrant."

The influence of friends as an immediate cause of European emigration is indicated by the fact that a very large percentage of the immigrants admitted to the United States, according to their own statements, come to join relatives or friends—this is part of the information required from every alien who comes to America by water. To illustrate: During the years 1908 and 1909, 1,465,703 European immigrants were admitted to the United States. Of this number, 1,388,310 stated to the immigration officials that they came to join relatives or friends—that is, 94.7 per cent.

The races or peoples conspicuous because of the emigrant aliens among them are the Croatian and Slovenian, Magyar, North and South Italian, Polish, Russian, Slovak and Turkish. In 1908, after the financial depression of 1907, 347,044 of these peoples returned to Europe, and of this number eighty-three per cent had resided in the United States continuously not over five years. The Immigration Commission endeavored to make a special study of the reasons why so many Italians returned permanently to their native country, and found it difficult to reach a satisfactory conclusion. "The immediate reason why many leave the United States," says the commission, "is, of course, a temporary lack of employment; but this is spasmodic only and does not seem to account for the large number of Italians who, regardless of industrial conditions, are constantly moving toward their native country to remain there permanently."

The steamship Canopic, on which the Immigration Commission sailed from Boston to Naples in May, 1907, carried in her steerage two hundred and twenty-four returning Italians, of whom one hundred and forty-seven were men, thirty-one women, and forty-six children. All of the men were wage-earners, and one hundred and eight of their number were interviewed by the commission with a view to finding out why they were returning to Italy and whether or not they intended to come back to the United States. The reasons for returning to Italy were given by the Italians as follows:

Visit	61	Dislike of the United States	3
Illness	11	Illness in family	1
For family or to marry	8	[illegible]	1
Family matters	7	Not reported	1
To enter army or navy	4	Total	108

The men interviewed had resided in the United States—sixty-seven, under five years; thirty, five to nine years; and eleven, ten years or over. Seventy-three of the Italians stated that they expected to return to the United States. Those who did not expect to return numbered twenty-four, and eleven were undecided. Not one gave lack of employment as his reason for leaving America. Only three were returning because they did not like the United States. Indeed, it is a matter of common knowledge among

(Continued on Page 61)

MOLASSES AND A FEATHER

An Unvarnished Narrative of Practical Politics

By HOLMAN DAY

ILLUSTRATED BY CHASE EMERSON

A POLITICAL apothegm or so from Uncle Ben Hilliker, state boss:

"In keeping house or playing politics the young ones and the reformers do come along; they've got to be reckoned with. The old way was to wallop; but it's no use to turn a reformer or a young one over your knee and lay on with the back of a hairbrush. They can't sit down comfortably, and so they keep on raising Cain.

"My mother was ahead of her time. When I got rampageous round the house she daubed molasses on to my fingers, set me down in a corner and gave me a feather. I was busy and interested for hours, picking that feather back and forth and trying to get it off. There are other ways of keeping a reformer from kicking dents in the political mopboard besides batting him over the head."

. . . . . .

The Honorable Sinah Prilay, former state senator, tiptoed down the steps of the smoking car.

Place, the railroad station of the state capital.

Time, the sixteenth day of July about two-thirty in the afternoon.

This was right on the tick of the Honorable Sinah's schedule. He was back from his fifteenth biennial pilgrimage in the interests of the party—returning on the sixteenth day of July as usual. Some of us of the inner circle were at the railroad station, and we noted that Sinah walked down from the car with the feather-foot gait the touchy times demanded. He is mighty light on his feet politically. Old Ben Hilliker says that if Sinah ever finds a political puddle too deep he can kick up a bubble and float ashore on it.

Only a few of the light-tread boys were allowed near the main works that campaign. The biggest thing in years was in storage. It was as unstable as nitroglycerine. Even its name was not spoken aloud, but it was a ten-million-dollar proposition. If grit, grace, grease and good luck ever slid it through our next legislature it meant noble pickings. It was a case of hold your breath, discard squeaky shoes, walk on tiptoes and be careful what your elbows touched.

Sinah Prilay came down the steps of that smoking car like a man working his way barefoot down a ladder of swords. We don't settle to real brass tacks at state headquarters until Sinah Prilay gets in from his first grand swing round the circle. Prilay is known in our political game as "Snuffer" Prilay. He has Old Dog Tray whimpering for shame when it comes to a trail—in politics. For twenty years now the state chairman—whoever may happen to hold down that job—opens his campaign by starting Sinah Prilay nosing off into the political bush. For visible baggage Sinah carries passes on all the railroads, an expense-account book, considerable whisky, plenty of cigars, and has his buttonholing finger well oiled. His political acumen is not visible. He has some sort of trouble with his eyelids, so that he has to tip back his head to look at a man. There are wide-eyed men who seem to be shooting out information; Sinah gives one the impression that he is sucking it in between his eyelids. He has a staccato whisper that sounds like a sand jig. He is a good politician in his particular branch.

"Big Ben, the Kingmaker"

In his first grand swing he visits the shire towns only, and the Kitchen Cabinet is in session waiting for him when he gets back. A state committee, one member to a county, is all right, of course, and does good political work according to its lights; but when there are twenty-four counties in a state, and the few real workers get to stepping round lively in the heat of things and are trying to make a pussy-foot job of it, they are liable to go tumbling over the political deadwood on the committee. And who wants to go to making a racket and waking up folks?

Old Ben Hilliker started our Kitchen Cabinet more than twenty years ago. Membership has shifted some in the meantime, but Ben is still in it and boss of it—and boss of the state too—and he sees to it that the other three strings to that particular political fiddle—the Kitchen Cabinet—are in tune with him and with each other.

Good things come tied up in small packages. Small packages make easy handling in political maneuvering. You see, the Kitchen Cabinet is pretty mighty exclusive. That's why it is effective. The chairman of the state committee has to be included as a member *ex officio*, but as the Kitchen Cabinet manipulates the election of the chairman by his fellows of the committee he never mars the harmony of the fiddle.

For the fifteenth time, then, on the sixteenth of July, at 2:30 P. M. Snuffer Prilay came gingerly down the steps of the smoker in his shirt-sleeves, his vest unbuttoned, his handkerchief tucked inside a flabby collar. He was supremely indifferent to the fact that his shirt was so dirty that it was spectacular. With his head tipped back he scuffed his way across the brick platform and climbed into the rear seat of a public carriage.

"State house," he whispered. He lighted another cigar from his chewed butt, set his hillycock hat on his knee and enjoyed the shade of the carriage canopy on the way up the long hill.

Near the porte-cochère of the state house there is a side door set low in the foundations of the big building. Prilay descended the stone steps and entered the cool bowels of our Temple of Jupiter. He found the members of the Kitchen Cabinet just where he expected to find them. They were in one of the galleries of the archives room under the secretary of state's office.

There are iron racks for documents there, a cement floor and a dim light, and if anybody ever wants to hatch a conspiracy that gallery seems to be just the place where it can be hatched properly. But the matter-of-fact gentlemen whom Prilay found there waiting for him did not wear the aspect of conspirators. They were without coats or waistcoats and were lounging in old plush chairs that had been discarded from the senate chamber. They were smoking and enjoying the coolest spot in the city. They greeted Prilay without rising, and Sim Doane, the attorney-general, pointed to a compartment in the iron racks.

"Help yourself, Sine," he suggested.

Prilay reached behind some printed reports and fished out a bottle. There was a pitcher of ice water on a rickety stand and one glass.

"Well, Sine, how does she shake down to date, according to what the boys say?" inquired the Honorable Horace Symons, state chairman.

"She's buttoning up in front fairly smooth," affirmed the scout. "No big wrinkles anywhere, so far's the head

of the ticket goes. The boys all got home from state convention calm as cats after milking-time. I'm chalking thirty thousand for our plurality, so that's enough for that end! State senate is all safe. Nineteen counties hitched to the stanchions, so I figure it, and a fighting chance in Bessacook, providing we want to grapple. T'other four conceded to 'em."

"Is she close anywhere else?" inquired old Ben Hilliker. Uncle Ben has disconcerting eyes that toe out. You can't be sure you're looking him in the eye when you reply. Snuffer Prilay fixed his gaze on the tip of the cigar that jutted from the tangle of old Ben's beard. In the gloom it looked like a ruby-headed hatpin stuck into a fluffy pincushion.

"He Carries a Roll as Big as His Hat and is Always Ready to Peel It"

"Perhaps we ought to put some money into Davis County, Norland and Doncastle," said Prilay.

"Oh, let 'em go! Why, this state isn't close enough these days to be in real healthy political shape. Our party has to shoulder all the blame now." Ben added, in that comfortable sense of security which the isolation of the Kitchen Cabinet gave: "That water-power pie will be plenty deep and full of raisins, but when she's cut I'd rather see her in fourteen pieces than in nineteen."

"That's good sense, Ben," agreed the Honorable Elkanah Bonner, deputy secretary of state. "My idea is if those three counties can fight their own way up to the pie table, all well and good; they'll get their hunk when the knife goes in. But I'll be cussed if it's good business for us to drag 'em up to the table."

There followed a pause which was more eloquent than speech.

"Now in regard to the legislative districts," stated Prilay, taking his cue from a toss of the end of Hilliker's cigar, "down in the Exeter class Ed Talcott has come out and put himself on record in reply to those questions the grangers have shoved up to candidates."

"What do you mean—answered them on his own hook instead of using the answer Sim framed up?"

"Answered 'em on his own hook—answered 'em one, two, three—instead of lumping the thing and leaving himself a loophole."

"How did he try to square himself when you pitched into him?" catechized old Ben, taking it for granted that Prilay had attended to his plain duty.

"Says reform is in the air this year and that the grangers are swinging big influence, and thinks he's making the right play. So he has come out for abolition of fees to officials, state and county, increase of tax on wild lands, commission to jack up taxes on corporations, conservation of state resources—swallowed it all."

"Didn't slap in something about his opinion of the apple scab, and guarantee to cure corns, chilblains and stuttering by legislative enactment, did he?" inquired Attorney-General Doane, with sarcasm. "See here! I gave all the boys an answer to use for those granger questions. You couldn't dent my answer with a crowbar."

"Talcott says it's time for a candidate to come out and declare for himself—says it's time to start a little of that Western insurging down in this ring-rid East and be up to date! I'm only giving it to you as I get it from him—he says being honest can't hurt a man in politics."

"I didn't suppose there was such a fool in the state," declared Doane—"and in a soft-pedal time at that! Hang it! In that answer of mine a candidate came right out strong for honesty, vigilance and devotion to the public weal. That's enough, ain't it?"

"When you go to work itemizing honesty for the sake of answering a lot of meddling questions you're sticking handles on yourself for blasted fools to get hold of. We've got to show Talcott, and show him quick!" said Symons.

"Who is up on t'other side?" asked old Ben.

"One of those woolen-mill Johnsons."

"I know him and he's safe—corporation fellow. Let Ed keep on cawing up till election-time, then we'll drive down a stake and hang him up by the legs and let him swing. We need a few scarecrows this year."

"You bet we need 'em," affirmed Doane, "but I don't know about letting too much cawing be done. You can't tell when some cussed crow will get folks to listen to him."

"We'll use the same old double-barreled gun," drawled Hilliker. "She's still in good shape."

"Now suppose right at this point I say something about another reformer, one J. Tingley Belmore, of Sunkhaze," remarked Prilay. "Did any of you ever hear of him?"

They shook their heads.

"Nor I, either, till I got down that way on my trip—and he's a rank outsider. He has been settled there just long enough to be a legal voter; has come back from out West somewhere with a wad big enough to plug a cornerib door. Bought the old home place where his grandfather pioneered it and has built it over and called it Castle Belmorel. And, say, he is proving fine picking! They all owe him money. He has been nominated for the legislature—and he's coming up here. And you can't Ed Talcott him!"

"Well, let him come," remarked Bonner. "A man who will stand a touch is apt to adorn a state house more than a marble bust of a departed hero."

"But you don't understand all about this J. Tingley Belmore, Ek," objected Snuffer Prilay. "He is pompouser than a turkey gobbler, as full of wind as a balloon, wants hair-oil talk from everybody and is willing to pay for it with money that he has been busy stealing from some one else. And having just got out of business and into politics he thinks he has made a brand-new, original discovery—that politics is rotten. I saw him. I talked it over with him. He himself doesn't know what honesty is, you understand. I found that much out. But he sees a chance to parade himself before the public and he's coming up here to rip the covers off things. He don't know yet what he'll rip—but he reckons he'll find plenty of the right kind of material."

"Probably he has read about insurging in some magazine or other and has imported East a bagful of that kind of political dynamite," commented Doane.

"What in thunder is our town committee chairman doing down there?" snapped the attorney-general. "We don't want any old whale of that kind sloshing round in this puddle. Take that water-power scheme and a few others, and it's going to be a nervous session!"

"Town chairman has joined the parade of Triumphant Touchers and has unloaded his bum grocery store on to Belmore; and he is working for Belmore on salary as manager. Say, gents, you might as well give up any notion that you can down Belmore at the polls by any of the old schemes—and I know 'em all. I'm paid to go out and snuff. Well, I've got on to this trail and I'm giving it to you straight. He'll be here in January if he's alive—and he's looking mighty healthy now. It isn't a question of politics in Sunkhaze—the issue is Belmore; and you might just as well go ask depositors to dynamite their national bank as to ask those Sunkhazers to dump their principal asset. He may fush out—but he may be darned troublesome!"

"If things like this can happen we'd better ram a law through establishing a new state department—a political quarantine station down on the state line," grumbled Bonner. "One cussed old case of reform measles, same as Belmore threatens to have, can spread the disease like the devil. It doesn't need any brains to spread a disease."

"I pass it all up to you," stated Prilay; "it's a new one on me. I just let him talk, and then I came away. A bed of coleus runs across his front lawn, spelling out 'J. Tingley Belmore, Reform Representative.' He has got his picture, life size, in the front bay window draped with the Star-Spangled Banner. He is a plug-hat proposition, and he carries a roll as big as his hat and is always ready to peel it. That's Belmore—and he's coming up here."

Old Ben writhed his creaking way out of the embrace of the chair and stood up, a giant of a man. He poured a dram for himself.

"Boys," he said, drawling his words, "you have to watch out for the unexpected. Most anything can happen in politics. In ordinary times this Belmore, whatever he may be, couldn't harm anything; but we're going to bake a fat pie in that legislative oven next winter. It's going to be a frosted pie, and it has got to be baked by men who are so light on their feet that they can put on rubber boots and walk across that frosting and not make a dent. Belmore may have too heavy a tread. We'll see."

He drank, dragged his hand across his mouth and put on his waistcoat. He buttoned it crookedly; in fact, no one in our state ever saw Ben Hilliker when his vest was buttoned straight. The others stood up and reached for coats and waistcoats, for when Ben Hilliker rose it was understood that the session of the Kitchen Cabinet stood adjourned.

"Are you going to do anything, Ben? Do you think anything needs to be done about this Belmore?" asked the attorney-general. "You know we have never had anything like Belmore—a reformer handling real money of his own. Our other cussed old reform tomcats have been lean and hungry, and have only stood and squalled and dodged bootjacks."

"Oh, well, if it becomes a political exigency I'll have to take time to think up something to fit Belmore's case," said Uncle Ben carelessly.

Somehow—and it was rather queer after what Snuffer had said by way of warning—the matter of Belmore didn't come up again in the sessions of the Kitchen Cabinet that campaign.

We didn't hear much of anything about Belmore for some time. He didn't need to make any political splurge. He had the thing nailed early—for they all owed him money down that way. His own bland confidence was shown by the fact that he came up to the state capital in midsummer, three months before election, and leased the Bevan mansion, the finest house in the city, for the legislative session.

The state-house crowd got a look at Belmore then. He came round to inspect his theater of proposed political activity. Ek Bonner got hold of him first—Belmore called in at the secretary of state's office as soon as he came into the building. Ek held him in conversation and sent off on the sly for Ben Hilliker. Ek wanted to have Belmore inspected officially. Ben was down in the headquarters of the Kitchen Cabinet in the archives chamber.

Uncle Ben came round with his old soft hat on the back of his head and half on his humped shoulders, his vest fastened a bit more crookedly than usual. He said: "Hur-r-lo, Squire!" when Ek presented Belmore, and waggled the Sunkhaze magnate's gloved fist in the clutch of his sweaty palm. Ek Bonner, after that first interview, furnished a description of Belmore that seemed to meet the approbation of real politicians: "Skinful of hydrogen gas dense enough to hold up a plug hat, but not solid enough to take the creases out of his pants when he sits down."

"Hear you're coming up into the temple this winter!" suggested Ben, handing Belmore a cigar that was soggy with perspiration.

"I am, sir," stated Belmore stiffly. He did not understand that this huge and scraggly old gentleman with the villainous, turned-out eyes was the state's political dictator. This obliviousness annoyed the deputy secretary of state. That annoyance made him a bit incautious.

"I'm putting you next to the high wallop in state politics, Mr. Belmore. This is Big Ben, the kingmaker. Probably you've heard of him."

"Maybe so," returned Mr. Belmore, blinking as though he were trying to understand what the hidden joke was and apparently not impressed as he resurveyed Hilliker. "I haven't had time to inquire much as to who's who in the state. Er—do you hold any state office, Mr. —— I don't think I got the name."

"Hilliker—the only Ben Hilliker," snapped Bonner.

The name did not produce so much as a ripple on Belmore's bland surface of self-importance.

"Shut up, Ek," counseled Ben. "Humorous person, this Bonner here, Squire. No, I don't hold any state office. Ain't considered enough of a character to hold office."

"You'd Better Get a Twist Bit On to That Pride of Yours, Sim. It's Beginning to Buck Bad"

Belmore nodded as though he could understand that much, and he took another survey of Hilliker's slouchiness.

"Don't be led astray, Belmore. He's been speaker of the third house for thirty years," insisted Bonner, trying to start something.

"I'm new in politics," confessed the bewildered Duke of Sunkhaze. "I thought that only the house and senate ——"

"Oh, they'll pass for a fair kind of a steer team when they're yoked up together for a few months of log-rolling," joked Bonner. "But the teamster—the fellow with the gad—is the speaker of the third house ——"

"That's humor enough, Ek," broke in Ben tartly. "Squire Belmore has never heard of me—a man in his high position probably never would. You'll find a lot of us old understrappers round the state house when you get up here next winter, Squire. Hangers-on, you know."

Mr. Belmore stiffened more. He seemed to understand a little better.

"Oh, I say, you have touched upon a topic that I shall make considerable of after I take my seat in the house. I wasn't intending to say anything just now and I mean nothing personal, of course."

He looked old Ben over once more, as though making an estimate of him.

They Hired All the Dress Suits in the Capital City

"Of course, Mr. Hilliker, you may be an important fixture here in the state house, even if you do say you are a hanger-on. I shall decide upon that later when I have had time to investigate conditions here. But I announce now, and I do not care how widely the information is spread about, that I shall begin an overhauling of the employees of the state departments. I understand that the situation is full of graft—I believe in being frank; reforms require frankness. Those who are inefficient, who are merely political suckers, will have to go. Understand, this is nothing personal, Mr. Hilliker; but I'm perfectly willing that you should circulate the information in quarters where fair warning is needed. I want to have it known in advance that my slogan will be 'reform.'"

The deputy secretary of state shot one glance at the man who had dominated state affairs for thirty years, the maker of governors, the uncrowned ruler of policies and destinies. Then he let out two barks of hysterical laughter that he promptly turned into a fit of coughing. Old Ben fished a match out of the sagging corner of his crooked vest and relighted his chewed cigar, placidly gazing down on Mr. Belmore over the hands that shielded the match.

"I have no strings on me. I am death on graft. I shall be deaf to appeals of favoritism," declared the new apostle of reform. "It needs a new broom if one is to sweep clean."

"One of these vacuum cleaners works better than a broom; it doesn't kick up so much dust," observed Hilliker mildly.

"I was speaking in metaphor, sir."

"So was I."

They stared at each other, and there was an embarrassing pause. Uncle Ben did not seem to be disposed to say anything and Mr. Belmore was plainly at a loss for words. He had kicked out hard, undoubtedly expecting that this declaration of reform principles would plant a stinging blow; but he looked more like a man who has kicked briskly at emptiness and has snapped both feet out from under himself. He was the first to look away. Perhaps he was puzzled to decide which of Uncle Ben's eyes he ought to look at.

"I should like to glance into Representatives' Hall while I'm in the building," said Belmore, trying hard to get back some of his pomposity.

"Ask one of the watchmen in the lobby and he'll show you round the place," suggested the deputy secretary coldly; and he turned his back on Mr. Belmore, who took another look at the quizzical face of old Ben, stroked his gloves straight and marched out of the office.

"Well, Ben, the fool didn't know what he was saying or who he was saying it to," remarked Ek, pulling off his nose-glasses to stare after the amazing Belmore; "but you'll have to admit that you got sassed just now."

Hilliker rolled his cigar across his tongue.

"Parson over in Winslow was called in the other day to preach the funeral sermon over old Prid Holmes," he said. "Prid was a ramrod Spiritualist, but his wife isn't, and she r'ared after Prid died and insisted on having an orthodox sermon. The Spiritualist relatives had to back off; but they came to the funeral good and mad. Parson saw a good chance to hand a few to a bunch of Spiritualists, and he did so. One of the relatives was a medium, and she flopped over into a trance right there and then and announced that the control was Prid himself; and the way he came back at that parson was a caution. Parson afterward told one of his friends, who condoled with him over the outbreak, that he realized that he wasn't much of a preacher and that relatives frequently found fault with his funeral discourses, but he had to allow that it was really the first time he was ever sassed by the corpse itself."

Ben finished the story on his way to the door and did not wait for Ek's comments. He didn't mention Belmore again during the campaign, except to remark to some of us who hadn't met him and were curious, that there was no sense in talking about the heft of a square yard of fog. There are a lot of men who wait a whole half session before they get the notoriety J. Tingley Belmore got on the day of organization. He hadn't known that the question of seats was settled by lot, and when he was in the state house in the summer he had left a bunch of documents and his visiting card in the drawer of a desk right in front of the speaker's rostrum. He remembered his old district-school days probably. But he drew a seat 'way back on "Cowhide Boot Row," near a draughty swing door, and when he got up and made a spread-eagle holler and announced that he proposed to be one of the principal debaters of the session, with an eye on all legislation in behalf of the people, and demanded a place near the throne where he could keep unwinking eye on the people's interests, he jumped into the double headlines with a whish like a skyrocket.

A very few discerning members of the house, who understood human nature and had met up with folks like Belmore before, understood that the man was perfectly serious in his claims and his ambition; but the mass of the house accepted that speech as humor—a subtle take-off directed at the old cocks of the front rows who had hogged the time of the body for session after session. The more impressive Mr. Belmore grew in his own exposition of purposes and ambitions, the louder the unthinking members howled with laughter. They beat their palms and pounded their feet and rushed round him when he had finished, and shook his hands and swore that nothing better in the way of satire had been got off in that chamber since the days of one who was king of irony.

Belmore gulped, started to protest a dozen times and then accepted the tributes. He began to grow radiant after a while, but a queer startled expression lurked beneath his gratified smirk. He had held out his peck measure of verbal oats, had coaxed fame, and probably expected to see her march toward him with a dignified gait. But this frolicsome creature that had suddenly scampered up behind him with frisking heels and merry neigh gave him the surprise of his life. He came out into the lobby after the session and lighted a cigar and rocked on heels and toes and looked at himself in a mirror, blandly getting acquainted with himself all over again. Old Ben rolled over his way.

"It was a peeler, Squire—regular Tom Reeder."

"Subtle sarcasm is very effective in debate," agreed Belmore, throwing back his coat lapel and regarding his white vest in the mirror.

"Give 'em plenty of it," advised Uncle Ben. He rolled on his way.

Belmore gazed after him from his pinnacle of new glory and long-nurtured self-esteem.

"Rather a pathetic figure, that old has-been," he remarked to a house member who had just come up to say something about the speech. "I suppose he really was somebody in the state once—he seems to have more or less attention paid him." Men were hopping up from lobby chairs to stick out a hand to Hilliker.

The house member giggled delightedly and rushed off to tell a new story about the subtle irony of the gentleman from Sunkhaze. You see, to explain who Ben Hilliker is in our state would seem like pointing out the state house and explaining that it is not the insane asylum. In politics he is taken for granted—an institution. No one was going to insult a man like J. Tingley Belmore—a subtle humorist, a keen master of irony—by going up and explaining to him categorically just what Ben Hilliker amounted to in state affairs.

They didn't exactly understand Belmore round the state house after that first speech of his. He didn't understand himself either. Moreover, he was so thoroughly varnished by self-conceit that information about Hilliker or any one else just simply wouldn't leak into him. He had no particular curiosity about slouchy old men who gave one the uneasy feeling that they wanted to borrow money. Therefore Belmore perched himself on his pinnacle in the house and insulated it—and he rode to and from the Bevan mansion in his own carriage.

Ben Hilliker, after that first day of the session, treated the member from Sunkhaze as a negligible quantity. The two men were mutually contemptuous and mutually indifferent to the latent possibilities in each other. That attitude was excusable in Belmore, for he was a stranger in the state and was too pompously self-centered to bother about anybody else. But as a politician, as one who must watch all the budding seeds in the political garden, Ben failed to apprehend the real dangers in Belmore. That must be set down as a black mark against Hilliker. But this is a plain story of real politics—what actually happened—not a romance about an infallible politician.

Sim Doane had something to say at the next session of the Kitchen Cabinet about that "old whale sloshing round," but Ben scornfully dismissed Belmore with the remark that when a man in public life got the reputation of being a humorist he was "like a fly trying to sail a chip across a puddle of molasses—he could get a pleasant taste every time he reached out, but he couldn't arrive anywhere to speak of.

"Furthermore, he ain't any humorist," stated Ben. "The old puffball tried to stand up there in the house and make a serious speech, tooting his first trump for reform—whatever he thinks that may mean! After the boys took it the way they did he doesn't know what he is. I've seen 'em come here like that before. Paper bags full of wind. Plock! Now let's get down to what we're here for."

So with old Ben feeling that way about it Belmore seemed to be placed.

Nothing much happens the first of a legislative session—mostly bills going into the hopper. Committee hearings, where the true inwardness of propositions gets opened up, come along later, after the measures have been advertised for the proper time. Time hangs heavy those first days, especially for the country members. The big fellows are busy enough behind closed doors; they nobly take the burden of the legislative work on their shoulders and let the main bunch of the boys go off and play.

Belmore, lord of the Bevan mansion, started in promptly to make himself a genial little playmate. He gave a party that first week and invited everybody in the state house. Champagne punch and everything keyed to a pitch to correspond, as you'll have to admit, made the occasion sufficiently musical. The rural members came away from that reception lifting their feet as though they were trying to walk upstairs, and exchanging some very pleasant remarks about the hospitality of their host, who had worn full evening dress and had shaken hands with every one without regard for his white kid gloves.

When Belmore stood up in the house next morning—rising in the front seat which he had bought from a rural gentleman at a price—his guests of the previous evening got their feet out into the aisles, ready to stamp applause, and their mouths were wreathed in smiles that anticipated more of that irony. The gentleman from Sunkhaze had something to say regarding certain orders that had been introduced. The orders provided that certain gentlemen who had come seeking jobs in the gift of the legislature and had been defeated should be reimbursed for time and expenses.

As a man new in our state and new in the political game, Mr. Belmore plainly did not understand that he was nosing into an ancient system whereby zealous party workers were handed a slice of frosted cake instead of a brick. Would-be folders, doorkeepers, pages, mail-carriers and

assistants-this and assistants-that regularly presented themselves in numbers and really didn't care much whether they were elected or not, for the unsuccessful were promptly "reimbursed" and started for home with more ready cash than those who were elected would have in their pockets later, after paying board to extortionate innholders and playing poker in the state house. Mr. Belmore didn't understand anything at all about this—didn't know that the rejected were the party field workers who expected this little drag from the public treasury.

His vehement declaration that he couldn't understand a system by which a man who offered himself for public office and was defeated should be given a sum that was almost half of what his winter wages would be, had he got the job, stirred the hilarity of the many who did know why and who couldn't believe that Mr. Belmore was so far behind the times in politics that he didn't know. From a jocose standpoint that speech was even more successful than his first one. The irony seemed very finely whittled. The fact that he treated the thing as though it were a brand-new attempt to loot the treasury struck everybody as very funny. In the end, however, the joke wasn't on Belmore. Don't you see, there wasn't a member in the house who would dare to get on to his feet and defend that "reimbursing" proposition. It had always slid through without a word of discussion. It was another of those political institutions. But after that splurge by Belmore—certain to be presented in the newspapers in spicy style—the members didn't want to go on record as voting for this form of petty larceny. So the orders were all killed.

The members of the Kitchen Cabinet chipped in and got the defeated candidates out of the city as soon as possible, for those patriots were making loud and embarrassing talk. Uncle Ben treated the affair with the scorn of a man who has more important matters to think about. "Let the old grampus wallop round, boys. He's most done. He hasn't got wit enough to see the inside of the big things. He hasn't got any political imagination. He is seeing a few little things we have never bothered to sugar-coat. The fellows will be sick of him in a few days. It'll reset. He'll tumble into his own mouth."

Mr. Belmore took prompt measures to dissipate any pique that might have resulted from that stand of his. He sent round the house a half dozen boys decorated with red, white and blue sashes, and the boys presented to each member a handsome scarfpin. The pin was stuck into a card printed in red, white and blue. On the card was printed:

BELMORE'S MAXIMS

The People have rights and we are sent here to look after them.
I have no strings hitched on me. Let's not be jumping-jacks.
They say there's a state ring—but don't let it be snapped into your nose.
Keep your eyes open even if the crooks do throw dust.
These are reform times—let's be up to date.

Ek Bonner advised Uncle Ben to put out a card with a few of his own political truisms on it, but Uncle Ben allowed that he wasn't going into the publishing business.

Representative Belmore gave another party at his mansion the second week of the session and invited all the house members. Large numbers of the rural gentlemen who had attended the first soirée in *al fresco* garb now decided that they were really getting into society, and took the affair seriously. They hired all the dress suits in the capital city. Those who were unable to hire a dress suit, after the limited supply gave out, managed to give themselves a thin skim of society frosting by wearing white neckties generally, and there were sporadic cases of white waistcoats.

That evening State Chairman Hod Symons hunted up Uncle Ben Hilliker in the lobby of the National House, where Ben was talking and collecting cigar ashes in the folds of his crooked vest. Symons winked and jerked his head sideways significantly. Ben rose and joined him, and Symons explained himself as soon as they were out of earshot.

"Fellow up in my room you'd better talk with."

Symons' room was one flight up, and they walked.

"It's that Bodwell, the fellow the committee sent down here on the stump last campaign. He drifted into town today."

"What does he want—to borrow more money or pay me back what he stuck me for?" inquired Hilliker.

"He hasn't said anything about that part, or about paying me what I lent him," returned Symons. "But he has been talking to me about something that may interest you."

Bodwell had narrow eyes, a thin face, a red nose and a sheepish grin. He had been the humorist of the campaign, a foil for the noted speakers, a sort of a variety artist for the political medicine-wagon.

Old Ben's greeting was rather stiff.

"Bodwell has given me kind of an interesting line on this old windbag Belmore," the state chairman hastened to explain. "Belmore has been living out in Bodwell's country."

Mr. Bodwell went into details with alacrity.

"Knew him in Idaho. He got his start driving hogs across Camas Prairie from the ranches. Kept 'em without water for three days, let 'em drink all they could hold just outside of town and then sold them live weight. His first killing of any size was with a salted mine in the Buffalo Hump section. In the mud season he backed the faro games in Stites and Grangeville—run 'em crooked and took claims for collateral. Cashed in big and then went to work and cleaned up more from the fake propositions than from the honest workings."

Old Ben had held his cigar upcocked in one corner of his mouth, listening without interest.

"Hold on a minute!" He turned on Symons. "See here, Hod, did you pull me up here just to listen to this quilting-bee gossip!"

"But this gives us a line on that fellow Belmore. He's hollering reform and working up personal popularity, and that's a political asset. And you can't tell when he's likely to cash in on it. He's a rank outsider and he's sticking his nose in."

"And so you propose to take a gob of mud in each hand and smash him in the face, eh?"

"Well, that's the only way of getting him out from under foot," stated Symons, resenting the way Uncle Ben was taking the proposition.

"There was a time once," said Hilliker, "and it was when I was new in the game, that we used to play politics and handle divorce cases on about the same level. But not now, Symons."

"But let's put out this stuff about Belmore," insisted the chairman. "It'll lash him into the rigging."

"I shot at a squirrel once with an old fusee that held a lead slug, a handful of BB shot and four fingers of powder rusted in. Plenty of ammunition! Got the squirrel or some little pieces of him—but the kick-back broke my shoulder."

He whirled and trudged toward the door.

"But I say, we ought to use it," pleaded Symons. "We've got to get him! He's going to be dangerous later on."

"I reckon he's dangerous now if you're reckoning on firing him!" Uncle Ben had the door open.

"But what's your advice?"

"Lend your friend there his carfare to where he wants to go, and forget what he said."

And that was the end of that interview.

II

EVER since the beginning of the session Reformer Belmore had been devoting considerable time to studying in his book of statutes concerning the privileges, prerogatives, perquisites and powers of a house member, probably in order that he might not miss any item that would add to his general glory. He discovered that he was entitled to charge up mileage to the state at ten cents a mile when he traveled to and from Sunkhaze. And yet Mr. Belmore found himself in possession of semi-annual unlimited passes on the three principal railroads of the state. These had been presented to him in most polite fashion, and he was assured in the same polite way that everybody else round the state house traveled on passes as a matter of course.

As a reformer Mr. Belmore chose to be extremely pragmatical and obtuse. He went round asking men why they should be charging up railroad fares to the state when they were traveling on a free pass? Most of those he asked fell back on the excuse of "custom," but he finally found one outspoken politician who did not deal in euphemisms. He was a member of the house from the waterfront wards of a seaport city. He was in the stevedore business.

"Collect our mileage? Why, of course we collect our mileage! Law says so, don't it? State expects to pay to get us back and forth to our jobs, don't it? If I have a pass as a compliment from a railroad, why, that private business of mine ain't got anything to do with the state. Do you think I'm going to close up a good stevedore business and come here for a session of three months or more, a hundred and fifty plunks for the session, and not work the mileage to make me part way square?"

The outspoken politician further informed the Sunkhaze member that the ten-cent mileage rate had been fixed in stage-coach days, and added the ingenious excuse that legislatures had been too busy to change the rate to conform to modern railroad fares. He also told Mr. Belmore, not as a matter of news, for he assumed that everybody knew it, but in order to justify his own position, that all the state officers, even the supreme-court judges, traveled on free passes and charged railroad fares to the state.

"Everybody has to do it to keep square," protested the politician. "The cussed old state doesn't pay living salaries. The boys just have to go out and ride on the trains a little to make a few hundreds extra. Always been done! Sure thing!"

After he had discovered that there was a lamentable lack of moral sensibility regarding this free-pass question, Representative Belmore arose in the house and made a speech. That speech did not evoke hilarity. Members were observed generally to feel in their breast pockets and assure themselves that their passes were safely tucked away, and then they glowered at the rambunctious member from Sunkhaze.

The crude order that Belmore introduced relative to the matter was promptly referred to the legislative committee on state paupers, and then everybody laughed; but it was laughter that did not flatter the rising humorist of the house. He was mad. Also he was very busy with stenographers and typewriters that evening.

Within forty-eight hours every daily paper in the state had printed an advertisement. It occupied double half-column space and was headed Belmore's Broadside.

Mr. Belmore showed up the pass question. He called on the public to send in petitions to have the evil righted. Advertising the delinquencies of fellow members was a new idea in state legislation, but there was no denying the fact that Belmore had planted a body blow in this clumsy fashion. On the day after the advertisements appeared a house member—one of the railroad crowd—rose to a point of order

(Continued on Page 48)

"She's Buttoning Up in Front Fairly Smooth," Affirmed the Scout

THE NEWSPAPER GAME

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

WHAT is a roaring comedy now was a fearful tragedy then. We sat in our room and looked at one another. There was nothing to say. If we had had as much business sense as a pair of three-year-old twins we never should have been in that fix; but neither of us had a grain of that useful—not to say essential—understanding. We were a pair of enthusiastic young theorists; and at that moment not only our doll but every doll in the world was stuffed with sawdust.

We discussed the situation. Every plan we laid ran hard against the same stone wall. It all resolved itself to the question of money. If we had money we could scrabble along for a time. Without money we were helpless; and there wasn't a place in the world where I could get another dollar. Tad was in the same case. So we shook out our pockets. We had less than a hundred dollars between us, and there were bills to be paid and other expenses to be met—to say nothing of wages for our small staff.

"Let's go to bed," said Tad.

There was no good reason for staying up, so we went to bed; and when we were dressing in the morning Tad evolved a plan. It was this: We were to go down to the office, look into the situation thoroughly, get all the information we could from Chet and John; then follow the man who sold us the paper to the city he was to practice law in and ask him to take the paper back—and give us at least enough of our money for railroad fares to the East. That cheered us. We thought if we put the case fairly and squarely up to the former proprietor he surely would be willing to be fair and square himself. That, I may say, was the final evidence of the fact that neither of us was fit to be at loose in the world without a guardian.

Our Benefactor Shown Up in His True Colors

WE FIXED up the paper for the day, writing some perfunctory editorial articles and handing John's local news to Chet without even reading it. Then we called Chet and John in and asked them how about it. John hadn't said much up to that time, but he unbosomed himself then. He told how he hadn't been getting his eight dollars a week regularly; how the paper had been milked until the last dollar had been extracted; how local advertising contracts or agreements had been made for long terms at extremely low rates even for so poor a medium, in consideration of payment in advance, and how we were stuck with those agreements and there could be no money coming in for weeks; how dead advertising had been carried along; and how the paper man and the plate man and the power man and the ink man, and all the rest, had been paid from day to day or staved off if possible. In short, he showed us that we had bought an entirely worthless property and that if we had no money we might as well quit.

We both were confident we could pull out if we had two or three thousand dollars; but we might just as well have needed two or three millions. I didn't know how to get any money, nor did my partner. We had trouble enough scraping together the little first payment. So there we were! We put all these facts in as presentable shape as possible and I started for the city where the man who sold us the paper was living. The place was away up north and there had been a heavy fall of snow. We decided it would be wise to go as cheaply as possible—and I went in a day coach. The weather was bitterly cold and so was the day coach. Along about three o'clock in the morning they hustled me out at a junction and told me the train I wanted would be by at five. I shivered round there until the train came along about six, and at noon I got to my destination. It so happened a merchant in that town was originally from my home village and I went to see him and asked him for the name of a good lawyer. He told me where to go.

I laid my case before the lawyer. We had heard of some sort of a legal proceeding called a *capias;* and I thought that was what I wanted. The lawyer listened gravely and after I had finished and suggested a *capias*—not knowing whether a *capias* was a body execution or a death warrant—the lawyer said:

"Very well; I can apply for such a writ. Of course you are prepared to furnish the necessary bond?"

"Bond!" I gasped. "What sort of a bond?"

"Why, in a proceeding of this sort it is necessary to furnish a bond to indemnify the person against whom the writ issues should the writ not be well taken."

It may be I do not remember the legal terminology correctly, but I do remember he wanted a bond; and I also remember vividly that I couldn't have furnished a bond for five cents. That was a facer.

"Can't we do it without a bond?" I asked.

"No," he replied.

"Very well," I said; "I will go down to my hotel and arrange for the bond and call on you later in the day. I must wire my partner."

As I was going out he coughed inquiringly. I turned.

"My retainer," he suggested suavely.

"Oh, certainly," I said quite grandly. "How much will be sufficient?"

"Well, about twenty-five dollars will do in the circumstances—though ordinarily I would ask a hundred. I feel a deep sympathy for you boys and think you have been shabbily treated; so I shall not charge you much."

Charge us much! He was then charging me about all I had. I took five five-dollar bills from my meager roll of money and handed them to him and he gave me a receipt. I have that receipt yet. It was the only thing I brought home with me.

I stumbled out to the street, dazed. It had suddenly dawned on me that getting back our money and giving back the paper were not such simple problems as they had seemed to Tad and myself. Indeed, I had a glimmer we could do neither thing, which proved to be the case. I went to the hotel and asked about the trains. There was no way to get out until the next morning. So I hunted up the former proprietor. I found him in an office, surrounded by lawbooks. He wasn't busy and he was surprised to see me. I was overcome by my wrongs and cried out: "Give us back our money, you swindler! That paper is no good and you sold it to us on false pretenses! You're a cheat!"

He was a smooth and oily person, that lawyer. He half started from his chair as if to attack me. I hoped he would, for I knew I could whip him. He didn't, though. Instead, he sat back, smiled rather indulgently and said soothingly: "Calm yourself, my dear boy. You are excited. What is the matter?"

I was gulping like a child when I sat down, wild with rage and seeing red. I half formed a plan to throttle him and take the consequences. Then a feeling of my utter helplessness came over me and I almost sobbed as I began my recital.

He listened calmly. Then he began to talk. He told me we had bought the paper with our eyes open; that we were a couple of kids who expected to find as much in a small city as we had left behind us; that running a daily paper in a small town was a precarious business at the best, and that we should have known it at the start; that he sold on a *caveat-emptor* plan; and that, being a lawyer, and familiar with the laws of the state, he had protected himself; that he would not give us our money back and would hold us to our bargain; and that if we did not fulfill our obligations he would proceed against us legally; and that, finally, if we had taken over a proposition like that, with only enough money to pay the first installment, we deserved to lose! And he wished me a very good day and invited me to begin any legal proceedings I saw fit at the earliest possible moment.

I can see him now as I saw him then—through a mist—sitting at his desk, emphasizing his points by tapping on the desk with a pencil and smiling at my great distress.

"I Haven't Got Much Money and I Have Just Got to Sleep"

We Make the Best of a Bad Bargain

I WAS bluffed out. I had nothing to say. I have often wondered since whether I should have jumped in and given him a licking or taken one. My conclusion is that I showed a little sense by keeping off, for I had but a few dollars and I was in a strange town. I didn't jump in. Instead I shouted incoherently and melodramatically something about getting even with him and stumbled out into the snow again. I sent a wire to Tad telling him I could do nothing, but to keep on getting the paper out until I got back. I arrived at the office on the evening of the next day, to find Tad sitting on the tall desk in the corner thrumming melancholy chords on his guitar.

I told my story. We counted our money. There was less than twenty dollars between us. My trip had cost almost twenty and the twenty-five to the lawyer had peeled us down to almost nothing. Tad had been obliged to pay something to the power man and to the rent man and to the paper man. Also, Chet and John had demanded a few dollars each, saying they would quit unless they got it. The other printer and the pressman hadn't been in. They didn't know how bad things were. We sat gloomily in the darkness. The "Sole Editors and Proprietors" had been depressed into a couple of heartsick, homesick, hopeless boys.

"What'll we do?" I asked finally.

"What is there to do?" countered Tad.

"Nothing."

Tad played a few snatches of a serenade.

"Chop it!" I shouted savagely, "or I'll kick that guitar into splinters."

"Oh, very well," said Tad; "but I always resort to music in times like these. It has a soothing effect."

We both laughed.

"Cheer up!" I said. "We'll wiggle out somehow."

Then we talked it all over, canvassing every possible place where money might be secured, coming back each

For Ten Years After That I Couldn't Look an Apple Pie in the Face

time to the disconcerting realization that neither of us could beg, borrow or steal a penny.

"Let's give the blame thing to John," suggested Tad.

"What have you got against John?" I asked.

There was more talk. Finally we went to our room and went to bed. In the morning we walked down to the office together. We had little to say, but we were thinking the same thing—that was how to quit. When we reached the office, the dingy office, with its pathetic equipment and its miserable prospects, Tad turned to me and said:

"Let's quit."

"All right," I replied—and that settled it. Then the boy in me came to the surface. I didn't know how we were going to quit, but I did know I was soon to be relieved of this load—and I was happy. Tad felt the same way. We kicked the door open and strode into the room. John was sitting at his desk, grinding out his local. Tad and I did a dance around the room; and then, putting our arms on one another's shoulders, we sang, with fine barber-shop chords and close harmony effects:

Round her neck she wore a purple ribbon -
She wore it in the summertime and in the month of May.
And when they asked her why she wore the ribbon
She said 'twas for her lover, far away!

Far away -far away!
Far away—far away!
She wore it for her lover, far away!

Then we came in strong with the trombone effect, "Om-te-da-de!" and wound up with a breakdown:

For round her neck she wore a purple ribbon—
And she wore it for her lover, far away!

John jumped up and grabbed his umbrella and Chet came in with a column rule in his hand. They thought we had gone crazy. And so we had. We were both so delighted to get rid of the load that we danced and sang for ten or fifteen minutes.

"What's the matter?" cried Chet.

"The matter, Mr. Chester White, of Poland, China," yelled Tad, grabbing Chet by the shoulders and waltzing him round the room—"the matter is that this great palladium of the liberties and organ of the best thought of the community is about to give up the ghost - quit, suspend, go out of business, die the death of a dog, and otherwise have its bright light extinguished. That's what's the matter!" And we pulled the astonished John and the amazed Chet into a circle with us and sang with exquisite tremolo and chromatic variations: "Farewell! farewell, my own true love!"

"Gimme some paper!" shouted Tad. "Gimme some paper until I indite a few words of burning goodby to this community!" And he wrote an editorial which he headed, "Valedictory," and which closed with this statement: "If the people of this community remember us as long as we shall remember them they will erect a monument to our memory."

"What becomes of us?" quavered John.

Tad and I Part

"JOHN," I said, "that isn't the important question. The important question is, What becomes of us! You have a palatial home here, John, supported in regal style on your munificent salary of eight dollars a week. Before we go, John, we shall pay you all we owe you—and probably more—money being no object to us at the present time. Be calm, John; be perfectly calm. Undoubtedly your old boss will be back and he will continue as the editorial staff of this tribune of the people."

Chet took the editorial copy. "I was goin' to jump the burg, anyhow!" he said. We told him to quadruple-lead the valedictory. Then we discussed ways and means.

John suggested there might be a chance of collecting a few dollars on some of the advertising we had been running. He thought there were a couple of accounts he could get something for. We gave John our blessing and started him out. Then we decided to withhold the paper until late in the evening so we could get all ready to leave by the night train. That gave us pause. Leave by the night train! How in thunder were we going to leave by a night train! It took money to ride on trains and we wouldn't have any after we had squared our bills and paid our help.

While we were considering this the door opened and a young man came in. "How's business?" he asked.

"Rotten!" we both shouted.

"Same here," he said. Then he told us he had come down from Chicago a time before and opened a broker's office for the sale of stocks and grain. He hadn't made a trade. He was broke and he was going back. That, however, wasn't the object of the meeting. He was a telegraph operator, of course, and as he had no business to do he listened to the gossip on the wire. He had taken off a dispatch that had gone through telling of the death of Henry Ward Beecher. He thought we might like to have it, inasmuch as he gathered we had no wire service. I grabbed it, put a scarehead on it and put it on the first page of the paper that night—double leaded. That was the only piece of real telegraph news the Evening Eagle had during the time the "Sole Editors and Proprietors" were editing and proprietoring.

John came back presently. He had scraped up seventeen dollars. We put this with our pile and paid off. We had to pay the plate man when he came round, but we decided to use only the paper we had on hand, which would print about two hundred copies of the paper. I took a few to make my file complete and so did Tad; and when the newsboys came we told them to come back at six o'clock, that we had had an accident to our press. When we did let the paper loose we gave the entire edition to the boys and told them to go out and sell what they could and keep the change.

Tad had been rummaging in the desks. Suddenly he let out a whoop. "Hi!" he shouted. "Here's luck! Here are parts of mileage books our friend left behind."

We examined the books with great interest. We figured them out by the aid of timetables. With one we could go as far as Sioux City, Iowa, and with the other as far as Detroit.

"Which way do you want to go?" I asked Tad.

"I don't mind," he answered.

Neither did I. Sioux City looked exactly as good to me as Detroit, which wasn't very good at that. We discussed

I Slid Down the Ladder, Grabbed the Pail and Vanished

this proposition for a time. Tad didn't want to make a decision, nor did I. Really, it was immaterial—except that Tad said he knew a man in Sioux City whom he might borrow a few dollars from until he got on his feet. They had been school friends and Tad thought he was in the coal business. That being the case, I insisted Tad should take the Sioux City book, for I knew nobody there, nor in Detroit; and I might just as well land in one place as the other, inasmuch as I should be without money, practically. Tad wouldn't have it that way.

"Let's jeff for it," he suggested.

"All right."

Jeffing is a game played with type, a printer's method of gambling when nothing else is handy. We went out and got the type and jeffed, best two out of three. Tad won. He took the Sioux City book and that left me the Detroit one. So that was settled.

As the afternoon wore on we paid our bills round town, paid the landlady and the boarding-house keeper and packed our trunks. I sent mine back to the city from which we came, by express, and Tad checked his to Sioux City. When everybody was paid we had but a few dollars left. These we divided equally.

Then we gave the word to the pressman and the last edition of the Evening Eagle, under the sole proprietorship and editorial management of two boys who at the moment had about twelve dollars in capital, was issued. We read Tad's valedictory with much interest. We thought it looked pretty good. It was in the seventh issue under our management.

When we had given the boys their papers we shook hands with John and Chet, locked the door and solemnly threw the key into a gully that ran near the office. We walked down the street and did not turn to look back at the scene of our failure. I have never known what became of the Evening Eagle. I don't know whether the man who sold it came back and took it, whether the sheriff got it, or whether the plant rusted out where it was. I don't know whether the paper was continued, or by whom if it was. I don't know what happened and I have never cared to hear about it.

The only communication I ever had from that place since then came a few weeks later. It was from John, and he accused me of taking his old, faded umbrella away with me. Six months later I heard from Tad. He had a job running a coal and wood office on the outskirts of Sioux City. Later he studied medicine and now is a big doctor in an Eastern city.

My Life is Saved by an Irish Frieze Ulster

THE trains left almost at the same time that night. We stayed round the hotel until time to go. Then we spent half a dollar each to ride up to the station in a hotel hack. There was another passenger. He was a jewelry salesman who, as he said, "was beating it out of this burg." He had done no business. We didn't know what our friend who sold us the paper might try to do, so we said nothing about ourselves. We knew we should be out of the state in the morning and safe from him, at any rate. I never did go back in that state for seven years. On the way up to the train the jewelry salesman told us that some big railroad shops had recently been moved from the city, giving the place a bad crimp. That was another industrial fact we had neglected to inform ourselves about before we made our plunge. Still, our misfortunes were not the fault of the people. They were kind and hospitable and encouraging. They treated us well. The trouble was that we were two visionary young fools, who started on a ten-thousand-dollar adventure with about four hundred dollars in real money. We deserved all we got.

I bade Tad goodby when my train came in and climbed aboard. We had figured the mileage correctly. It lasted to Detroit. Then the conductor firmly told me he would have to have money or another ticket. Inasmuch as I had no ticket and little money, I got off to think the problem over. It was a cold morning, colder than any other morning I have ever known, I think, looking back at it; and the people of Detroit didn't seem interested in my affairs at all. I went uptown and made the rounds of the newspaper offices, thinking to get a job. There were no jobs. At least, there was no job for me, as various city editors told me variously.

I had a big Irish frieze ulster I had bought early in the winter. It saved my life, for I economized on food. As I wandered round Detroit I came on a ticket-scalper's office. I counted my money again. This wasn't necessary, for I knew how much I had. It was less than five dollars. I decided to go to Buffalo, for I had a friend there who would give me enough for a ticket home. I was sure of that. My shoes were good and I spent half a dollar for a pair of arctic overshoes at a second-hand store. I figured I would ride two dollars' worth and walk the rest of the way. I took some stuff out of my grip and checked the grip in the railroad station, thinking to send for it when I was in funds. That didn't cost anything. The man said I should pay when I got it out. I never got it out. It may be there yet for all I know. I stowed my stuff away in my pockets and then went back to the scalper's office. He had a ticket over the Grand Trunk, good as far as London, Ontario.

He wanted two dollars and a half for it. I inquired and found the regular fare was about three dollars and a half, as I remember it. It may have been more or less than that. Anyhow, it was more than I wanted to pay, and I went back to the scalper and offered him two dollars for his ticket to London. He sold it to me.

The train left about half past ten, but I sat in the station for several hours before that time. It was warm there. When the train pulled out I had a comfortable seat in the smoking car, though I had nothing to smoke. Money was too precious to be wasted on such luxuries. The conductor looked at my ticket for a long time. My heart was sick with fear that he would reject it and put me off the train. Finally he punched it and passed on. One of the dreams that comes back to frighten me even now is a vision of that conductor—big, bearded, red-faced, standing with a lantern under his arm turning that ticket over and over and looking quizzically at me. Suppose he had rejected it! The thought scares me stiff yet.

The train ran a little late and it was five o'clock in the morning when the brakeman sang out: "London! All out for London! Ten minutes for refreshments." That meant me, though I had no idea of getting any refreshments at that particular time. I had slept a little and was feeling pretty fit. I climbed down and followed the crowd into the station. At one end of the big waiting room there was a lunch counter. Most of the passengers made dives for that and ordered coffee and doughnuts or pie. I went over to take a look.

One sleepy man was in charge. He was busy attending to the wants of the passengers. I noticed that the sandwiches and doughnuts and apples and cakes were piled on plates near the edge of the counter and that at regular intervals there were little round apple pies—nice-looking little round apple pies—all brown on top and, where the juice had seeped through the edges, that beloved shiny black that I knew would taste so well. I fingered my few coins. Those apple pies tempted me. And I fell.

The Old Temptation of the Apple

I EDGED in here and there among the passengers and turned sideways to the counter. Then, at an opportune moment, I slipped off an apple pie into the big side pocket of my ulster. I waited a minute. Nobody had seen me—and I edged in again. Before the conductor called, "All aboard!" I had five pies in my ulster pockets—five nice little brown apple pies—and a couple of doughnuts. Of course I stole the pies. That crime hung heavy over me for years; but once, a long time later, when I was up that way on a story I went into that station and handed the astonished lunch-counter man half a dollar. I told him it was conscience money. He thought I was crazy and said so, but he didn't give back the half-dollar! I imagine the company didn't get it either.

I stood on the platform and watched the passengers get aboard. The train pulled out. I watched it as far as I could see the rear lights. I reckon I was the loneliest boy in the world at that moment! There I was in London, Ontario, with about two dollars in my pocket and a hundred and fifty miles from the nearest place where I could get any more! I was too proud to telegraph home and I resolved to walk in. Walk in! It was in March, cold and snowy. I knew all that; but I was young and strong, and thought I could manage somehow. My ulster would protect me, and I figured I could make fifteen miles a day and get there inside of two weeks. Besides, I had five apple pies for sustenance and, if worst came to worst, could spend a dime or so for food or lodging.

I turned back into the station. The night man looked at me suspiciously. I felt again just as I had felt when the conductor scrutinized my ticket. Heavens! I thought—if he should know about those apple pies! He didn't, though. He asked me what I wanted.

"I want to stay here in the station until morning," I explained hurriedly. "The family I am going to visit expected me last night, but I was delayed and I don't want to go up to the house until morning. Please let me sit here. I won't bother anybody."

He was on the point of turning me out, but I pleaded with him so earnestly he finally said:

"All right, kid. Make yourself comfortable. It's against the rules, but I'll chance it. Only you'll have to get out early in the morning, before the day man comes on."

The day man came on at seven o'clock, when it was still dark—and still cold, I may say. He made no move to shove me out and I stayed on, finally persuading myself I had a right to be there, inasmuch as I was waiting for a morning train. Presently the train came in. I didn't go on with it, of course; then I bought a cup of coffee and started down the track. On the way I ate my first apple pie. Coffee and then apple pie may not be the idea of a foodfaddist for breakfast, but it hit me as being a most excellent combination. Also, as I walked down the track through London, I arrived at the wise conclusion that I must conserve my food resources or go hungry later in the coming days.

Ingersoll is nineteen miles from London and I thought I might be able to get there that day. I started in good form and by noon had reached a place called Waubuno. Then I ate another apple pie. It didn't taste so good as the one I had for breakfast, so I put in one of my doughnuts also. That helped a lot, and I started off for Ingersoll like a professional pedestrian. My greatest trouble was with my ulster. It was very heavy. If I took it off and carried it I became too cold, notwithstanding the exertion of walking; and if I kept it on I was too hot. I compromised by taking my arms out of my sleeves and letting it swing on my shoulders. Before I reached Waubuno I thought that ulster weighed a hundred pounds; but three miles the other side of Waubuno it began increasing in weight until it weighed a ton. I wanted to throw it away, but knew I should freeze if I did. I lightened my load by discarding most of the things I had kept out of my grip.

The last five or six miles to Ingersoll were slow and painful. My feet began to hurt. My arctic overshoes, for which I had spent half a dollar in Detroit, were holding out pretty well, but they were uncomfortably warm at times. Still, the track was fairly clear and the trains not frequent; I plugged along until, about seven o'clock, I got into Ingersoll. I had been ten hours making nineteen miles and was very tired and very hungry—and I had no place to sleep in sight and no food save an apple pie. I walked through the town. The most hospitable place I saw was a livery stable, where a man was cleaning some horses. I asked if I might sit down by his fire for a time. He said I could. When he had finished his horses he came in and we talked for an hour. He was a middle-aged man, smelling strongly of horses; and he told me he slept in a room boarded off from the hayloft upstairs in the livery barn.

I was so tired and sleepy my eyes kept closing and my head dropping on my chest. Finally, about nine o'clock, he punched me and said:

"Say, boy, I'm going to bed. Where are you going to sleep?"

"I don't know," I answered.

"Haven't you got any money?"

"Not much," I told him, and then let him have my whole story.

"Come on up with me," he urged. "I ain't got much of a place, but you're welcome."

He took me up to his room. It was a small room, with two bunks in it built against the side of the wall. I turned in in the upper bunk, clothes on except my ulster and shoes, pulled the blankets over me and was asleep in half a minute. He poked me out next morning at six o'clock. "Come on down and help me do the chores," he said, "and I'll try to find you some breakfast."

When I tried to put on my shoes I found that walking nineteen miles through the snow over a railroad track was not so easy a task as I had thought it. My feet were swollen and painful, and I had hard work jabbing them into my shoes. I hobbled down and, after he had told me how to hold a pitchfork, helped him with his work. He went out about eight and came back with a bucketful of coffee and some bread and slices of cold meat. I ate ravenously, thinking to conserve my pies, which I had examined that morning and found to be in fair state of preservation.

He told me Woodstock was the next town of any size; and, by looking at my timetable, I found it was nine miles farther along. About ten o'clock I started. The day was bright and sunshiny and the snow had thawed a little; so the walking was difficult. My feet hurt too. The weight of the ulster was unbearable; so I took it off and made a sort of a pack of it with the belt, and carried it suspended from my left shoulder. Half a dozen times I was on the point of throwing the ulster away, but I had sense enough to keep it. That was about the first time I had a glimmer of sense since I decided to go into journalism for myself. That ulster kept me from freezing half a dozen times.

I crawled along the track, passing one or two little places where the men who were in sight looked at me in a way that said to me plainly: "There's a tramp that ought to be arrested." Nobody molested me and I hobbled into Woodstock long after dark. It had taken me all day to walk nine miles. At that rate I would get to Buffalo along in April sometime, I thought. Woodstock is a nice little town, but there are not many people on the streets on cold March nights. I walked up and down the main street—I have forgotten its name, but I suppose it was King Street or High Street; most of them are—looking for a place where I could buy some food for little money. I had eaten two of my pies during the day. The idea of eating another pie for supper made me ill. I had but one left and was on the point of throwing that away, but thought better of it and kept it.

Desperate Straits for a Young Reporter

I WENT into a hotel barroom and asked a man I found there if there was a good, cheap restaurant in town. He directed me to a place down the street and I got a beef-stew for fifteen cents that was hot, filling and, without any doubt, the best dish I have ever tasted in my life. Then the sleep problem came. I needed sleep more than I did food. I could walk no more. Each foot felt as big as a pumpkin and as hot as a baseburner stove.

The waitress in the restaurant told me there was a hotel on one of the side streets where I could get a good bed for fifty cents, provided I had the fifty. I should have to pay in advance, she said, for I didn't look very respectable or overburdened with money. I went down to the hotel. It was a clean-looking place, but the man in the office was the grimmest-looking person I ever saw. My heart sank as I walked up to the desk.

"Can I get a room here?" I asked.

"You can," he said with a broad Scotch burr in his speech, "if you have the money."

"How much is it?"

"Fifty cents."

I fingered my coins. Fifty cents would make a big hole in my resources.

"Can't you put me in some back room—any sort of a room—anywhere?" I asked desperately—"and only charge me a quarter? You see," I explained tremulously, "I haven't got much money and I have just got to sleep. I'm in a hard fix; and I'll send the other quarter to you as soon as I get to Buffalo. Please, mister!"

He looked at me coldly. "This is no place for tramps!" he said.

"I'm no tramp!" I argued. "Indeed, I am not. I'm in hard luck, but I'm not a tramp. Come on, now, and be a good fellow. I'll do any kind of work you want me to to make up that other twenty-five cents."

"Where will you be getting your breakfast?" he asked, with some show of interest.

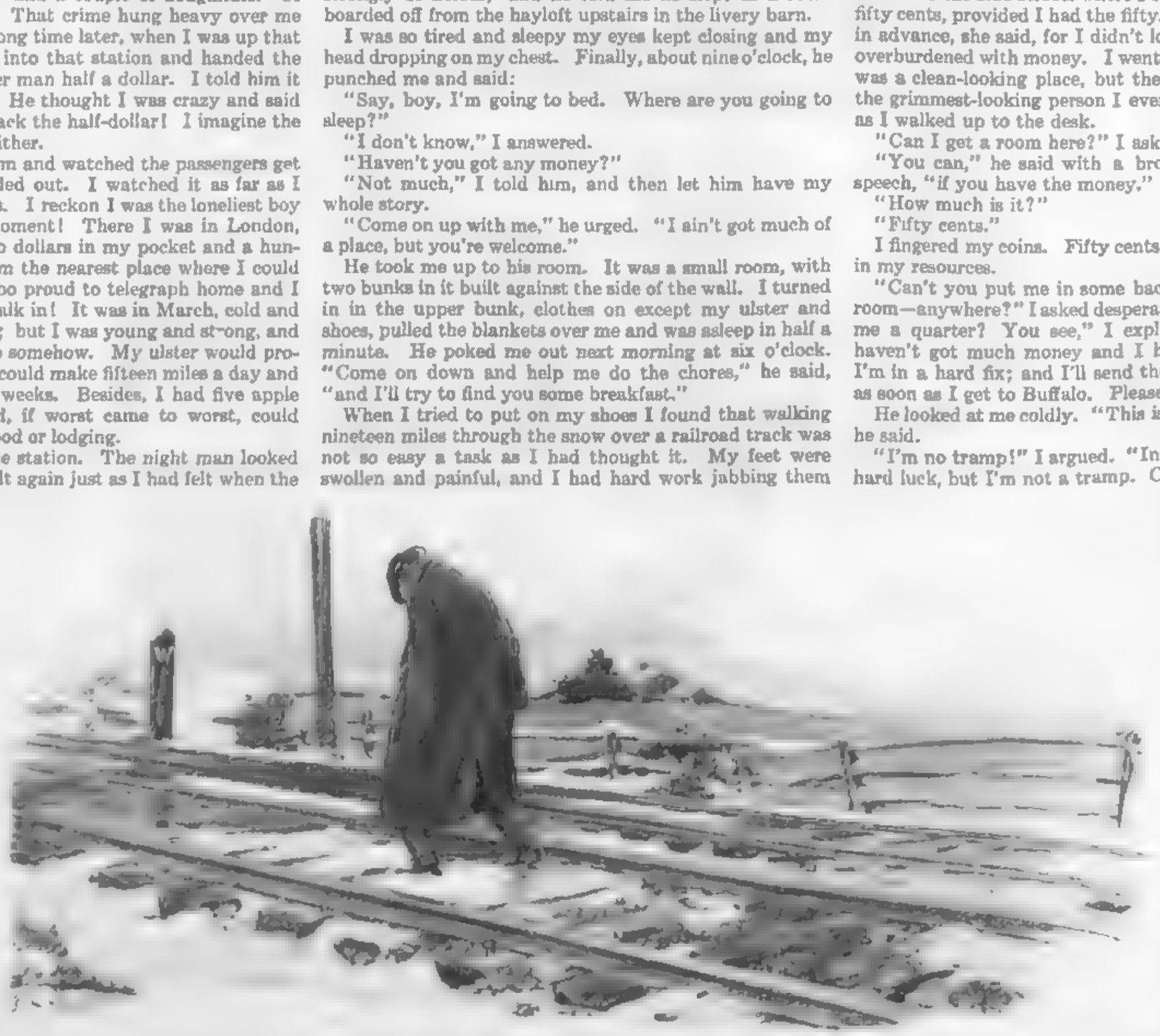
"I don't know or care. Please let me have a bed. That's all I ask."

He looked at me steadily for a minute or two. I must have been a woebegone spectacle. Then he asked, rather irrelevantly, I thought:

"What is your business?"

"I'm a newspaper reporter," and I

(Continued on Page 36



The Last Five or Six Miles to Ingersoll Were Slow and Painful

Before the Flood and After

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY D. C. HUTCHISON

AT DAYBREAK a road hog with a big pull of empty steel hoppers at its heels turned the bend by Three Mile Crossing and, lining out along the level straightaway, made a flying run of it for the hump below Rose Tree Mine. Already the rain had begun.

There was something strictly businesslike in the downpour. It rained as if with a purpose, with a steadiness quietly deliberate. Toward the dawn the night wind had failed, so that the sheet of falling drops streaked the flat, vague background of the hills in lines like a loomwarp set straight up and down, a veil beneath which the river's booming current ripped past, greasy and yellow. Rising by the hour, for the flood was on now in earnest, the heavy stage of water swirled high against the bank, inch by inch reaching nearer to the ballast of the lowgrade's running tracks. By night, obviously, it would have the ties and rails drowned under.

The road engine, with a final energetic cough, topped the rise below the coal-mine siding, and, shacking along the crest, took the long slope downward, the drawbars of the hoppers behind clanking and clattering as their couplings forged up against the slack. Then the freight whistled for the switch; and, at the splitting bellow of the hog's big pipe, doors and windows flew open in every miner's cot along the bleak, wide stretch of hillside above, the pit-workers briefly showing themselves as they stood counting the empties in the train. Apparently the cars—or some of them, at any rate—were to be set off on the siding, and the fact meant much to these watchers. If there were cars to load the pit would work; without them it would again lie idle. For three days past now not a ton of coal had been cut or loaded at the Rose Tree.

However, this was not the only colliery along the low-grade that was hard up for a draft of empties. Half a mile farther up the track was the Wardrock, the prize pit of the railroad's private combine. It took daily a draft of forty steel hoppers, the Q. T. & I.'s biggest "battleships," to hold its heavy output; and though as yet the mine had not shut down, it had been only at the cost of sleepless effort that division headquarters had kept the demand supplied by empties.

Garvin, the road's car distributor, was a young man, but he knew his orders when he had them. It was especially the case, moreover, when the orders came directly from Pitney himself, the Q. T. & I.'s general agent. The night before, Pitney, stalking into Garvin's office, had picked up the car list and, with a scowl, had conned it over. He was a stodgy, florid man with a heavy face, thick-lidded, dull, bulging eyes and a bulldog jaw—chops that were covered with a close, scraggy growth of sandy side whiskers; and when he spoke his voice came ordinarily in a growl. "Here, what's this?" he broke forth sharply, his fat forefinger pointing to an entry on the sheet. "You've got that fellow Bailey down for twelve system hoppers."

Garvin nodded. Bailey was the Rose Tree's owner, one of the few small independents that still managed somehow to keep on doing business on the line. How long he would continue to do so, however, was more or less of a problem, for the Q. T. & I. somehow had little use either for Bailey or for the others of his kind. Pitney said as much, in fact, a moment later, when Garvin explained that for three days past the Rose Tree hadn't had a car.

"Well, what's the odds?" grunted the general agent. "At a time like this I'm not going to worry over what's happening to some one-hoss hole in the ground." Then he added irritably: "Cut him out, do you hear?"

Before he drew his pencil through the entry Garvin spoke again. "Bailey was in here today, Mr. Pitney," he remarked. "He put up a pretty stiff talk besides."

"Eh, what—made a fuss, did he?" Pitney growled.

Garvin shook his head. "Not exactly a fuss, sir. He had his loading sheets with him, and as you know, Mr. Pitney, for weeks he's worked only by fits and starts. I'm afraid his business is in a bad way—anyway, I imagine so."

At the information Pitney grunted idly. Apparently what Garvin had said was not news to him, or, if it was, the news affected him but slightly. More than once he had observed that if the road could get rid of its small-fry shippers—"pikers doing business on a shoestring," as he expressed it—traffic on the Q. T. & I. would be much improved thereby; and as Garvin drew his pencil through the entry the general agent gave another grunt.

"Understand now," he ordered, "you're not to place an empty elsewhere till you've filled up the Wardrock siding. Is that clear to you?"

"They Cut the Train, and With Crowbars Sweated the Empties Into Place"

It was perfectly clear. Pitney, as well as Caswell, the Q. T. & I.'s president, and Crittenden, the general manager, were heavy shareholders in the Wardrock Company; so naturally, flood or no flood, the pit must not be allowed to shut down while there was still a chance to give it cars. In consequence, the draft of empties that now bowled on their way down the lowgrade had cost Garvin, to gather them together, still another night's loss of needed sleep. They were, moreover, the last draft of cars that for days, perhaps, would be hauled up out of "the hole"—the deep flat in the main-line yard on which the division held its empties; for when the shifting engine had done drilling them out the creeping flood had already risen high enough to hiss against the firebox. However, Garvin had filled his orders—he had the big draft out under way; and having given the road engine a clear track through, he sat down to wait until he'd seen personally that the Wardrock got its cars. Disciplined as he was, though, there was one kink in his orders against which even he had almost struck. It was the fact that Pitney had bid him set off the empties on Bailey's Rose Tree siding until the road hog, to make room for them, had drilled out the loads at the Wardrock. He didn't like that—not much, at all events. It was bad enough to keep the Rose Tree shut down, especially when the road refused it cars so that another mine might work; but to use the Rose Tree's siding as a convenience, a workground for that other, seemed to Garvin a good deal like rubbing it in. It was in the midst of these reflections that the telegraph sounder at his elbow clicked, then began to splutter. Z N tower was calling—it was the block station between Rose Tree and Wardrock; and Garvin took the call. "Extra engine 1892 southbound light."

Garvin sighed with relief. It meant that road hog had got through safely to the Rose Tree siding, and, having dropped its train, had gone on to Wardrock to shift out the mine's big slum of loads. Garvin signed the sheet, then, picking up his hat, yawned his way downstairs and home.

Half an hour afterward things began to happen right and left on the lowgrade.

. . . . . .

Up the line at Rose Tree Bailey heard the first bleat of the road hog as it whistled for the switch. Daylight had come now; and, rising alertly from his desk in the tipple's dingy scaleroom, he climbed the stairway to the loading stage and walked out toward the stringpiece. As he got there the engine, with a whine of air through its trainline, was just coming to a halt. Out behind the flag had already dropped from the hind end, while the freight conductor, hopping off at the switch, had thrown the lever and was wigwagging up ahead for the hog to set back against the train.

Bailey gaped in astonishment. There were forty-eight empties in the draft and each was a "battleship," a huge, high-sided gondola of fifty tons' capacity. Eight of the big hoppers alone would hold the mine's entire output for a day; the full string, were it placed for him to load, would run the pit for a week. As he watched he saw the long string come trundling in one by one over the switchpoints of the Rose Tree's siding. It seemed incredible—as, indeed, it was—that Pitney, at a time when empties were so scarce, should fill him out like this; but then Bailey saw no reason to doubt it. There were the cars upon his switch; they were there where he could load them; and with a sudden gasp of exultation he turned from the rail and, darting along the platform, made his way out toward the tipple's river end. Below him a man was squatted on the bank, anxiously eying the current that leaped and boiled round the outboard timber struts. Raising his voice above the roar of the water, Bailey shouted down to him. "Hoskins!—I say there!" he yelled. Amid the noise that the booming river made he had to shout twice before he could make the other hear.

Hoskins was the mine's pitboss. All the night he and Bailey had hung round the tipple and its underpinning, sleeplessly watching and calculating the fast creep of water upward toward the mine's topworks. It was coming still more swiftly now, for back in the hills during the week the winter's heavy fall of snow had begun to melt, and to help it here was the rain. Together they promised trouble; and as he looked down, Bailey, in spite of his momentary exultation, was shocked to see how close the water had crept to the crest of the bank. Only a foot and a half of crumbling mud stood between the river and the outlying flat—a leeway that was perilously scant against a flood now rising an inch or more to the hour. What is more, should the flood break this narrowing boundary, the mine's topworks would suffer heavily, as more than once a mine's topworks had suffered along that uneasy stream; and afterward, too, unless they could ditch and dike to prevent it, the mine itself might suffer also. However, the disaster hadn't happened yet, so at the moment what concerned Bailey most was the fact that he had a full train of hoppers to load—forty-eight big "battleships." With a lively air of jubilation he cried down the news to the pitboss.

"Eh, what?" exclaimed Hoskins doubtfully. "A full week's run, ye say?"

Bailey roared back at him to hurry. Time meant money now, dollars to every minute, for with the flood coal prices had gone soaring. These hoppers, had he but time to load them all, might mean salvation. At any rate—or so he figured—the cash the loaded cars represented would go far toward staving off for the moment the trouble that of late had cost him more than one night's loss of sleep. "You get a move on, Hoskins!" he shouted. "Rout out the men, I say!" Already seven o'clock was fast approaching, the hour when if there was work the whistle blew, and unless the signal was sounded on the minute not all the gangs might report for duty at the pitmouth. So waiting only till he saw Hoskins start trudging stodgily for the boiler house, Bailey clattered down the tipple's shaky stairway and rapidly picked his way out along the web of loading tracks that led to the head of the switch. Halfway there he gave a gasp, then a sudden shout. The engine, cut loose from its train, was slowly pulling out, leaving behind it not only the hoppers, but its cabin as well. What it meant was that the caboose blocked the way to the switches that led to the Rose Tree's loading screens.

The colloquy that followed, though brief, was crisp and to the point. "What's that?" cried Bailey, staggered at what he'd been told. "Do you mean to tell me I'm not to have these cars?"

The freight conductor shook his head deliberately. "No, sir; not a hake," he answered, and at the reply a tide of color swept up into Bailey's face. If the cars were not his to load then why had they been set off on his siding? "Look here," he demanded, his face set; "who told you to try this on me?"

News travels fast up and down the railroad, and what was happening at the Rose Tree was more or less an open secret even to the train crews. However, the freight conductor had no quarrel with Bailey, so when he spoke both his tone and manner were quiet. "Now don't you be sore on me, Mr. Bailey," he responded. "Orders is orders, you know that, and mine was just to make this siding, then go on to Wardrock. They're filled up with loads there, and when I've got them shifted out I'm to come back and pick up this here string."

Bailey said no more. A moment later, though, a long blast from the boiler house brought him out of his dull stupefaction, and stepping down from the track he turned from the shifter and walked slowly back to the mine. There in the boiler room Hoskins apparently had tied down the cord of the pit's big pipe, for it still roared and blatted, its echoes beating to and fro between the hills in deafening iteration. Bailey, however, with a shake of his head cut short the pitboss' noisy effort. "It's no go, Hoskins," he announced dully. "You go out and tell the men. We've got to shut down the mine again."

The pitboss gaped. "Eh, what—shut it down?" he repeated, open-mouthed with amazement.

"Why, yes," said Bailey, and explained quietly that the cars, after all, were not meant for the Rose Tree to load. "What's happened," he added, shrugging himself, "is that Pitney—he or some of them anyway—has just used our siding for a convenience."

Again the pitboss gaped. Then a word escaped him, a good, hearty Scotch oath, and at the man's heat Bailey smiled a little. Somehow the wrath of the pitboss comforted him; for, as he told himself now, if there was one thing he'd not found wanting at the Rose Tree it was the loyalty of his men. He walked to the door, and was slowly trudging back to his scaleroom office when he heard Hoskins come scuffling after him. "Wait!" cried the pitboss, and gripped him by the elbow.

There was a pause then. During it Hoskins peered curiously into Bailey's face. Afterward, with a sly and cunning gleam in his eyes, he pointed toward the near-by tracks. "Meester Bailey, look!" said Hoskins. "Yon's forty-eight fine big cars on yer siding, and if ye'll hark to me, man," he rambled on, "I'll be plain to say it's providential."

"Providential? What do you mean?" Bailey dully demanded.

Again a gleam sprang into Hoskins' eye. "Give me the word, yer say-so, Meester Bailey," he said abruptly, "and I'll show ye."

Still Bailey did not understand. Then the pitboss again gripped him by the elbow. "Listen," he said, and began pouring a flood of words into Bailey's ear. An exclamation suddenly escaped him. "Eh, what?" he cried, astounded.

"Aye, I mean it!" grunted the pitboss. "Will ye say the word?"

For another moment Bailey paused as if to consider. "Mind ye!" cried Hoskins; "it's make or break anyway, and it can do you no harm at the worst. Have I yer say?" he demanded again, and looking up Bailey gave him a nod.

It was enough. With a shout the pitboss sprang out into the open and roared an order to the topmen. Then with the gang at his heels he sped across the tracks, making straight for the string of idle hoppers.

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The events of that eventful day will long be remembered on the lowgrade. They began at daybreak, and from then on until midnight every man in Pitney's office—Pitney himself included—was kept steadily on the jump.

It was at seven sharp, just after Garvin had left, when the first news trickled into the dispatcher's room. It was, in effect, a wire from Z N tower, a brief message saying that the river bid fair within an hour to break through at Wardrock. Already the bank was caving in; and would headquarters please see that the construction gang, as well as a trainload of ballast, was hurried there at once? Half an hour later came a second message. This had nothing to do with the flood, but with something else. It was, moreover, something of a nature that fairly staggered the man that took it. Once he had confirmed the message he snatched up the telephone and, calling for Garvin's house, kept on ringing till he had him. Garvin, who was just tumbling drowsily into bed, listened wide-eyed to the news; then, flinging on his clothes, came posting back to the office. Once there he, too, grabbed up the telephone. "Plug in on Mr. Pitney's private wire," he ordered sharply, "and keep on ringing till you get him."

"You Hold That Construction Train, Do You Hear! I'll Come Over and Handle This Myself"

"But Mr. Pitney will be still asleep," the operator protested. "It's only a quarter to eight!"

"Never mind the hour," Garvin savagely retorted. "You get him, do you hear?"

It took a long while to make the connection. Afterward, when Pitney had come to the wire, it took an equally long time to make him understand exactly what had happened.

"Look here!" he demanded wrathfully. "What are you fellows paid for anyway? I'm not the one to notify whether the track's gone out or not."

"I know that, Mr. Pitney," Garvin answered shortly. "The super's office had the news long ago. What I wanted to tell you was, it's the tracks at Wardrock Mine siding."

Instantly the general agent showed awakening interest. "Oh!" he exclaimed; then asked instantly: "How bad is the damage?"

The damage was very little as yet. "But that isn't all, Mr. Pitney—there's still something else," Garvin added. Then he gave him his other news, a bit of information that seemed, somehow, to knock the breath out of the utterly stupefied general agent.

"Hey, what?" he roared. "Why, man, you're crazy!" he exploded.

Garvin, however, though he had himself been almost dumfounded at the news, was now quite sane and calm. "It's the fact, Mr. Pitney," he responded blandly. "They have a shift already under the tipple and have begun to work on the cars."

Again the receiver snapped and crackled in Garvin's ear. Then Pitney's voice arose phoenixlike out of the blazing fierceness of his wrath, and Garvin grinned briefly as he listened. "Do you mean to tell me," cried Pitney, his voice halting in his wrath, "that Bailey—that piker, that fellow—had the nerve?"

"Yes, sir. Yes, Mr. Pitney," Garvin assured him. "Birge—he's the freight conductor, you know—Birge wires from Z N that they first dropped the road cabin down through under the tipple; then when they had it out of the way they cut the train, and with crowbars sweated the empties into place."

A second explosion ensued, its echoes roaring through the wire to Garvin's waiting ear. After it had passed there came a pause. Garvin sat silent, waiting patiently while the general agent made up his mind what to do. "Mr. Garvin," said Pitney, and his voice now was both cool and quiet, though indeed it rasped like a file. "You order that road crew to get back to Rose Tree and haul out those hoppers—every last one of them, do you hear! Haul them out, I say, whether the cars are loaded or not. Understand, do you?"

Garvin understood perfectly. "Yes, sir," he replied; "only the fact is, Mr. Pitney, after the switch was closed Bailey and his men smashed the switch-locks at both ends of the siding. They've got us shut out fore and aft."

He thought, when he had said this, that something must have happened at the wire's other end—perhaps apoplexy; for a long moment of silence fell thereafter. "Mr. Pitney! I say, Mr. Pitney!" he called; and after a while the telephone again began to crack and buzz.

"You hold that construction train, do you hear!" ordered Pitney, his voice thick. "I'll come over and handle this myself."

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In the mean while, up at Rose Tree, Bailey, the author of the morning's business, sat quietly on the tipple's stringpiece, watching and waiting. That there would be trouble he was sure—but what of it? Hoskins had said it was "make or break" at Rose Tree, but frankly the case was even worse. Bailey was broken now. In a month's time or less a quarter's interest charges would be due on the Rose Tree's bonds, and where he was to get the cash to meet it he could not for his life have told. However, if there was a row, as surely there would be one, there was still this much about it: In a court of law the row, as such, would make pretty good evidence that the road had cars to give others when, somehow, it seemed to have no cars for him.

Things were going fast now. Cage after cage came whirring to the top, each with its loaded pit-wagon; and as the coal in a steady stream went roaring in over the screens, Bailey grinned broadly to himself. Over at Wardrock, too, as he could see, they too were working fast. So far the flood had not yet reached the topworks; and under the tipple the road hog drifted to and fro, shifting out the loads as fast as it could, making room on the screen tracks for the big haul of empties that was coming. Grinning again, Bailey looked out toward the Wardrock's river end. A gang of laborers was scattered along the bank, digging and delving like beavers, for at two points along the flat, as he could see when he looked closer, the current had already begun to break through. Instantly he was reminded of what might happen nearer home; and walking out to the edge of the tipple he gave one glance below, then came hurrying back, crying for Hoskins to come and look.

In the hour the situation had grown grave. On a line with the pitmouth a section of bank had begun to give, and Hoskins groaned when he saw it. "Losh, man!" he droned, eying it with a moody stare; "'tis like that both man and the elements be agin us the day. Weel," he added, "there's nowt to it but we must take a few laddies from the cars—and ow! I could fair greet at the thought."

"Yes, we'll have to," Bailey was saying, when suddenly he stopped short, aware abruptly that he stood alone. Up the mine yard Hoskins was skipping like a goat, shouting as he ran; for from the lowgrade beyond a loud, hooting bellow had arisen, the whistle of a road engine.

The shifter was returning.

. . . . . .

"Benny," said Hoskins, greeting the freight conductor, whom he knew. "Benny," said he, suggestively brandishing the pickstock he held in his hand, "ye'd best be on yer way, laddie. Will I make it plain to ye noo?" he asked impatiently.

The freighthand looked up startled. Already he had seen what had happened to the switch-lock, and, to add to this, here was the pitboss waving a club in his fist. Behind him, moreover, hovered a little group of topmen, who edged closer, rolling up their sleeves in vivid pantomime as they closed in on the switch.

"Say," Birge demanded shortly, "who's busted up this padlock?"

At once Hoskins frankly told him. "Benny, my boy," he answered genially, "'twas my own self that did it. And noo listen, my lad," he as genially added; "we're verra busy here the morning, what with all the cars the road has given us to load; and if you don't mind, just you git out of here! Aye, d'ye twig, laddie?" blandly inquired Hoskins, and spat suggestively on his hands.

By now the road crew had come up and was looking on in amazement. Birge, however, who now knew the facts, was not only amazed, he was dumfounded. What had taken place was, moreover, something that no entry in the rules and regulations provided for, so after another look at the switch-lock he and the road crew backed away from Hoskins and his laddies and briefly held a confab. As a result of it the five suddenly tumbled aboard the shifter, and at full tilt went plowing back to Z N tower. It was the message they sent from there that nerved Garvin to rouse Pitney out of his usual morning's repose.

"Hey, mon! and what d'ye think of it noo?" cried Hoskins, slapping his thigh in glee. "Eh, what?"

Bailey shook his head. This had been but a skirmish; and though indeed they had won it, what would happen should headquarters decide to come down on them in force? Two hours later he discovered.

It was at ten o'clock to the minute when the construction train hove into view at the bend by Three Mile Crossing. Hitting the curve at high speed, it roared on up the easy grade, and with a screech from its whistle breasted the hump and came hustling down the long slope toward the mine siding. However, it didn't pull up as it came to the switch, but, swinging on, to Bailey's astonishment headed down the lowgrade toward Wardrock. As it passed, though, Bailey got a brief glimpse of a figure that leaned out of the engine-cab window to scowl at him savagely. It was Pitney, of course, the general agent himself; and Bailey thought he had never seen the man's scraggy whiskers look so scraggy and bristling. They surely signaled trouble.

Abreast of the tower the train began to slacken down. Then it whistled for the Wardrock switch, and as it came to a halt Bailey saw some one alight from the engine and with a wave of his hand point back toward the Rose Tree.

There Were the Cars Upon His Switch; They Were There Where He Could Load Them

Afterward the train returned slowly to the tower crossovers, and switching to the northbound running track came hustling up the line.

Hoskins, too, had been watching this maneuver. "Weel, Meester Bailey?" he inquired tentatively as he spat on his hands again. "Weel, what's like we'll be doing noo?"

Bailey slowly shook his head. "It's no use, Hoskins," he murmured with a shrug. "We'll have to cave. You saw the gang they had aboard, didn't you?"

The pitboss wrinkled up his nose. "Aye, they'll be fifty or more aboard. All the same, Meester Bailey," he added hopefully, "there'll be a bit few laddies more in the pit noo that would not mind the taste of trouble."

Bailey laughed in spite of himself. No doubt at the invitation whole gangs of them would volunteer to make a regular South Side Saturday night of it, but what would even that avail? Turning away, he walked slowly out to the switch head.

Garvin had already alighted from the train. He had long known Bailey and, what is more, he liked him. The moment, however, was not exactly suited to show either likes or dislikes. It was one, rather, that must be approached judicially—not to say judiciously.

"Well, Mr. Bailey?" said Garvin, his tone inquiring.

"Well?" inquired Bailey.

For a moment the two studied each other. Then when the pause broke it was Bailey that spoke. Shrugging himself, he waved his hand toward the cars below. "I suppose you've come for your hoppers. Well, there they are," he said. "Now go ahead and take them!"

That was all. Turning on his heel, Bailey walked toward the scalehouse, his hands in his pockets, beaten. At the same time the man's head was held up straight, and he even started to whistle. It was at this particular moment that the section of bank above the mine gave way with a resounding roar.

When Bailey reached the tipple-head Hoskins was already standing there gazing down at the flood. Underneath, the water had spread out rapidly along a wide section of the flat, and with the weight of the river behind it was slowly, but no less surely, creeping higher toward the pitmouth. Obviously, it would not be long now, unless they made some move to halt it, before the flood would drown out the works below; and with a sudden realization of the danger that fronted the men in the pit he seized Hoskins, crying to him in alarm.

Hoskins nodded dully. "The men be coming out a'ready. I've had 'em warned," he said. Then, with his glance ranging gloomily about him, he added slowly: "What's yer orders, Meester Bailey? It's like we'd best be doing something if we mean to save the pit."

Bailey was staring fixedly up the bend toward Wardrock. He could see that now the gang once working on the bank had been driven back and was working madly to throw up an embankment round the shaft. Out in front Pitney stood directing the operation, and with the road's construction crew to help they were all working desperately. Bailey, with a start, peered closer. "I say, Hoskins," he suddenly demanded, "you're sure, aren't you, that all the men are coming out?"

At Bailey's tone Hoskins looked at him startled. "What's wrong?" he demanded.

Bailey stood for a moment watching, then he pointed toward the Wardrock. "The flood's getting away from them, Hoskins. There's that wall in North 108; and, if the river gets into the Wardrock, as sure as shooting it'll break through with a rush. Here—you hurry!" cried Bailey. "Get those men out of there on the jump. Don't let them wait to gather up their tools. If that wall goes ——" But Hoskins was already halfway down the ladder now; and leaning over the rail, Bailey stared across the flat at the gang of men working furiously round the mouth of Wardrock Mine.

It was as Bailey had said—if the water broke into the pit next door it would drown the Rose Tree Mine as well. There was no escaping it; for a year before, in driving their entries through the coal, the Wardrock Company men had cut through into the Rose Tree's outlying gallery. Afterward they had raised a wall between, but at the best it was only a flimsy partition—two courses of brick set loosely against floor and roof and daubed over with a thin, airtight coating of cement. It would not stand half a minute's pressure, should the water pour down into either mine. Biting nervously at his fingernails, Bailey stood there waiting. He was still watching, fidgeting, half an hour later, when Hoskins came panting up the stairs. In the mean while, over at Wardrock, they had just begun to make progress against the flood.

"They're all out, Meester Bailey," the pitboss reported. "The last man's just come on top."

"You're sure?" demanded Bailey.

"Aye, sir, that I am," answered Hoskins. "I cleared the pit myself."

He had no sooner said it, though, than to his inconceivable amazement he heard Bailey break abruptly into a gale of high and crackling laughter. "Fine!" he cried, and thereat clapped Hoskins smartly on the shoulder. "Fine! And now, Hoskins," he added uproariously, "just let's you and I sit here and enjoy this morning's circus!"

"Eh, what?—the circus?" echoed Hoskins.

Bailey nodded, then pointed up the track. "The circus, Hoskins—exactly. Yes, and there comes the band-wagon now," he added.

It was a road engine that Hoskins saw, backing down toward Rose Tree; it was the same engine that only half an hour before had pulled out of Rose Tree siding with the cars that the Rose Tree had stolen. Now it was returning, bringing back the selfsame hoppers with it.

"Don't you see?—understand it?" Bailey laughed, nudging the pitboss in the ribs. "Why, it's as plain as the nose on your face."

There was no denying that Hoskins' nose was pretty plain. However, though he first fondled it thoughtfully, then scratched the tip of it in a further effort to think, his bewilderment was still evident.

"Listen," said Bailey. "They've brought back those hoppers because they have no place to put them—the flood's drowned their tracks, you know. But that's not all," he added sharply. "No, not by a long chalk! Look! There's Pitney himself! He's come, you know, to see how we are getting along."

"We—us, do you mean?" the pitboss grunted. Then he shrugged himself. "It'll be a fine day, I'm thinking," retorted Hoskins, "when Pitney will be worrying over what's happening to the Rose Tree. Aye! and especially," he added, "when at the Wardrock they'll be having worse troubles of their own."

"Yes," laughed Bailey, "it's because of their trouble—because they're scared still—that they've come over to have a look at us!"

"Eh, what?" the pitboss gasped. A glint of Bailey's meaning had come to him now, and he leaned back gaping.

Then Bailey told him what he meant. "They've just thought of it, Hoskins—it's the wall in South 108! They're holding the flood at Wardrock, yes, but what good will it do them? What—I ask—should it break through here and pour down into Rose Tree pit?"

It was clear now, plain as day to Hoskins. Consequently, a moment later Pitney in the mine yard below was amazed, not to say startled, to see high above him on the tipple a man who danced about in the downpour wild-cutting pigeon wings.

Instead of going down to greet his distinguished visitor, Bailey allowed the general agent to puff and pant his way up the tipple's shaky staircase. However, when Pitney arrived gasping at the top, Bailey urbanely saluted him.

"I came," said Pitney, suave though out of breath—"I came to see if the road could offer some help."

Bailey shook his head. "Why, no, thank you, Mr. Pitney," he answered. "None that I can think of."

At the nonchalance of this, its air of easy assurance, Pitney gave a little start. "What say?—none?" he inquired, his tone surprised.

Bailey again serenely smiled. "I said we needed no help, thank you," he repeated.

At this Pitney looked genuinely astonished.

"You don't understand me," he protested. "If you need help—any help whatever—my men will be glad to give it. Yes, without cost, Mr. Bailey—without any expense to you," he added, smiling suavely.

But Bailey asked no help. He merely shook his head again. "Thanks, Mr. Pitney," he said once more; "but we can manage without any help, any aid from—ah—the road."

At this Pitney's manner of pompous suavity deserted him. "But the flood—it's growing serious," he was saying, when from below arose Hoskins' voice, calling to the gang hard at work on the embankment by the river edge. Pitney halted. "Hey, there! knock off, laddies!" Hoskins was yelling, his voice pitched high above the roaring of the flood that churned and eddied under the tipple's timber underpinning. "You c'n quit noo. We'll be but wasting time to try and hold that water."

"Eh, what?" cried Pitney. Rushing to the rail of the tipple, he gave one look at the pitboss and his gang. They had quit their work and were standing there, staring at the flood. "I say!" cried Pitney, rushing back to Bailey. "What's happening here? I demand to know."

"Happening?" repeated Bailey, his tone more bland than ever. "Why, nothing!"

"Nothing!" echoed Pitney, his voice shaking. "Nothing? Why, you're calling off your men. Good Heavens, man!" he cried suddenly. "Don't you know you'll be flooded out, your pit ruined, if you don't do something? Look!" he vociferated; "the water's already halfway up to your mine!"

It was in the same calm, provoking tone as before and with the same smile that Bailey answered the now irate general agent. "Yes, I know all that, Mr. Pitney. However, the fact is," he added genially, "that I don't want to save the mine. Let it flood—be ruined—if it likes."

Pitney stared at him agape. "Do I infer—do you mean to say," he stuttered, "that you'll allow your mine—a valuable property—to go to ruin—like this?"

It was precisely what Bailey meant. "Look here, Mr. Pitney!" he cried abruptly; "let's be frank. You're not interested in my property—not for my sake anyway—no matter what you say. Neither are you interested in me. The fact is, from the time I first started here, you and the rest of you over there at Wardrock have done your best to put me out of business. What's more, Mr. Pitney, you've succeeded; for, thanks to you—you and the other grafters with you—I'm down and out at last." Then he laughed. "All right!" he scoffed, bobbing his head at the stupefied man before him. "You've had your innings, so now I'll have mine. If the river gets to my mine, why, let it! And now put that in your pipe and smoke it!"

Then Pitney found his voice. During Bailey's sharp harangue he had stood there convulsed, his bulldog face expressing every shade of emotion from wrath and injured dignity to alarm and consternation, the fact being that he understood just as well as Bailey did what would happen to the Wardrock Mine were the flood to turn from its channel and drown out Rose Tree pit. "I warn you!

(Continued on Page 87)

"Now Dig, Ye Tarriers!"

ON MAIN STREET

Looking Both Ways From Sewickley, Pennsylvania

DECORATION BY H. C. WALL

WHEN one starts out to contrast the comparative or the comparatively comparative merits of our two largest cities—New York and Chicago—as theatrical centers it is well for one first to seek a position of safety and aloofness. Accordingly, Sewickley, Pennsylvania, would seem to be a convenient location from which to observe and cogitate on these matters, Sewickley being just halfway between as the crow flies, or as the crow would fly if he flew on one of the fliers which fly back and forth between the two; and furthermore, Sewickley, so far as is known, having no leaning, slant, bias or prejudice toward the New York attitude, which is haughty and contemptuous, or toward the Chicago attitude, which is indignant and vociferous.

Standing, therefore, firmly intrenched at Sewickley, Pennsylvania, and looking first one way and then the other, one is struck almost immediately by the distressful circumstance that Chicago has no Great White Way, no Broadway, no Rialto. To be sure, Chicago has a considerable number of thoroughfares that are fairly creditable Great White Ways, as G. W. W.'s go, they being much better lighted than Broadway would be if all the advertising signs were turned off and Broadway had to depend upon the city for illumination. However, the fact that Chicago's theaters are scattered about over a square mile or so of territory, while New York's are strung like beads upon a wire along a single stretch of Broadway, constitutes, from the New York point of view, a fatal error. Also Chicago has the bad taste to be located such a considerable number of miles beyond New York that it is practically outside the zone of the metropolitan or New York influence—and that makes the fatal error go double.

The City of Kindly Dramatic Critics

IN SOOTH, to hear some of the theatrical overlords of New York conversing, you, the observant onlooker and innocent bystander, might well be led to believe that this place—Chicago—is but a hopelessly provincial community of alleged souls—alleged but not satisfactorily proved—located somewhere on the Far Western frontier of our country, an overgrown one-night stand, a tank town that has got too big for its pants—pants being the Western colloquialism for trousers—a jay stop that would best be skipped over altogether were it not for the necessity of breaking the long road jump from Ypsilanti to that other town, Ohwhatsitsname, out yonder in Minnesota, or Wisconsin, or somewhere ont that way—oh, yes; that's it—Milwaukee! As for Chicago's pretensions as a dramatic-producing and dramatic-developing center, Pooh! Bah!—three short, sharp poohs, followed by a long, deep bah, like a switch engine signaling! You would gather that a Chicago producer's office greatly resembles the interior of a Michigan logging camp, with crude, coarse, fur-bearing persons coming in at intervals, wearing earbobs, and gum boots with felt uppers to them, and spitting on the stove. Howsomever, Chicago, in this painful regard, does not stand in a class by itself. With the utmost impartiality and fairness, New York entertains the above opinion for every other place on the map, from Brooklyn to Monterey.

Now then, inclining his head slightly to the left and regarding Chicago again, the attention of the Sewickley observer is caught by the contention of the Chicago managers that in the last fifteen years, and notably in the last ten, Chicago has been an active, aggressive source and well-spring of creditable drama. What is more, these parties would appear to have the goods to prove the truth of what they claim. Chicago managers say that Chicago critics are kindlier than New York critics and just as keen in their judgments, and that the same may be said for Chicago audiences as compared with New York audiences. They say that New York is ready to welcome to its steel-clad bosom anything theatrical that has the backing of European indorsement, and at the same time is inclined to look down on native American talent simply because it is American. And, for example, they point to the two conspicuous cases—the late Joseph Jefferson, who never became really popular on Broadway, and the late Richard Mansfield, born abroad, but an American actor all the same, who was years in winning the recognition which the rest of the country gave him, but which New York denied until his marvelous triumph as Cyrano at the Garden Theater, about the time of the Spanish War. The truth would seem to be that Chicago is willing to be shown, whereas New York starts out with its mind already made up. Geographical conditions may have something to do with this, Chicago lying nearer to Missouri than New York does—and New York lying nearer to Boston, Massachusetts, and London, England, than Chicago does.

There doesn't seem to be much doubt, if any, that Chicago's dramatic critics are more open-minded than New York's and less inclined than New York's to exploit their own gifts of wit at the expense of the play and the players. Chicago people say Chicago accepts or rejects a play that comes from New York irrespective of its New York criticisms, and tries to judge it honestly on its merits. At the same time Chicago papers customarily reprint columns of New York criticisms of any production that makes its début in New York, a compliment which the New York papers never think of returning in the case of a Chicago-made production. It is claimed in Chicago that New York critics go on the broad common assumption that Chicago is not capable of turning out a really worth-while production, and so, as a class, refuse to recognize Chicago as a center of productional activity. On the other hand, Chicago concedes that New York is and probably always will be the main forcing-bed of theatrical endeavor and activity on this continent; but insists that the growth of Chicago in the same regard is a recognizable and indisputable fact, and is entitled to fairer treatment at the hands of the New York brethren.

Take musical comedies—that's an awful thing to ask anybody to take!—but, for example, take them. Chicago in recent years has been responsible for a large share of the output of home-made musical comedies. It is easy to recognize the typically Chicagoese style of musical show. You see one of them and you know all the others. Running through it, like a streak of lean through a fat slab of middling meat, a Chicago musical show always has a little vein of sentiment and even of pathos mixed in and intermingled with the horseplay, the music and the general condition of irresponsibility that mainly constitute this brand of entertainment. "It's East Lynne set to music," as one Chicago reviewer dubbed it.

Clean Shows for Chicago

NEW YORK will have none of it though. Let a Chicago-made musical show dare to rear its timid head on Broadway and it is the merry custom of the New York critics to leap upon it with harsh, raucous cries and rend it apart. On the road, however, Chicago musical comedies are exceedingly popular, and particularly so in the West—in that part of the West which lies west of Pittsburgh anyhow. In this somewhat expansive stretch of territory Chicago musical shows uniformly earn more money for the amount invested than New York musical shows do; which, so the Chicago boosters declare, is a sign that the country at large is getting cured of the belief that the New York verdict necessarily spells success or a swift, hard death for a piece, and is willing to patronize the production without regard for what New York thinks or says or does about it.

Another thing the folks in Chicago are inclined to boast of is that Chicago, though branded as a wicked city, has never sent out a show of any description, bearing the Chicago brand, which depended upon smut and suggestiveness to draw money to the box-office, and never accepted one coming from elsewhere with those qualifications. They say that a smutty show, whether imported or domestic, could not be and would not be tolerated in Chicago; that the Chicago press and public would instantly reject it, and that the police would shut up the doors of the theater that dared to harbor it. While we are on this subject, there isn't any use denying that New York, though showing a commendable reform in recent months, has been for some years rather prolific in the production of pieces that were nasty all the way through and thrived on their own nastiness.

There is another difference to be noted: Chicago audiences are avowedly given to favoring home products in the theatrical line; they like and they admit that they like pieces which bear the earmarks or the hallmarks or the trademarks of native talent. Things written by Chicagoans start in Chicago with a percentage in their favor; but at the same time Chicago does not care for scenes laid in Chicago, or for references in the text or the

score to purely local Chicago topics. Louisiana Lou, a strictly Chicago-made piece, which has enjoyed a long run in Chicago in this year of failures, is an example. Its scenes are all laid in or near New Orleans. In none of the songs is there a single reference to Chicago; and in the book, as it was originally written, there was no mention of anything in Chicago or pertaining to Chicago.

A New York audience cares not where the authors or the principals come from so long as the lines abound in local allusions. From the New York viewpoint, there are really but two proper spots for the settings of a musical show—one is New York and the other is Paris, the New York of the Old World. George M. Cohan, one of the smartest young men in the musical comedy business, has capitalized this sentiment and has made money by filling his shows full of songs dealing with dear old Broadway, and dear old Herald Square, and dear, warm-hearted, affectionate old Forty-second Street. Next to the American flag, Broadway has been his most valuable asset. In these matters both cities show a distinct provincialism, but the provincialism of Chicago appears to provide a soil that nurtures home talent.

There is a factor in Chicago—born, I think, of a Chicago woman's idea—that has an undoubted effect upon the theatrical situation—the Drama League it is called. This is an organization which, starting in Chicago, has spread to other cities and now embraces a confederation of leagues. In Chicago it has considerably in excess of ten thousand members, all presumably theatergoers. Members pay dues of a dollar a year each, I think. A committee of judges, five or six in number, including a clubwoman or two and a college professor or two, attend on the first night of every new play; then the committee sends out by mail to every member a bulletin stating whether, in the opinion of the judges, the production is worthy and should have the patronage of the Drama League, or is unworthy and should be shunned—in short, they strive to tell the exact truth about the play as they see it; and their word seemingly is accepted by a majority of their fellow members.

A Drama League modeled on the Chicago pattern probably wouldn't last long in New York. The newspapers could almost certainly be depended upon to laugh it to death with loud, derisive haw-haws, even admitting that any considerable number of New York people ever lived at the same addresses long enough to receive their bulletins with any degree of regularity. Yet the Chicago managers, with hardly an exception, and the Chicago newspapers, without any exceptions at all, agree that the Drama League is a real and quickening influence in the upbuilding of dramatic taste. Some of the managers go farther and say that to the volunteer coöperation of the Drama League may be directly attributed the ultimate success of certain praiseworthy productions which, through the support of the members, acting on appeals from their committee of judges, were enabled to live the crucial first weeks, until the general public wakened to their merits and began patronizing the plays in paying numbers. Somewhat of the same spirit has been shown more than once by the Chicago critics. When Augustus Thomas' play, As a Man Thinks, came to Chicago, fresh from New York, the Chicago critics wrote strongly approving notices of it. Nevertheless, the patronage fell off; and when they learned this the critics got together and, on their own motion, undertook a general campaign of publicity to stimulate business for a play which they deemed worthy. It is hard, very hard, to imagine New York critics getting together to fight, through their columns, for a seeming failure. It's worse than hard—it's impossible. New York critics are strong on funerals; they excel at autopsies and are exceedingly fond of deathbed scenes—but they do not specialize on resurrections.

In this high-water-mark year of theatrical disasters, Chicago theaters and New York theaters have, generally speaking, done poorly. Probably more road shows went to pieces in the neighborhood of Chicago than in the neighborhood of New York; but this may be accounted for on the conclusion that more of them got that far West before the January blizzard came along and caused them to curl up on their sides and die. On an evening in December, at the Lambs Club in New York, upward of a hundred actors—not unknown men, but top-liners, stars, leading men, matinée idols, three-figure salary men, as the saying goes—all lacking engagements, sat down together at a Dinner of the Unemployed and made merry over their own misfortunes. In Chicago, shortly thereafter, there were said to be fifteen hundred theatrical people, mostly members of closed or stranded road companies, walking the streets looking for work. New York had probably more than fifteen hundred in its hospitable midst. Seeing them on Broadway, besieging the booking offices and the agencies, you would have said there were fifteen million of them!

Anyhow, business was bad in both cities. In New York this condition was generally attributed to the oversupply of theaters—when in doubt a New York manager builds a Broadway theater if he can find a site for it between two other theaters—and to the undersupply of good plays, and finally to the moving-picture and vaudeville vogue. Chicago managers had still more causes to offer in explanation. In addition to the moving pictures—every owner of a large theater chokes up with unuttered

(Continued on Page 73)

EXTRAORDINARY CASES

The Fragments of Plaster—By Melville Davisson Post

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

For there is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed; neither hid, that shall not be known.—St. Luke.

THERE was a piece of plaster of Paris about three inches long, two inches wide and one and one-half inches thick concealed in the bushes in a cañon of the Craig Mountains in Idaho. It was oblong; it had a concave excavation on one side and looked as though it had been scraped out with a sharp instrument after it had been molded. There was no road, no trail leading to the spot where it lay; it was practically inaccessible to a horse; it was surrounded by thick timber, fir, tamarack and willow bushes. In this wild, rugged, practically inaccessible mountain wilderness there was not one chance in a million that anybody would find it.

Nevertheless a civil engineer named Maxon, traveling in these mountains to locate a water right, did find it.

On the eighteenth day of May, in the year 1896, a man entered a little newspaper office in Weiser, Idaho, and bought twelve pounds of Babbitt metal. It consisted of refuse advertising plates and metal bases. The stranger explained that he wanted some bushing to use in a sawmill.

The Gang Considered It Wise to Bury the Money for the Time

On the thirteenth day of October, 1896, a prospector with a pack horse loaded with provisions stepped into a saloon in Washington County, in Idaho, and bought some liquor. When he came to pay for it he handed the barkeeper a ten-dollar goldpiece. The barkeeper took the money, looked at it and passed it on to a man who was standing in the saloon. By one of those inexplicable vagaries of chance this man was a deputy-marshal of the United States. He saw that the coin was counterfeit; he asked the prospector where he got it. The latter said that he had sold a cow to the Indians and that he had received the coin in payment.

The Government of the United States does not require more than a hint: it was now certain that there was a gang of counterfeiters at work somewhere in the rugged, practically inaccessible mountains of Idaho.

There appeared at the autumn races at Lewiston, on the western edge of Idaho, in October, 1896, a man who said his name was William Reaves, who had a race horse called Eliza Jane. One afternoon during the races the crowd was examining some counterfeit goldpieces that had been put into circulation. This man pushed into the crowd, looked at the goldpieces and said:

"I'd give my mare to catch on to a thing like that. That would be as good a thing as I would want over in my country."

Then he went away with his mare to a stall on the race course. A little later a big bald-headed man who looked like a prospector followed him into the stall. He asked Reaves if he meant what he said. Reaves replied:

"Certainly."

"Well," said the big man, "that is an easy job. Stay here a minute and I'll come back."

He came back and brought with him a twenty-dollar counterfeit goldpiece and a five and showed them to Reaves, pointing out how nice the work was. Then he said:

"I will give you five hundred dollars of this kind of money for the mare and show you how to make it."

Reaves refused to sell the mare but he agreed to sell a half-interest, and after a good deal of negotiation the big man, who said his name was Eddy, bought a half-interest in the race horse and told Reaves to come out into the mountains to Rapid River and he would show him how to make the money. He said that Reaves could go about to the races with this money and pass it and that it would be easy, especially to pass it on the Indians when they were paid off by the Government. Then he gave Reaves definite directions as to the time and the route to take in order to reach him in the mountain.

Reaves went to Grangeville. There he took a stage, traveling two or three days, until he reached the end of the stage line. Then he got a horse and rode fifteen miles to a place in the mountains called Pollock's Post-office, and from there he went on foot into the mountains on Rapid River.

Here he reached a house hewed out of logs, with a dirt floor, and found Eddy. He also found several other members of the gang. They told him they would have to delay their work until they could get more plaster of Paris, as they had used all they had.

He remained with them and they sent out of the mountains for the plaster of Paris. When it came they went to another house which had a puncheon floor. Here they made molds, using a piece of tin bent to hold the plaster of Paris and putting a genuine twenty-dollar goldpiece into the plaster.

They would make one half of the mold in that way, then they would make the other half, using the reverse side of the coin, and by putting these two together, leaving a little hole through which to pour the molten metal, they had a mold for the coin.

On the first night in the cabin they made a number of these molds and put them under the floor to dry. On the following day they came back, but discovered that the molds were not dry and concluded to move their operations over to the other house which had a fireplace. They had their outfit in a trunk and they carried this trunk over to the house with the fireplace.

They built a fire and set the molds up before it to dry. When the molds were dry they took a frying-pan, put in it a quantity of the Babbitt metal, melted it over the fire and poured it into the molds. They had a good deal of trouble. The molds chipped. They managed to run out a few hundred dollars of the coins and were compelled to abandon the work.

Eddy said the plaster of Paris was not good and they postponed the work and sent out again for a better sort of plaster. When that came in they took up the work again. They made molds, melted their Babbitt metal in the frying-pan and continued their operations.

Their molding was now a success and they turned out a great quantity of white twenty-dollar pieces, as well as five and ten dollar pieces. But the milled edge on these pieces was not good and of course as they were white it was impossible to pass them in that form.

Reaves observed that every night they destroyed the plaster of Paris molds. They never under any circumstances kept one of these molds over night, except on that first occasion, and they always concealed the money.

What it Meant to "Bring on Your Indian"

THEY cut out the inside of the mold with a knife, so that the impression of the coin could not be seen. Reaves inquired why they took this precaution. They said that a lawyer had advised them that if the Government could not find their outfit it never could convict them.

After they had finished melting the money they set about putting the milled edge on the coins. This they did with small three-cornered files. They called it "dressing them up." They had now practically perfect white money with a proper sharp milled edge and they proceeded to turn it into gold.

John Eddy, who seemed to be the expert, produced from the trunk an electric plater, such as one has seen advertised for the purpose of plating cutlery and the like. They said that the Babbitt metal would not take a gold plate and so they first plated these coins with copper. After they were plated with copper they would hang a genuine gold piece in the solution at one end of the wires and their copper-plated counterfeit coin at the other and plate them with gold. When they had finished with this process they had a coin very like that turned out by the United States mints.

About this time the gang was interrupted by a report that the sheriff of Idaho County was looking for one of them on a warrant for stealing cattle, and they hid out in the mountains. But the gang sent for the man who was said to have issued the warrant and had some conference with him in the mountains, and after that they were able to go on with their operations.

Reaves stayed with them for three months.

The gang corresponded with a man named Taylor. In this correspondence the counterfeit money was always spoken of as "horses." Reaves learned this when in their excitement over the coming of the sheriff the gang burned all the letters and written memoranda that they had in their possession.

About this time the gang received a letter from one of their number who, while endeavoring to pass some of the goldpieces, had been arrested. There had been an understanding that if any one of them was apprehended while in the possession of this coin he should say that he had got it of the Indians. This man now sent the gang word that he was in trouble and to bring on the "Indian."

Reaves said that this letter afforded the counterfeiters a great deal of amusement, that the term "bring on your Indian" came to be a favorite expression. Nevertheless, from the word that came from their associate who was in jail it was evident that he was not amused. He pointed out that the gang ought to make the money out of some material like copper that would have a yellow color all the way through. He said:

"You can take your knife and dig into this money and you dig up white metal; that ain't gold, we all know that, and I don't want any more of it unless I can get it the same color all the way through."

Nevertheless, the expert counterfeiters like Eddy did not consider this to be a vital objection to the money, and they continued to make it according to their old formula.

Sometimes they would add silver to the metal, and Reaves says they were able to melt it by coating the silver with alternate layers of salt and soda. They continued their operations in spite of the importunities of their associate, who continued to request them to bring on their Indian, until they had a great quantity of gold coins.

The Success of Reaves' Dangerous Venture

REAVES continued with them. The skill with which he acted his part must have been faultless, for no one of the gang suspected him except one old man, and Reaves was able, without any difficulty, to convince the others that the old man's suspicions were idle. He was in a practically inaccessible region; the persons about him were desperate outlaws; in their own language they "packed guns" for their enemies. If there had been the slightest evidence that Reaves was not what he appeared to be, if he had made a single mistake or the most trifling false move, his life would not have been worth a thought.

Nevertheless, although they always destroyed the molds by cutting them out with a knife and crushing them up, he succeeded in slipping some of them into his pocket. He also obtained and concealed some of the coins. More than that, he finally became the one of the gang who seemed to be the most trusted, and when the position of their confederate in jail became so serious that the gang considered it wise to bury the money for the time and disband, Reaves assisted and knew the place where it was concealed.

Later on, so deeply had he insinuated himself into their confidence, that when the gang had gone down out of the mountains they suggested to him to go back and conceal the money that they had placed in cans in some other locality.

He got a man to help him, and traveled into the mountains in the night, took up the electric plater which they had hidden in one place and the coins which they had hidden in another, and brought them down.

This man Reaves, who had appeared at the races with the mare Eliza Jane, was a detective in the employ of the United States Government.

A significant thing in connection with the running down of this gang of counterfeiters was the fact that the Government sent in there a man who was a native of this region and who knew the habits, customs and peculiarities of the people. It is here that the Government was wiser than the writer of detective stories. For no man living could have associated with these outlaws on Rapid River in the mountains of Idaho, eaten, slept and worked with them for three months, and remained undiscovered unless he were a very native of that country.

The Government had got its hint, it knew these outlaws frequented the races, they had several horses, notably a pony named John the Baptist, and one of their plans was to bet their bad coin, especially with the Indians. They said to Reaves:

"Young man, you will find out that you cannot follow the races on good hard money."

The dialogue is distinctive.

"If you cannot follow the races on good hard money what kind of money will you follow it on?"

"Why, cheap money."

"Well, the money is cheap that you win, isn't it?"

"Yes, but some is a great deal cheaper than others, now this is the chance of your lifetime."

"Well I think it is a little too much of a chance."

"Nothing ventured, nothing gained."

"Uncle Sam has a place for parties who fool with him like that," Reaves was crafty enough to reply to the outlaw.

"I know it, but Uncle Sam has got to get next to his boys first before he can put them in his place."

Through the agency of Reaves the whole gang was apprehended, tried before the United States District Court for the District of Idaho and sentenced to the penitentiary.

Those who construct the moving-picture story of the desperate counterfeiters and the thrilling experiences of the detective who joins the gang and lives with them in their inaccessible place in the mountains, and the writer of what Robert Louis Stevenson named a "crawler," with his stage properties of the abandoned cabin, the armed outlaw and the imperiled secret-service agent, will find his material in the record of Taylor vs. U. S., 89 Fed. 954.

There is no form of criminal venture more dangerous than that of counterfeiting. The secret service of the Government is efficient and it labors for an authority that does not change or grow weary. The great and accomplished criminals have scarcely got off better than the amateurs. The celebrated counterfeiter Brockway presently came to grief. He had induced an employee of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing at Washington to run a sheet of tinfoil through the press and thus obtain for him an impression of the genuine plates. From this he made an electrotype and printed counterfeit notes. It is said that his work was so well done that the Government was compelled to call in an old counterfeiter named Ulrich, in order to separate these spurious notes from the genuine ones.

And such men as Taylor and Bredell, whose process was to transfer a photograph to a steel plate, etch the plate and print notes from it, finally came to grief like the others. It is an extremely dangerous business to touch at any point. In the case of the United States vs. Marcus, one who had a doubtful bill took it to a bank and the bank stamped it counterfeit. Marcus conceived the idea of pasting a piece of paper over the word "counterfeit" and passing the bill. He did it and was convicted.

One of the most peculiar and ingenious defenses to be found in the history of criminal jurisprudence was that offered in the case reported in 177 Fed. 147.

There are doubtless those of the opinion that a man who lectures on Browning ought to receive a penal sentence, and it is certain that he will receive it if he associates with his lectures an effort to reproduce coins of the United States. There is opportunity here for argument on degrees of moral obliquity and a sermon on what bad habits lead to.

On the seventeenth day of October, 1906, a man moved into a house in the city of Lincoln, Nebraska.

One day in the dirt in the northeast corner of the basement he picked up a coin. It seemed to be a ten-cent piece bearing the date 1903, but the curious thing about it was that a fourth of it was missing. The man took it into the light and examined it closely. He was puzzled. How came the fourth of that coin to be missing? It looked as though there had never been any more than this three-fourths of it. The enigma remained until the coin finally came to the attention of an agent in the secret service division of the United States Treasury Department. He examined the coin, said it was counterfeit, and explained that its curious appearance was due to the fact that it had been imperfectly molded.

The Strange Deeds of a Browning Student

THIS led to an investigation. A careful search of the whole premises revealed a number of plaster of Paris molds, some block tin and sheet copper, and a number of ladles, spoons with bowls burned out, sheet brass, iron molding ladles, and the like. This material and these devices were recognized as the outfit of some amateur counterfeiter and a report was made to the proper authorities. They began an investigation. A great number of broken and mutilated plaster of Paris molds were found imbedded in the earth in the yard and in obscure places. The community was amazed. The person who had lived in the house prior to this tenant was the pastor of a prominent church. It seemed inconceivable that the pastor had been engaged in the manufacture of spurious coin. He was a Doctor of Philosophy, a Doctor of Divinity and a lecturer on Browning.

The doctor had moved from Lincoln to Chicago, where he was the pastor of a church and the editor of a "systematic Bible study." He had been for several years a resident of Lincoln.

When the agent of the Government had secured this evidence he went to Chicago and called upon the doctor for an explanation. The doctor received the agent in the friendliest manner and freely offered him the following explanation: he said that all the outfit that had been found in the house in Lincoln belonged to him. That he had made molds, had used the ladles and the block tin, and this confession seemed at once to convict the doctor of endeavoring to counterfeit the coins of the United States. But his plausible explanation was designed to remove this impression.

He said that he had had great difficulty in persuading the children to attend Sunday-school and that he had

(Concluded on Page 72)

THE RECORDING ANGEL

By CORRA HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER H. EVERETT

XXIII

THE Sabbath following upon this memorable Saturday night was a singularly holy one in Ruckersville. Up to the hour of church services you could have heard a pin drop in the town, figuratively speaking. It may be that the inhabitants slept later than usual, owing to the dissipation of the previous evening. It may be that they were licking the wounds of their souls in their closets. Men are like dogs in some particulars. Stricken in body, they make a noise, groan and send for the doctor; but when they have been spanked on the spirit they are apt to withdraw from the public gaze until such time as their mind heals them with the bravado of self-righteousness, or some other of the many panaceas provided by the nature of them for this beneficent purpose. In any case, I say that at nine o'clock on this Sunday morning

the sun and the statue to the heroes in gray had the streets of Ruckersville all to themselves. Bimber was the only pedestrian visible, and he was not walking. He sat upon the sidewalk in front of Daddisman's Hotel, with his tail at full length upon the pavement behind him, his nose up; and he was sniffing the air as if he detected a change in it. Dogs are not educated, and therefore they are keener than merely rational beings at recognizing psychic effects by smelling the wind. Bimber did not understand, but he perceived a difference in his native place; and slowly, meditatively, he made a tail-note of the same by slapping that member upon the ground in a kind of commentary whisper like a philosopher who talks to himself.

About half-past ten o'clock, however, the people began to issue from their homes; and then it appeared that every man, woman, son and daughter in the town was bound for the church. Never even in revival season had so large a congregation assembled there. The expressions upon the faces of it were mixed—some humorous, some openly smiling, many sadly cast down. As for Brother Clark himself, he conducted himself with a wisdom that any serpent might have admired and with a gentleness that would have broken the heart of a dove with envy. On the previous evening, at the first sight of the ballet he had risen from his seat, walked down the aisle of Bone Hall with his head down like a man suddenly attacked with nosebleed. He was followed by his entire family, only the children looking back over their shoulders, delighted and fascinated by the beautiful dancers, but dragged, each by the hand of his parents, from the sight of the scandalous spectacle. Now, however, he entered the church and advanced to the pulpit with the air of a man who knows by the pangs of his own spirit that the world is full of snares and pitfalls for the unwary, but who has got a victory over his wrath concerning this circumstance and is resolved to hurt no man's feelings. After the opening hymns and prayer he arose with chastened dignity, turned a few leaves in the great Bible, and took the breath out of his congregation by choosing this text, which he read in a manner high and remote:

"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things!"

The sermon that followed was one of the best ever heard in that church; and the most ingenuous-minded could not have inferred a reference to the events of the preceding night. Really it was either a moral triumph or a begging of the question altogether, according to the way you want to look at it and according to how much you know of the ways of some preachers when they are in a tight place. My own impression of them is that they do the best they can, being handicapped often by a creed that prevents them from taking the bull by the horns and trusting God to keep them from being gored to death for such courage. If you stick just to homiletics it is not difficult to conduct a church service. But it is so much more difficult to conduct men and women in the way they should go that

The Next Moment She Held His Face in Her Hands—the Old Mottled Red Face of a Vagabond—and She Stared at It Adoringly

many preachers have not the hardihood to risk it. This is why Brother Clark, after the opening of Bone Hall, never preached against theater-going by name, seeing that many of his members, especially of the younger generation, perjured themselves in their church vows every week by attending the entertainments given there. The same silence may be observed in other preachers in this same situation. They are in a bad fix. They cannot wisely turn out all the defalcating members and they cannot bring themselves to the point of demanding a revision of their creed. Neither should they be too much blamed for this conservatism. We have not yet the intelligence to evolve a faith that would enable a righteous man to admit the error in his confession of faith or in his creed, thus giving the sneering world the advantage of him, while he trusts God to bring the sneering world to its errors on its repentant knees. There is no class of men so deserving of respect and sympathy as ministers puzzled by modern conditions.

With rare delicacy in one so highly endowed with ruthless humor and the unexpurgated courage of carnal manhood, Jim Bone absented himself from church service on this Sunday. It was not that he dreaded what might happen, but he had a snickering, boyish compassion for the saints he had so outraged the night before, and was unwilling to increase their indignation by the sight of himself until he had done what he could to appease their wrath.

On the following day he succeeded better in accomplishing this than might have been hoped. He had cheerfully paid out of his own pocket the expenses of the little company of actors, who had undertaken to give his play between their engagements in some of the Southern cities. But the actual gate receipts, which amounted to nearly two hundred dollars, he divided equally among the various benevolent funds conducted by the women of Ruckersville; and accompanying the checks were personal notes couched in terms at once grateful for their support and complimentary of their enterprises. And, most seductive of all his promises, he assured them that a certain percentage of the proceeds earned by the hall, above expenses, would from time to time be transferred to them to augment these same excellent funds, without which the town of Ruckersville would soon become as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals—or words to that effect.

A certain old French woman, of more or less reprehensible character, once said: "When tempted, yield at once and avoid the struggle!" Mrs. Martin was sadly in need of this cynical advice on the day that she received Mr. Bone's flattering letter, inclosing the check for seventy-five dollars for The Cheerful Givers fund. She was a woman who would not look upon wine when it is red, nor when it moveth itself aright in the cup, to put the adamantine nature of her resistive virtues figuratively. Still, the treasury of her fund was woefully depleted. If she sent the check back to Jim Bone he would doubtless use it for some reprehensible purpose. Such was her impression of his character. After a season of prayer and meditation she sighed like a wrestler who has been outdone by his good angel, and resolved to keep it, thus sanctifying it to good service. At the same time, she determined never to set foot of hers into Bone Hall again, or in any way countenance that enterprise. We are all very funny, cock-eyed creatures morally, with the tadpole tails of original sin still dangling from our best intentions. Mrs. Martin's conduct exactly resembled that of so many excellent persons noted for their charities and good works, who derive their income from an interest in the liquor traffic, or in a corporation that does not obey the laws, or in a factory where men suffer and die from stinginess and bad conditions. It's no use to turn up our noses at Mrs. Martin. The stone we might cast at her ought to shatter our own window-pane.

Meanwhile, time was passing. Christmas was at hand, and Sylvia, who was never absent from Jim's thoughts, became paramount in his consideration. Women do not understand such self-control; but a man, desperately in love, can set his passion aside any time long enough to attend brilliantly to his other real business in life. This is what Bone had done. He settled it in his own mind that, as soon as he had his affairs in shape and Bone Hall going smoothly, he would take up this affair with Sylvia and work it to a finish, no matter what it cost him. He had never wavered in his determination to marry her, once

he yielded the struggle and consented to his feelings. The only question was how he should manage the capitulation of Sylvia, which she did not seem ready to undertake herself.

This is really the most delightful kind of lover a woman can have. He takes off her hands all the responsibilities involved in courtship. And these are much greater than they appear at the time to a woman who does a good deal of the courting herself. After marriage, when things begin to zigzag a little and the yoke galls here and there the tender shoulders of love—as any yoke will—she is not in a position to lay all the blame on him, as she would be if she had not made so many charming advances to him by way of getting the yoke. A lover like Jim Bone would always leave his wife this privilege, and welcome. He was, strictly speaking, a man. The other lover is not; he is one of those not quite evolved masculine sacs that waits for the woman to signify in some unmistakable manner that she is ready, willing and anxious to take him before he will risk his pusillanimous egotism in a proposal. And I venture to remark, in passing, that the modern woman is doing all she can to reduce man back to his sac consistency, which may be exactly the fate he deserves, from all appearances. He does not seem to shine much as a lord of creation. He has proved a very selfish kind of beast in many ways. The trouble is, we cannot tell whether the modern woman will not develop the same kind of nature when she gets him back to his original succulent consistency. We are very severe creatures, both men and women, and scarcely fit to have too much the advantage, one of the other, without abusing it. Therefore we ought to have equal opportunities of abuse, to say nothing of the old-fashioned notion of equal opportunities of helping each other.

On the night of the twenty-third of December snow fell. This is not unprecedented in that part of Georgia, but it was rare enough to create pleasurable excitement in the streets of Ruckersville on Christmas Eve. And as Jim Bone and Bimber trudged through the soft whiteness of Elbert Avenue in the late afternoon of that day they ran the gauntlet in more than one snowball battle between the youths and maidens of the town. Bimber was disconcerted, and carried his tail closely drawn between his hindlegs as if it were his most valuable baggage—as indeed it was, when you come to think of it. To cut off a dog's tail is like clipping the end off of an eloquent man's tongue. He has to stammer, to lisp his ideas and emotions the rest of his life with only the stump of it. And the cheerfulness with which the number of dogs reduced to this necessity accept the affliction is to their everlasting credit, as much as it is to the shame of those who commit the crime against them.

As they entered the cow pasture behind the old Clark Story place two things occurred. Bimber caught sight of the tracks of a rabbit in the snow, laid his nose to them, lifted his tail and disappeared with a series of yelps down the glade, through a crack in the fence and over the opposite hill, kicking up the snow in little sprays behind him as he went. I should not mention this circumstance if it were not the last sight the reader will have of him in this tale. Whether he caught the rabbit, whether he lived happily ever after, I leave those Nature fakers to tell who know so much more about dogs and other animals than they can prove.

The other occurrence was of far more value, and it is the scent we shall follow—that is to say, the sight—for at the same moment that the dog raced off Jim saw the figure of a woman approaching from the direction of the house, a sort of feminine red bird, flaming against the snow on the opposite side of the fence, with the hospitable gap in its ribs between the lower rails and the top rail. He recognized Sylvia, in spite of the hood that covered her head and partly shadowed her face. Indeed it seemed to him that for the first time he beheld her in her native plumage, red, all red, lilting along with the wind catching like a lover at the flaunting tails of her cloak as if it were striving to detain her. And she was buffeting against these liberties, drawing the garment close about her, till she came like a slim flame bending far forward in the gusty evening air which still held stray flakes of snow that lightly powdered her as she came.

He quickened his pace, but when Sylvia reached the steps and was about to bend and swing herself through the opening she paused in mid-air, so to speak, having at this moment caught sight of him, and so stood motionless like a little glowing blaze in calm weather, straight up, leaning neither to the right nor the left.

Jim laughed. He was about to enter upon the most delightful moment in any man's life, and the most exquisite in any woman's, and he knew it—for himself, at least. He was coming to the finish of the chase. Joyful consideration it was to be in the open, where all such chases should begin and end. Presently he was to know the inestimable satisfaction of holding her in his arms and setting the seal of his claim forever upon her lips. He was not the man to doubt this. And if he had been, it was foreshadowed in the sweet alarm of Sylvia's eyes, wide and startled, with the dark brows spreading above like a swallow's wings in flight as she beheld him striding toward her through the unbroken snow, heard him laugh, saw his face glowing with triumphant animation.

"Where are you going, Mistress Riding Hood?" he called while yet some distance away.

It was as if he had granted her a short reprieve, as if he had said, "We will play a little before we come to terms." Her face twinkled into a change. Some vanishing quality of the little girl reappeared in it as she took her cue and answered out of the old nursery tale:

"To carry these things to my grandmother, sir!"

"Meaning Miss Amy?" he questioned, seeing now for the first time a small basket hidden beneath the folds of her long cape.

"Yes," answered Sylvia. "It is a Christmas gift."

"Where is mine?" he demanded.

"I have not thought of it!" she sweetly lied, looking at him with that singular innocence any woman may command upon occasion.

"I have," he rejoined; "I have chosen it."

"I hope you will not be disappointed," she said.

"I shall not!" he retorted with smiling assurance and with a look so fraught with meaning that Sylvia's cheeks bloomed redder than her hood.

He stood waiting a few yards from the fence.

"Come on, I am going with you!" he announced.

"That is not the way the story ran in my book!" she corrected, smiling.

"You mean that the wolf cut through the short way, ate up the grandmother, and covered up head and ears in her

Looking Long and Fearfully at His Image There

bed before little Mistress Red Riding Hood got there, being delayed by some blossoms on the way?"

She nodded, then delivered this sage commentary upon that heroine of the nursery tale:

"Besides, I've always thought that if she'd gone directly back home when she first saw the wolf she would have been saved a very trying experience."

"Right you are, darling," he answered boldly, "but you see she didn't go back. She walked straight ahead into that 'experience.' It is the nature of all Red Riding Hoods, of whatever age, that they do that way."

He stooped kindly to cover her confusion from his gaze, and began to rake the snow from the ground at his feet and to pat it into a soft ball. Then he stood up and saw that his shot had gone home by the pretty pallor of indignation that hid the roses now in her cheeks like a very light fall of snow upon damask blossoms.

He squinted, took aim at the tassel fluttering on top of her head in the wind, flung the ball and flattened it into a red and white puff.

This was too much temptation for the coquetry in any woman. Instantly she set down her basket, swept the snow from the top rail, squeezed it in her gloved palms and aimed her ball with that funny, flapping wing-motion women have mastered when they cast a stone. The little wad flew wide of its mark, but the mischief was done. The man had secured the challenge he desired and he made delicious, furious haste to avail himself of it. Seizing a handful of snow he started for Sylvia with straddling leaps. She turned and fled, experiencing that genuine alarm a woman always feels after she has inveigled a man into chasing her, whether in a lover's conversation or in an open meadow. Her lips were parted like a red rose in bloom, her eyes were wide and shining with fright as she looked back over her shoulder and saw him swing through the gap between the rails of the fence. The skirt of her cape waved back and up and down in the wind like the wings of a bird. She had no time to choose her path. She flew down a short incline between the white breasts of two hills. The snow lay deep in the hollow. She hesitated before thrusting her foot into it, and was lost.

She felt her cape caught from behind, then all was over—or rather, life had begun again, new and strangely sweet. Standing ankle-deep in the drift he clasped her, held her with her hands tightly pinned behind her in one of his. For one moment their eyes met; she turned her face and hid it against his breast. It may have been that she wished to avoid the handful of snow with which he still threatened her; it may have been because even the boldest woman is abashed at the first blinding flash of love in a man's face. In any case she could not escape the one or the other. Slowly he turned her this way and that, let go his hold upon her hands so that she fought with them valiantly, but in vain. He held her head against his heart, and she heard it pounding even through his greatcoat. He lifted her face with the fingers of the same hand under her chin, with the other he administered the snow. He took his time, cooled the scarlet of each cheek, made her brow flame, dusted her adorable nose, and left a little in each wing-curved brow. It was as if he said to himself that he would kiss his rose with the dew upon it. The kiss itself was the conclusion of the whole matter. Sylvia bore it as a tamed filly bears the shock of a saddle flung across her back.

"Now you are mine!" he said, lifting her out of the drift to the higher ground; "and we are to be married soon."

"But, Jim," answered Sylvia, not disputing that saying, "what were you doing so long in New York?"

"In New York?" In the concentration of his mind upon the present moment he had forgotten that he had ever been to New York.

"Oh, you mean week before last." He recalled the circumstance with difficulty. "Why, I don't remember what I did exactly. Spent most of my time dickering with the manager of a third-class theatrical troupe. Why?"

"Jim," said Sylvia, standing before him and gazing at him with the honorable inquisition stare of a virtuous woman about to open the very secret chamber of his dead men's bones—"Jim," she reiterated solemnly, "did you select those girls for that dance?"

"Never saw one of 'em in my life till they appeared here on the stage that night!"

"Nor any of the others?"

"Not one of 'em!" he swore candidly; and then, laughing, drew her to him for another kiss.

"I believe you are jealous!" he accused.

"Oh, no!" she protested; "only I wanted to make sure that you loved me."

"You mean *only* you!"

"Yes!"

"Well, I do, darling. I never so much as looked at a woman before, unless it was to notice what poor creatures most of them are!"

"You think so?" she said, mightily gratified.

"I know it. I never could bear any woman—in this way, I mean—till I saw you."

"And I imagined that ——" she hesitated.

"What?" he smiled.

"That you'd had lots of experience with women."

"There is where you were mistaken, Sylvia. A man like me is just virgin soil when it comes to love and feelings of that sort."

She looked at him as if she doubted it—as indeed she did—but hoped so, as she would be bound to do the rest of her life. A slender faith that was to stand alone between her and the only sorrow she was ever capable of feeling.

The day was ending in a ghostly twilight yellow rimmed with clouds, against which the setting sun cast its rays.

"Now we must be going on, or Miss Amy will be disappointed of her gift," he said.

Then Sylvia did a thing so adorable that one could only regret that it totally misrepresented the real inspiration that led to it.

They had reached the fence once more, hand in hand. She bent and took from the basket a little package, very flat and soft, wrapped in fine paper, stamped and addressed to "Mr. James Bone, Ruckersville, Georgia." She offered it shyly, saying as she did so:

"But you mustn't open it until tomorrow. It is your Christmas present. I was going to mail it."

He was overcome. She had really thought of him then? She nodded, turning away her head. He took the package reverently, kissed it, thrust his hand into his pocket, took out a knife, opened it, ran the blade beneath the cord and clipped it before she knew what he was about.

"But you must not open it until morning!" she protested, trying to snatch it from him.

He paused and looked at her reproachfully.

"I hope you don't think I could wait fourteen hours to see the first thing you ever did for me, Sylvia. I'd not sleep a wink tonight. I'd be half dead with the strain and suspense by morning."

He resumed the business of unwrapping. He peeled off the brown outer cover, showing increasing excitement as he tore off the white tissue paper inside; and when at last he came to a curious, flimsy blue-silk envelope of enormous size, with his initials embroidered upon it, he was speechless with amazement for a moment as he dangled it from his thumb and forefinger.

"What, in Heaven's name, is it, Sylvia?" His tone was low and charged with deep respect.

"Why, don't you know?" she laughed. "It's a handkerchief case!"

"Forgive me, darling," Jim Bone cried, crushing it shamefully as he again folded Sylvia in his arms and kissed her.

"You see, no one ever did such things for me. I never had a gift from a woman before!"

His manner implied an innocency of such benefits that was almost pathetic.

And it was a fact, which he made a note of at the moment, that before this the women he had known received gifts with a greed that could not be satisfied, but they never made any in return. He concluded, and with proper reasoning, that this was the difference between good women and the other kind: the former gave all they were and all they could think and all they could do for the one man whom they loved.

In the face of these reflections it would have been a cruel shock if he had known how narrowly he had escaped not having any gift at all from Sylvia.

As they trudged along the road, blissfully silent for a time, Sylvia returned to the subject of all women's overwhelming anxiety, even in the midst of overwhelming joy. "Jim," she said, "will you always love me exactly as you do now?"

"My darling," he replied in an agony of eloquent devotion, "the stars may fall, the skies cease to rain, the seeds to spring, the sun to shine, but I'll never change to you, so much as the lack of one kiss! I'll kiss you ten thousand times a day if you'll let me!"

"No," she murmured sagely; "three times will do!"

"I've lived for nothing else since the first moment I set eyes upon you," he went on, not noticing that singularly accurate estimate of married caresses. "It has been my occupation. I couldn't stop!"

She sighed, not so much with contentment as with the feeling of sadness that she had got all the love he could give and that there was no more to be had. Never once had she declared her own for him; never once had she even thought of it. And this is a queer circumstance: as long as she should be able to keep her lover in love with her, as long as she belonged thus to him, he himself would overlook this detail.

A man infinitely more enjoys loving a woman than he enjoys having her love him. The latter entails a sort of bondage, a walking softly before her altar which to him is both embarrassing and exasperating at times. If a woman desires to insure absolutely a man's happiness, let her cultivate more her own lovableness, and place, at least to him, as little emphasis as possible upon her devotion to him.

"Jimmy," said Amy half an hour later as the two sat beside her, having disclosed their secret and received her blessing full measure—"Jimmy, I am sorry the entertainment was such a failure. Elbert says the people weren't satisfied at all, and that nobody likes to talk about it even. But you mustn't be discouraged. Your heart is in the right place; and I hope you will hold on to your idea of having this a place of innocent amusement. You can't expect to succeed at once. People have to be educated to any change in their ways."

He Cooled the Scarlet of Each Cheek

"That's all right, Miss Amy," replied Jim, delighted with the way Elbert had managed their predicament with the old Angel.

"I am doing my best to educate 'em; and I don't entirely despair of results."

XXIV

MANY changes took place in Ruckersville during the next few months. The projected cotton factory was actually begun, and not with Northern capital as is so often the case with so-called Southern enterprises.

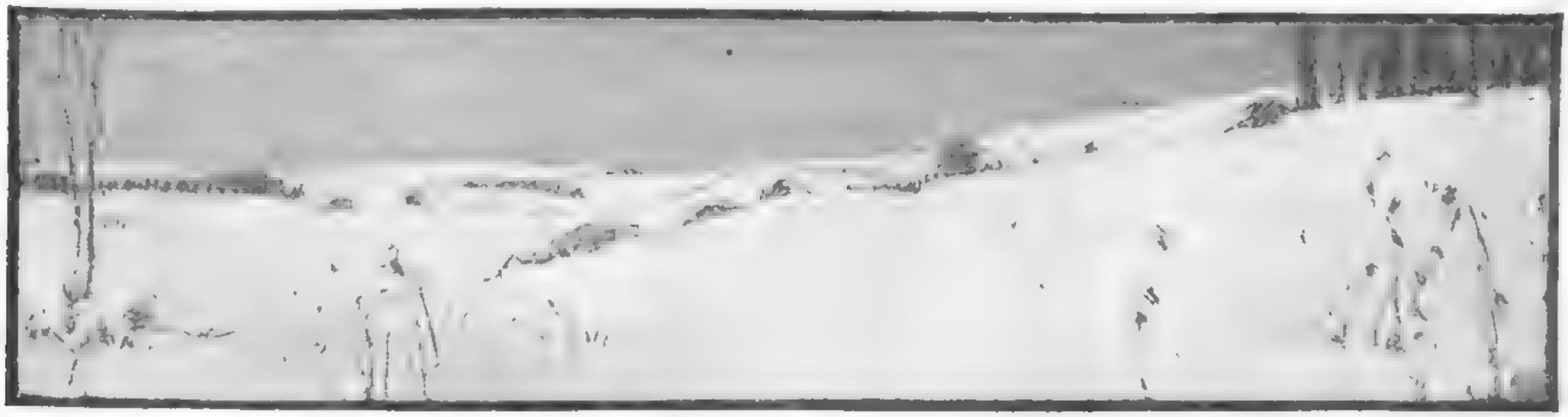
The Ruckersville cotton factory differed from most of these factories in that it was being built—on a modest scale, to be sure—by a stock company composed of the citizens of the town, headed by Jim Bone. Captain Martin had given up the idea of selling his residence for a horse-collar factory and was now offering it to the D. A. R.'s and the U. D. C.'s as a museum for relics of the Confederacy and those of the Revolutionary period, but still at a price so exorbitant that he was likely to live and die in it without obtaining a purchaser. An influx of undesirable citizens, from the aristocratic point of view, was noticeable in the town; but these brought trade and a new spirit of enterprise, being of that class of foolish Americans who are bent upon being the progenitors of the aristocrats of the future by laborious acquisition of fortunes in this generation. The fact is, we do not seem able to escape this flaming cockerel of humanity. If we are not descended from one we are apt to beget one if we are thrifty enough to insure him a life of leisure and extravagance. The only influence in our times that is hostile to the future production of aristocrats is the Universal Peace Movement. Personally I do not see how it can succeed without resulting in those bad sores peculiar to a too peaceful civilization, which only the cauterization of war eliminates. But if it does succeed your aristocrat will become an obsolete animal, like the mastodon and the minstrels and the troubadours. For you cannot produce a Simon-pure aristocrat without endowing him at least with the hope of using his sword either in a duel or in a war. Otherwise he is apt to become one of those superfluous beings who spend money and impudence in riding over people in ten-thousand-dollar limousines a type we have already manufactured, of which all honorable persons are heartily ashamed. And your Hague Conferences can do nothing to eliminate him. The fact is, peace is a much bigger thing than can be had by merely breeching cannons and disbanding armies. It is more an internal and eternal question of a fair deal between man and man, especially the rich man and the poor man. This is a point the Universal Peace movers may comprehend in a thousand years or so. Meanwhile we may as well go on with this story, which is nearly ended.

During April of this year, following upon the events I have already recorded, the air of Ruckersville was sweetened and rendered especially musical not only by the droning of bees but by the chimes of wedding bells. No less than three marriages occurred there in this month. This is as it should be. April is the bridal month of Nature. No two flowers blooming side by side in the meadow that do not mix their pollen in wedded love. No two wrens that are not inspired by the sight of one another to carry straws and feathers together to the same private cornice beneath the eaves of some old house. There is not an oak in the forest that does not shake its green beard lovingly in the wind to the next oak. The very earth makes itself the garland bride of the sun. So, I say, Mildred Percey and Tony Adams were married first, and they were still away on their wedding tour to Niagara Falls when Colonel Lark purchased tickets for himself and his bride to the same destination. In those days Niagara Falls was the Mecca of all bridal couples. Last, toward the May end of the month, Sylvia Story and Jim Bone plighted their troth before the chancel of the old church, the last wedding to be solemnized there before the building was torn down. It was a great occasion, owing—as the Star so happily put it—"to the prominence of the contracting parties." And I wish I might take the space to set down all the fragrant details; but time presses, and all true-love weddings are much alike. You will think in passing of Jim in a perfectly fitting Prince Albert coat and pearl-gray trousers, wearing a white satin puff tie and getting very much excited during the ceremony with his effort to put the ring on the bride's proper finger; and of Sylvia, all in white, with a veil falling over her bright head like April mist with the sun shining through it. Never mind whether they lived happily ever after. That is not your affair. It is a matter between them and their children now, and the community where they made their home. They are still living in Ruckersville, but you would never recognize the prosperous, middle-aged couple they have grown to be for these bright young things I have tried to portray in this story. And if you did recognize them it would be with a pang of disappointment. We are not very sensible about appreciating the sturdy growth of love after marriage. This is why authors usually end the story with the wedding bells, or sneak beyond it only to dramatize the death of love with some kind of neurasthenic provender of a diseased imagination. We can only thank God that a larger per cent of lovers remain constant to one another through all the disillusioning hardship of married life than writers of mere fiction would lead us to believe, or even the statistics of divorce courts.

One other incident only remains to be set down here as an example of the wonderful and beautiful faith of a good woman's heart.

Immediately upon his and Sylvia's marriage, by way of celebrating their happiness, Jim Bone persuaded Amy White to go to a famous oculist in Atlanta to try the operation for cataract. She was accompanied in great state by the young people, Elbert pleading a pressure of

Continued on Page 40



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Concerning Late Delivery

Copies of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST sent to subscribers leave our office on a schedule furnished by the Post-Office Department supposed to insure delivery on Thursday.

If your copy does not arrive on Thursday please do not write at once complaining of that fact. The fault is probably not ours, but due to delay in transit or in local delivery. Please wait at least until Friday afternoon before complaining of non-arrival.

The Supreme Court's Politics

NATURALLY we are pleased to see that the Senate is coming round to our way of thinking in at least one important particular—as the lively and protracted scrimmage over confirming President Taft's latest nominee for the Supreme Court clearly shows. Of course Chancellor Pitney is a gentleman of eminent legal attainments and unblemished private character; otherwise the President would never have nominated him. Any nominee for the Supreme Court is sure to be an able lawyer.

The fight in the Senate turned upon his general attitude toward current social questions—in a word, upon whether he is progressive or reactionary. We have always insisted that, under present conditions, this is the important point concerning any Supreme Court nominee. The fight in the Senate indicates that the Supreme Court possesses a discretionary power over legislation fully as great as the power of Congress itself, and that the manner in which it exerts this power in very important cases will depend very largely upon the personal leanings of the members of the Court. So long, at least, as the Court annuls acts of Congress or of state legislatures by a divided bench—showing that no clear question of law was involved—it will be, in a very important way, a political body; and the politics of its members, in the broadest sense of that word, will be very important. The Senate fight puts this fact in high relief. We expect there will be no more matter-of-course confirmations of Supreme Court nominees so long as the Court acts within the political field as extensively as it does now.

Taxation in Cities

PROGRESSIVE Seattle this spring voted down the single tax by an overwhelming majority; but that question is bound to come up again in Seattle and many other cities. One Broadway tract that was bought for seventy-five thousand dollars in 1856 is now assessed, exclusive of improvements, at sixteen millions. That promising candidate for an English earldom, Mr. William Waldorf Astor, holds in his individual name one hundred and twenty parcels of New York realty assessed at upward of fifty million dollars; while John Jacob Astor holds individually nearly one hundred parcels assessed at forty-two millions; and both of them, through the Astor estate, have an interest in many other valuable plots in Gotham. Another family holds twenty million dollars' worth of New York land, derived, like the Astor holdings, by inheritance. It is true this land is taxed upon its present value; but the taxes are paid by the users of the land, and the landlord's income increases automatically with every accretion of population. Every American city creates great wealth for its landlords and usually resorts to such shifts as dog taxes and pedlers' licenses to keep itself solvent.

The Market for Art

A DISTINGUISHED American artist and connoisseur spent much time and not a little money collecting paintings that appealed to his cultivated taste. The collection was sold a while ago and fetched an average of three hundred dollars a canvas. More recently The New York Times, on page two, described a disappointing auction of paintings under the following headline: "Fine pictures sell at very low prices; a Troyon for which the owner paid fourteen thousand dollars brings only twenty-seven hundred dollars." On page one of the same issue, however, The Times announced that an opulent New Yorker had bought two paintings by Velasquez, paying "at least" one million dollars for them!

Undoubtedly an opulent New Yorker, if caught in the act of paying only a few thousand dollars for a painting, would feel like a man in a goatcart at the horseshow or a woman in a calico wrapper at an inauguration ball. We suppose his friends would grin behind their hands and point derisive thumbs at his back. Probably, also, the fact that the million-dollar canvases long hung on the walls of a ducal palace had more to do with the price paid for them than the incidental fact that Velasquez painted them. Snobbery manifests itself in many ways.

At School in Spring

IN TAKING possession of the New World, almost the first care of the Spaniards everywhere was to construct a fine, massive dungeon with a little hole for a faint trickle of sunlight to come through and some stout iron rings in the floor or in the wall, to which the unfortunate inmates might be chained. Many of these civilizing edifices remain in a more or less ruinous state, and they are visited with awesome curiosity by tourists. They are solid enough to survive for several centuries; and long before they disappear our museums will contain reproductions of the typical American public school of the beginning of the twentieth century that tourists will inspect with the same awesome curiosity.

We trust you are not so old and absent-minded that you have forgotten what April was like in school—how the walls seemed to choke you and the windows admitted just enough vernal air and sunshine to bring an agonizing sense of what you were missing! Chaining a healthy boy or girl to a desk for six hours on a spring day differs in degree from the Spanish system, but hardly in kind. It was long ago pointed out that the prison-like regimen of our schools is simply for the convenience of the teacher. Future schools will be partly out-of-doors, partly in fields or factories. There will be variety and motion. Young bodies crave activity. Tied to a desk, the child's mind tends to become torpid.

Schools of the Future

THE average boy leaves school at about the age of fourteen, without having been taught very much that is of practical value to him. He then goes into a store or shop to learn a business. The business really hasn't much use for him in his untrained state and puts him at some irresponsible mechanical tasks for a year or two, until he has picked up a certain notion of what business is like and a certain degree of proficiency. By the time he is about seventeen he may be given a real job, with some responsibility and some outlook. The school, in short, drops him into a sort of no-man's land. For two or three or four years he is neither student nor earner.

During those years he ought to be both in school and in store or shop. He should still receive competent instruction and at the same time be gaining practical experience. There is no reason why he shouldn't earn something and learn something too—not by going to a night school, where the instruction is altogether detached from his business novitiate and where the hours, combined with his working hours, are too long; but by a system of public-school education that regards him as an earner rather than a spender. This, of course, would involve a brand-new corps of teachers; but the teaching, in schools supported by public taxation, must finally fit the needs of the average pupil rather than the needs of the average teacher.

Private Pension Bills

ON THE strength of favorable and more or less perfunctory reports by House and Senate committees, the last Congress passed nearly ten thousand private pension bills. Several thousand such bills have already been introduced at this session and a great many have been passed. The Senate pension committee's report upon one of them says: "It appears from the evidence that he is upward of sixty-eight years old, broken down from failing sight and hearing, rheumatism and other infirmities incident to increasing years, and is no longer able to perform manual labor for his support." So the committee recommends that his pension of twelve dollars a month, under the general law of 1907, be increased to thirty dollars a month.

As a matter of fact, this Civil War veteran enlisted in the navy in December, 1864, a few months before the close of the war; also, with a partner, he owns and conducts a weekly newspaper in a country town.

There are now on the pension roll some thirty-six thousand survivors of the Civil War who served in the ranks three years or more, some of whom are actually disabled from earning a livelihood, while not a few no doubt are actually without property, but none of whom receives over twelve dollars a month.

The trouble with granting pensions by special bills is that a little influence may count for more than a great deal of merit, and the size of the pension may be in inverse ratio to the country's indebtedness to the pensioner. The gross amount paid in pensions is less objectionable than the gross inequality with which the money is distributed. A man in quite comfortable circumstances who served three months may be drawing more money from the treasury than an indigent veteran who served four years.

The Other Side

UNDOUBTEDLY the country is disgusted with politics in pension legislation. There are on an average some twenty-five hundred pensioned survivors of the Civil War in every Northern Congressional district—enough in many cases to turn the election. Most of the speeches and many of the votes in Congress are palpably delivered with that dire contingency in mind, and of late the Democrats have considerably outdone the Republicans in catering to the old soldiers' vote.

To the generation that now occupies the stage the Civil War is mostly only history or a childhood recollection. It acknowledges a debt to the veterans, but inclines to shake its head over the size of the bill and the manner of making payment. To refresh its recollection, a couple of simple facts may be recited: Eight hundred and forty-six thousand boys, who were sixteen years of age or under at the time of their enlistment, served in the Union army, and one million one hundred and fifty thousand who were eighteen or under when they enlisted. Ninety thousand boys were killed in battle or died from wounds.

Undoubtedly the country is disgusted with politics in pension legislation; but, if you are ever tempted to think it's all politics, look at your own sixteen-year-old boy. Look at him also when the Senate mangles arbitration treaties in the pious fear that its own prestige may be lessened by them.

Living on Imported Wheat

GREAT BRITAIN depends upon other countries for her daily bread and from time to time economists of a gloomy turn of mind propound this question: How many days could she hold out if imports of wheat were interrupted? We are in the habit of pointing with pride to our own self-sufficiency in the bread line, as contrasted with England's dangerous dependence; but nearly all that part of the United States east of the Mississippi River is also dependent for its bread. The North Atlantic group of states—comprising New England, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania—consume a hundred and forty million bushels of wheat a year and produce only thirty million. In the South Atlantic group, only Delaware and Maryland produce as much as they consume, and the total deficit for the group is over thirty million bushels a year. Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin, taken together, are very little more than self-sustaining. It is the states between the Mississippi and the Rockies that turn the balance by growing enough wheat for their own needs, for the needs of the whole country east to the seaboard—and a little to spare for Europe.

In the South, of course, cornmeal to some extent takes the place of wheat; yet a special investigation by the Department of Agriculture shows a remarkable approach to uniformity in the consumption of white bread all over the country. Throughout the South the average is close to four and three-quarter bushels of wheat a head, as against a little less than five and a third bushels in the North Atlantic section—the latter being also the average for the United States. The difference between Connecticut and South Carolina is less than a quarter of a bushel a head a year.

Wheat-growing is not so profitable as some other pursuits. One could scarcely, for instance, imagine Wall Street engaging in it; but even Wall Street will admit that no pursuit is more useful. It might study the report from which we have been quoting and learn to temper its scorn of the wheat-growers' political wishes.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

The New Justice

THERE are two ways of starting this story; consequently it shall be started two ways. The first is in the flossy or fictional manner, showing how the hero of this tale proved himself to be a man of exceptional self-control, of a calm and philosophic bent, of a non-emotional nature—as befits a great judge. The second is the actual or de-facto manner, which does not seek to embroider the occurrence described with the frills of fancy, and shows the chief actor to be a man quite human in his tendencies.

Flossily I begin thus: Chancellor Pitney, of the New Jersey bench, was playing golf with Vice-Chancellor Stevens, of the same state, on the Atlantic City links. They were at the seventh green when a messenger, breathless from his hurry across the links from the clubhouse, ran up.

"Mr. Pitney!" he gasped.

Chancellor Pitney, who was about to putt, was measuring with his accurate eye the distance from his ball to the hole. Though a visible shade of annoyance passed over his ruddy face he did not allow the interruption to disconcert him. Carefully placing his putter behind his ball, he bent his knees into the approved crook, moved the putter back and forth a time or two and then tapped the ball gently. The ball rolled toward the hole. The chancellor remained in his stooping position, following the ball anxiously with his eye. The ball rolled to the hole, then deflected a trifle, rimmed it and passed on across the green.

"Pshaw!" said the chancellor, rising to his full height.

"Mr. Pitney!" gasped the messenger again.

The chancellor turned and said:

"My boy, you should know—if you do not—that no circumstance whatsoever is of sufficient importance to cause conversation on a putting green when a player is about to make his putt. Remember that in the future. Now what is it?"

"Mrs. Pitney, sir, is calling you on the long-distance telephone; and she says it is important and you've got to come at once!"

The chancellor turned to his opponent. "Excuse me, chancellor," he said with a courtly bow. "I shall return in a few moments."

He strode to the clubhouse and went to the telephone. The wires were working badly; but after five minutes he discovered that Mrs. Pitney had a telegram for him from President Taft, asking him if he would accept an appointment to the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States.

The chancellor was not surprised, nor was he in the least hurried.

"You may hold the telegram in abeyance," he said to his wife, "until this evening. I shall then return home and give the matter my consideration."

Then he hung up the receiver, walked calmly to the green, picked up his putter and said to his opponent: "You are away, chancellor; proceed." And he continued round the links, winning the game by two up, not mentioning to Vice-Chancellor Stevens the honor that had come to him.

The Way it Really Happened

THIS is the de-facto manner: Chancellor Pitney, of the New Jersey bench, was playing golf on the Atlantic City links with Vice-Chancellor Stevens, of the same state. They were at the seventh green when a messenger from the clubhouse ran up.

"Mr. Pitney—oh, Mr. Pitney!" he shouted.

The chancellor was about to putt. Dropping his putter, he turned to the boy and asked:

"What is it?"

"Your wife wants you on the 'phone."

"Excuse me, Stevens, for a minute, until I see what is wanted." And he hurried to the clubhouse.

The wires were working badly. The chancellor shouted half a hundred hellos and shouted a few others things about the poor service.

"What's that? Yes—yes! You have a telegram? Yes—who from? Yes—I understand—a telegram—from President Taft! What's that?—the President? Well, what does he say? Hurry! What's that? Wants to know if I'll accept an appointment to the Supreme Bench? Are you sure? Supreme Bench! Read it to me—oh, hurry!—hurry! Certainly I'll take it!—I'll be up on the first train! No—I'll answer it when I get there. Yes! Goodby!"

Then he dashed to the dressing room, sent word to Chancellor Stevens that the game was over, held an impromptu reception in the clubhouse, shook hands with everybody and hustled for the train, his face beaming with delight.

The Man Who Made the President Laugh

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Thus, having exhausted the literary possibilities of this event, I leave it to the reader to pay his nickel and take his choice, merely remarking as I pass that the second story corresponds quite closely with the truth.

This latest appointment to the Supreme Court had been worrying the prognosticators for months, and incidentally worrying the President too. For a time it seemed that Judge Hook, of Kansas, would be selected; but finally Hook got the book—if such a term can be used in connection with so dignified a personage—and other names were canvassed. Then, one day, the name of Mahlon Pitney, chancellor of New Jersey, burgeoned into print; and not long thereafter the chancellor was named. Since which time, after the Senate fussed over him a bit, he has been confirmed; and now he has a new and neatly fitting black robe and the seat on the extreme end of the left-hand side of the bench.

It appears that President Taft went to a luncheon given by Franklin Murphy, former governor of New Jersey, who is one of our most famous little luncheon givers. The President sat next to Chancellor Pitney and got next to him—as the saying goes. It further appears that the chancellor conceals beneath a somewhat stern exterior a sense of humor and is a nifty story teller when he is quite sure no reporters are present. He told the President some stories and made the President laugh. That, in itself, was a feat worthy of great reward, for Mr. Taft has heard few things lately that were at all laughable. John W. Griggs, once attorney-general, observed the presidential approval of the Pitney stories and he hurried to the White House. When he came out the name of Mahlon Pitney, as the new justice of the United States Supreme Court, was bruited about—there are some very capable bruiters among the reporters who are assigned to the White House. Then came the news of the appointment in the manner twice indited above.

Mr. Justice Pitney served one term and part of another in the House of Representatives, being the third member of the Supreme Court who has been in Congress. Mr. Chief Justice White was a senator from Louisiana and Mr. Justice McKenna was in the House from California for three terms and a portion of another, resigning to become a circuit judge. The new justice is fifty-four years old and was born in New Jersey. He was educated at Princeton and studied law. He practiced at Morristown, his native place, until he was chosen for the Fifty-fourth Congress, which began its sessions in 1895. He was reelected to the Fifty-fifth Congress and resigned on January 10, 1899. He was a member of the New Jersey state senate for two years and president of that body in 1901. He served as justice of the supreme court of New Jersey from 1901 to 1908, when he became chancellor. His term as chancellor had three years to run when he was made an associate justice of the United States Supreme Court.

Mr. Justice Pitney is a Republican. When he was elected to Congress he carried the old Fourth District, which had been strongly and continuously Democratic until that time. He is a man of strong convictions and blunt speech. He is extremely plain in his manner of living and dressing, and occupies a frame house in Morristown, close to the farm his grandfather and his father—who was also chancellor of New Jersey—tilled. He is a smooth-shaven, square-jawed, sturdily built man, who lives a good deal out-of-doors; is an enthusiastic golfer and has a New Jersey reputation for courage and clear thinking.

There was some pother about his confirmation. The Senate voted to accept him one day and then took it all back. Finally, after a long wrangle in executive session, he was confirmed by a vote of about two to one and took the oath a few days later. Probably Mr. Chief Justice White will be glad to see him. The chief justice has great difficulty in getting any of his associates to walk with him nowadays, and has to walk alone of an afternoon while the other justices roll by in their automobiles. It is quite likely the chief justice will annex him and make him a part of the afternoon scenery on Pennsylvania Avenue, to the great delight of the patrons of the rubberneck wagons.

A Superfluous Husband

GENERAL ISAAC SHERWOOD, who represents the Toledo District in the House, is a veteran and a great pension-getter for his constituents.

A year or so ago the general had a letter from a widow living in his district, asking for a pension. He wrote to her to send on the necessary proofs of her husband's service, death and all other essentials. He received certificates and affidavits from the doctor who saw the old soldier die, the undertaker who buried him, the minister who read the service over him, and various other people—all stating that the man was undoubtedly dead. The pension was secured. A few days ago the general received a telegram from the pensioned widow reading: "My husband turned up today, alive and well! What shall I do?"

"Kill him!" wired Sherwood in reply.

Storing a Loan

A MEMPHIS character, well known about town as brilliant but boozy, was persistent in his applications for loans and extremely careless about repaying them.

Several years ago, this man had induced a local bank to loan him forty dollars and had given his note therefor.

At the end of each three months he invariably appeared and asked that the note be renewed; and, as there was nothing else to do, the bank always renewed it.

One day he went into the bank and said to the cashier:

"I'd like to renew that paper of mine you have here."

"Certainly," replied the cashier; "I'll fix it up for you."

The cashier made the proper preparations for the renewal; and as he was fixing up the paper he said:

"Say, the directors were talking about this paper of yours the other day. They decided they wouldn't charge you interest on it any longer."

"That's very considerate of them," was the reply. "I am glad to hear it. I am under obligations to them."

"No," continued the cashier, "we're not going to charge you interest, we're going to charge you storage!"

The Problems of a Ten-Year-Old

A YOUNG lady of ten was discussing her future with her mother.

"Yes, mommie," she said, "I shall get married and I shall have four children."

"That will be nice!" commented the mother.

"No!" continued the young lady after a minute or two of deep thought. "Maybe I won't have four children. I might marry a bachelor!"

A Refined Restaurant

THE following printed notice appears in a restaurant run by a Chinaman in Bigtimber, Montana:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!

Patrons of this restaurant will please not throw butter and other things on the walls and ceiling, or mix ketchup, vinegar and sauces—thinking it a joke!

WILL PAY FIVE DOLLARS REWARD

For information to convict any one guilty of such disorderly conduct!

GOLD EAGLE RESTAURANT.

Woman may dress as she pleases, but man must please as he dresses. He can wear only two types of clothes—"Sincerity" and the others. In

Sincerity Clothes

you will be the best-dressed and dressed best.

Tailored by

Kuh, Nathan & Fischer Co.

Chicago

For sale at the "serve-you-best" shops. Write for "A Little Journey to the Capitals of Fashion"

The Senator's Secretary

PHILANDER CHASE KNOX, Secretary of State, always has had a good eye for and a discriminating taste in press agents, and he seems to have selected a grand little performer to accompany him on his trip to the Latin-American republics.

This artist specialized in plots. He was The Plotboy of the Western World. It seemed, on reading the dispatches from Nicaragua, and Guatemala, and Honduras, and Costa Rica and other places where Secretary Knox exhibited the full majesty of his five-feet-four, that every train on which Knox rode ran over a continuous streak of dynamite, that assassins lurked behind every banana tree, that fanatical patriots armed with *machetes* hid beneath each secretarial bed, that a conspiracy was hatched at each watering tank, and that each time the secretary cut open an orange he found a deadly bomb therein.

It was a fearsome experience—must have been, according to the press agent's tell. Imagine a cherubical Secretary of State of the greatest republic on which the sun ever shone, as he himself has well said, disturbed at his breakfast by a band of plotters who sought to extract a couple of quarts of his life's blood from him! Fancy an exponent of the dollar diplomacy brought face to face six or seven times a day with a horrendous conspiracy to blow him into little bits and scatter those bits on the bosom of the Pacific or the Atlantic, as the case might have been and as the geography dictated! Consider the parlous situation of a prime minister of this Government who was compelled to walk the streets—or ride them—of those far-away cities in constant apprehension that every moment might be his next, and that the anti-skidding chains on the automobile might set off at any instant a dangerous, not to say deadly, bomb, with consequent disaster to Philander Chase and with a subsequent vacancy in the Cabinet of President Taft! It was nerve-racking to the secretary, but it was more than that to the great mass of American citizens who, largely unaware whether Nicaragua is a cough medicine or a disease, read each morning of the dangers to which this doughty traveler was exposing himself with no protection save a military aide or two, his family, his son, his son's family, and a valet who, between valeting, acts as messenger in the State Department. The great mass of the people feverishly scanned the papers each morning to see whether the secretary had been distributed about the landscape in such minute quantities that it was necessary to gather his remains with a sponge, or whether he was proceeding on his triumphal progress through those Southern countries with which we are cementing our trade and fraternal and political relations by the simple expedient of giving John Barrett the job of official cementer.

Valet and Messenger Too

However, nothing happened. As the dispatches said, each plot was frustrated and the secretary escaped unscathed. You understand, of course, that the only simon-pure way to spoil a plot is to frustrate it. It isn't legal if it is headed off in any other language. Also, each time the innocent but impending victim must escape unscathed. That is positively required by the rules of the Press Agents' Union. So Philander had the plots against him regularly frustrated, and continued unscathed to the very end. All of which goes to show that the secretary's choice of his press agent was excellent. That press agent knew the newspapers wouldn't pay tolls on dispatches carrying nothing but the jollies of the secretary for our Southern neighbors and their answering jollies couched in pure Castilian. So he found a plot at each alighting place, and he thereby got the name of the secretary in the papers and kept his trip on the first pages when, had there been no plots discovered, the trip would have been briefly mentioned, day by day, in agate paragraphs on the inside.

Still, the alert sleuths of the Democratic House of Representatives consider they put one over on the secretary that may cause him to scurry round and see if he can't find a lost voucher or two. They recently unearthed the startling news that the colored brother who acted as valet for the secretary is on the Government payroll as a messenger, or something like that, and they asked why in a raucous manner. There was considerable to-do about it, and witnesses were summoned and a rigid investigation made. It had all the earmarks of a genuine scandal, if scandals can be said to have earmarks.

But why all this excitement? Is it possible that, merely because there happens to be a Republican Administration and a Democratic majority in the House of Representatives, a Secretary of State shall not be allowed to follow the precedents of his office? Perish the thought! Are these Democrats so blind to the rights of the Cabinet set and the near-Cabinet set and all other official sets that they seek to destroy the custom that has obtained for years whereby the secretaries and assistant secretaries and bureau chiefs and many others in authority in the Government service get their valeting, and their barbering, and their butlering, and their coachmaning, and their footmaning done at the expense of the Government? Have we fallen on such decadent days that there shall be criticism because a negro who sits as messenger without a secretarial or an assistant-secretarial door shaves the secretary or the assistant secretary, valets him, presses his clothes and in the evening goes to the home of that high official and acts as waiter or butler or in any other social capacity when the distinguished statesman is entertaining?

Do these Democrats not know that the chief function of colored brethren who are carried on the Government payrolls as messengers and doorkeepers and clerks is to act as body and house servants for the dignified gentlemen who occupy the desks within the offices outside of which the colored brethren preside during office hours? Do these carping Democrats fail to recognize the time-tried principle that makes a man who has a light touch with a razor a much better messenger than one who has a heavy hand? Do they think that skill in pressing clothes is not an attribute to successful doorkeeping, and that a clerk who can put on a plum-colored coat and be an impressive butler is infinitely better in his clerkly duties thereby?

The Biffums' Butler

Fie on these Democrats! They are allowing their passion for investigation to cloud their appreciation of the time-honored precedents of years. How, in the name of Heaven, can an assistant secretary in one of the great departments of the Government be a social leader in the near-Cabinet set on four thousand dollars a year, unless he can borrow his waiters and his butler and his barber and his valet and his coachman from the Government? It is impossible!

The social glories of the near-Cabinet set must inevitably fade if these rude and unfeeling Democrats deprive the leaders of that set of these perquisites.

Nor is it impossible that the social effulgence of the Cabinet set shall be dimmed by these revolutionary exposures. For years and years it has been the custom for Cabinet members and assistant secretaries to use as aides in their social and household enterprises the messengers with whom they are generously provided by the Government. Should you call on an assistant secretary at his office your card will be taken in by a negro messenger, able, alert, affable. Should it so happen that you are a guest at that assistant secretary's house at dinner, or should you drop in for a tea or stop to leave a card at a reception—assistant secretaries and their wives are heavy on receptions, it looks so well in the social columns of the papers next day: "Mrs. Biffum, wife of Assistant Secretary Biffum, of the Department of Rusty Nails, gave a largely attended reception yesterday afternoon. She was assisted by Mesdames"—here insert the names of the wives of the other assistant secretaries, leaders in the near-Cabinet set—"and wore a beautiful gown of black spangled satin with meringue effects"—should you drop in for a tea or a reception or go to dinner, you will find the messenger who took in your card and one or two other messengers butling and waiting on table and announcing. And so it is at the house of the member of the Cabinet, and at the house of the bureau chief, and at the army house, and at the navy house, and all along the line.

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There are over 100 styles of Barker Brand Linen Collars for you to choose from—one or more styles to suit you exactly. Most dealers carry a complete line. Make sure you get the genuine—look for the dog's head trade mark. If your dealer cannot supply you send us $1 and we will send you 3 collars prepaid

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And in the old days there were carriage appropriations, and if not carriage appropriations, then a team belonging to the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, for example, could be secured by an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury so that his wife might make her calls; and there always are a number of coachmen and footmen among the messengers. Mighty good coachmen, too, and mighty good butlers and barbers and valets.

What the Democrats have done by digging up and exposing the fact that Secretary Knox took a messenger with him as a valet is to strike a blow at the social fabric of Washington. To be sure, Secretary Knox's private income is about forty or fifty thousand dollars a year, and he could have hired a dozen valets if he chose; but who is Philander Chase Knox that he should violate one of the customs and precedents of the Department of State? And who, for example, is Huntington Wilson, that his messenger should not act as butler for him?

Can an Assistant Secretary of State disregard a century-old precedent? And should officials in these high departments be deprived of the perquisites of their places? I trow not.

Still, that isn't the main point. The main point is this: What will become of the near-Cabinet set if these Democrats make an issue of this? What will become of all that cultured society life of the near-Cabinet set if the ladies of that set are compelled to hire their butlers and waiters and coachmen instead of having the Government hire them for them? Are the Democrats churls that they seek to destroy this brilliant social feature of the official life of Washington? I look to see the newspapers protest sturdily, for if the near-Cabinet set cannot have its functions, as it inevitably cannot if it is deprived of its butlers and waiters in this arbitrary and unfeeling fashion, the social columns of the newspapers will be reduced from their present three or four columns a day of chronicles of these brilliant and charming affairs to a few paragraphs, inasmuch as the heaviest contributors to those columns are the ladies of the near-Cabinet set, who send in the news of their affairs in order that the names may be spelled right—these reporters are so careless!—and also because it looks much more imposing to have printed the list of those who were invited rather than the list of those who attended.

Pity the Near-Cabinet Set

It may be that the advice of cooler heads will prevail. It may be that some of these Democratic Representatives who live in boarding houses and think the way to earn their salaries is to work at the Capitol and in their offices, and who do not appreciate the beauties and the charm of the official social life of the capital, with its unending round of dinners served by the same caterer, with the pompous messenger-butlers acting in strict accord with the social usages of the day, with the receptions from four to six, with the days at home when the other ladies of the set come in to pour tea and preside at the sandwich table, with the property palms sent up by the florist and the china from the shop that makes a specialty of renting it—it may be that these Democrats can be brought to see the enormity of their offense. They are threatening the very social life of the near-Cabinet set. They are condemning charming ladies who live in two-room-and-bath apartments and have a gas plate in the bathroom to cook the breakfast on, but who can get the lobby of the apartment house on Thursday afternoons for a reception or a tea or a bridge party—they are condemning these social leaders to drear existences in their own two rooms.

It is atrocious! These Democrats who cannot understand why a secretary or an assistant secretary should have his barbering and his bathing and his valeting done at Government expense must be shown the error of their ways. The American people will not allow the social activities of the near-Cabinet set in Washington to be curtailed in this unfeeling, unsympathetic and un-Republican manner.

Home Poisoned Milk A Risky Food!

The milk drunk today is a serious food. 2,000 books have been written about it. The United States Government circulates one containing 835 pages. We have written a book called "Scientific Food Keeping," a short, practical digest which every mother should have and can get for the coupon below.

This book deals with food—not milk alone—in all its important phases. It is guaranteed scientifically accurate by the commissioner of one of our great boards of health. It goes into astonishing details in regard to things we eat. You won't realize till you read it the risks we run today.

It tells how most milk is **48 hours in transit** from dairies to homes. And how one germ in milk at 60 degrees, in this time can breed 4,000,000 others. It tells how warm "ice boxes" multiply germs to a point where some milk is poison. It shows how some "ice boxes" full of ice, can have a "temperature" of 70 degrees. It cites a case in a New York Hospital where such an "ice box" caused an epidemic. It explains why germ-increase in milk must be checked if our children are to be safe in our homes!

It shows how germ multiplication in new milk is immediately stopped (and in 48 Hour milk is almost completely arrested) by the Bohn Syphon Refrigerator—a refrigerator that is totally different from any other made, it shows how the Bohn maintains a temperature of 42 to 48 degrees—a sanitary cold—that is dry, what this dryness means, and how it is obtained through syphoning pure, fresh, wholesome dry air throughout every inch of each food compartment; how this air collects all impurities and deposits them on the ice from whence they pass off through the drain pipe.

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Our book "Scientific Food Keeping" tells how to keep food best.

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To THE MAN of THE HOUSE

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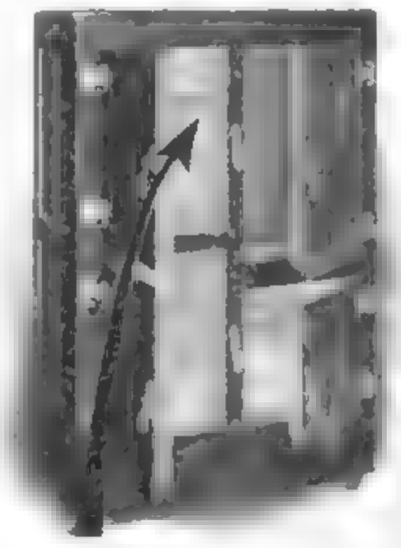

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WATER-POWER BONDS

By Roger W. Babson

WITH the paper of three weeks ago, entitled Defaulted Bonds, I intended to close my second series of articles for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST; but I have received so many letters from readers requesting an article on water-power bonds that I am adding one more article to the series, although the natural time for it to appear was some weeks ago. This article, however, will be the last of said series, and I shall then begin a new series entitled America's Great Industries, taking up from an investment point of view in twenty articles the twenty great industries of our country. As the romance of each of these great industries is intimately woven with twenty of our greatest trusts, I think the series will be of interest to the business man as well as to the investor.

Unfortunately—or fortunately, if you care to look at it in a different way—what is good for the investor is often hard for the competitor; while facts that are cheering to the competitor are discouraging to the investor. In other words, in my discussion of these great industries, which will commence in about two weeks, I shall endeavor to give the cold facts as I find them in connection with the various lines of business we discuss. In some cases the facts will be encouraging to the security holders; but such facts will then be discouraging to the honest independent operator, because in his business he is bucking up against the trust that controls said line. On the other hand, when discussing a different line of business we shall in some cases find facts that may be discouraging to the holders of securities; but such facts should be distinctly encouraging to the small men who are struggling to build up a business of their own in the line under discussion. Therefore, although this new series will be written primarily for the investor, yet it should be of distinct interest to every business man, workman and clerk who is in any way identified with these twenty greatest industries, and this includes something like ten million American people. But now a word relative to water-power bonds, about which I have been asked.

Coal will slowly continue to increase in value until it becomes exhausted. The Eastern mines are continually being dug deeper, while the Western mines are continually being developed farther from the manufacturing centers. Moreover, the cost of transporting this coal is gradually increasing, and in fact everything tends to make coal, the present source of power, more expensive. Not only is the supply decreasing, but the demand is increasing, which tends still more to increase the price.

What the French Call White Coal

This decrease in the world's coal supply, coupled with the development of alternating electric current and high-voltage transmission, has turned the attention of the public-utility companies to the development of water powers. Unlike coal properties, however, the expenses of which—per ton mined—should continually increase, the expenses of a good water-power development—per horse-power—should not increase, but rather, until the plant is producing its maximum output, tend to decrease. This is principally due to the fact that very little labor is required to operate a water-power plant, some half a dozen men being all that are necessary. It is due also to the fact that it is needful to purchase only very few commodities, the principal item being oil for the machinery; and that the total interest on the investment is a fixed amount, and as the output of the plant increases until it is producing its maximum output these interest charges per horse-power will decrease. Therefore, while the value of the coal properties of the country is continually decreasing, the value of the water powers of the country is gradually increasing.

It was an appreciation of these facts and a fear that possibly the day might arrive when the owners of our water powers would have the only practical source of power supply that so stirred ex-President Roosevelt, ex-Secretary Garfield, Mr. Pinchot and others to the conservation policy in which they are so much interested. In fact it has been said that this question, "Who shall control our water powers?" was one of the principal reasons, if not the chief reason, at the bottom of the Ballinger troubles. These men saw the great strategic position which the owners of the nation's water powers may sometime hold, and, therefore, strove to retain as many as possible of these powers, especially the undeveloped powers of our great West. We cannot conscientiously do anything to handicap the conservationists in their noble and far-sighted policy; but we are justified in purchasing securities of private companies that are now developed and have passed the experimental stage.

Notwithstanding the fact that the water powers of the country will have a great future value, there exists in the minds of the public in general an exaggerated idea of the present value of these powers. With the great improvements that have been made in boilers, steam engines and electric generators, and with the great strides that have been made in the design of power stations, distributing lines and the apparatus by which the consumer utilizes electric power, the cost of electric power generated by steam, even though the cost of coal has continually increased, has during the past twenty-five years gradually been reduced. How long this will continue it is difficult to foretell. A limit, of course, will finally be reached.

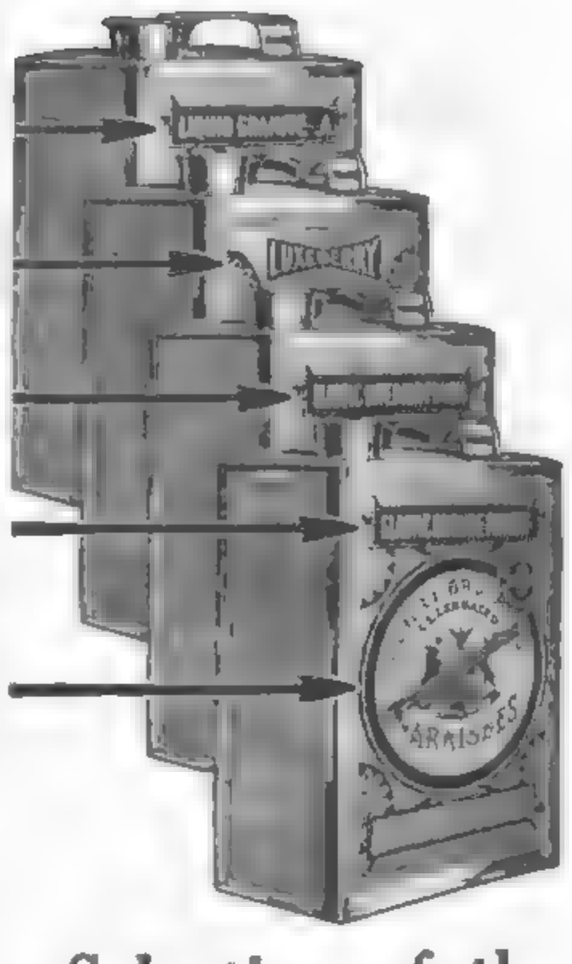
Five Tests for the Investor

It often costs considerably more today to construct a water-power development and build the long transmission lines that conduct the power to its market than it does to construct a steam-power plant at that market. Although the cost of operation is less for a water-power plant, it will be found in the final analysis, if we take into account the greater interest charges on the investment, and so forth, that the cost of electric power, delivered to the consumer, is not at the present time so very much less when generated by water than when generated by steam. This means that the margin of profit in water-power undertakings is not so great as is generally supposed. Owing to the high regard, however, in which water-power securities are held, the securities of many of these companies now sell at fairly high prices. The reader is, therefore, primarily interested in selecting a safe investment from some of the newer companies, but he should use even more care in selecting water-power bonds than in selecting railroad, industrial or other public utility bonds, and should not assume that because it is a water power it must necessarily be a profitable undertaking.

When a bond salesman comes to you and offers water-power bonds, ask him to offer several different issues and then sit down and analyze these different issues systematically and select the one that best passes the following five tests:

(1) *Are the water rights secure, and have the flowage lands and other rights been legally acquired?* Recently when investigation was made of a certain water power in the West, it was found that although the power company is now using the stream, yet a certain irrigation company has the right to divert a large proportion of this water from the river above the power-company's development, if at any time it so desires. Although there is no danger whatever of this irrigation company's doing so at the present time, yet the fact that it has a right to divert some of the water would probably prevent a careful bondhouse from indorsing the bond issue on this development. It is, therefore, very necessary for the bondhouse financing the proposition to make a very careful examination of all the water rights and privileges ever issued in connection with the stream, as well as of the various other legal questions involved. That is to say, there is much more need of careful legal research in connection with the construction and development of a water power than in connection with the development of other public utilities.

(2) *Is the primary twenty-four-hour power of sufficient size to make the proposition permanently profitable, and can this primary power be obtained without storing an abnormally large amount of water or without relying on a reserve steam plant?* There is a certain



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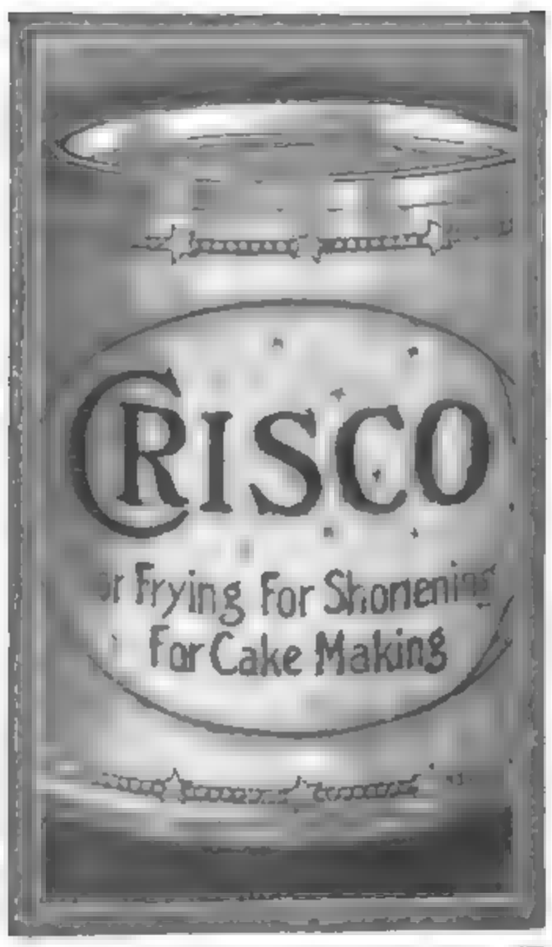

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Do not keep Crisco in a refrigerator, either in summer or in winter. The best results are secured when it is kept at the ordinary temperature of a room. Then it will be firm, neither too soft nor too hard, but of just the proper consistency to work into flour

For cake-making

When using Crisco instead of butter, [illegible] Then add salt to compensate for the salt which is used in butter to give it added flavor. Use the same care in "creaming" that you would with butter

For making pastry

When used where you would lard, use one-fifth less. Have the Crisco at room temperature and it will mix readily. If Crisco is used when it is hard, there is danger of using more than is necessary. Try chopping it in with a knife and see what good results you secure

For deep frying

Heat the Crisco until a bread crumb will become golden brown as follows:
60 seconds—doughnuts, fritters, etc.
40 " croquettes, fishballs, etc.
20 " French fried potatoes, etc.
Seconds can be counted thus: one hundred and one, one hundred and two, etc. After being used for frying Crisco should be strained through cheesecloth, then it can be re-used two and three times as often as lard.

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water-power development in Pennsylvania, situated very near a large city, that has every advantage, such as a high fall, good market for the power, stone bed for the dam, and so forth, excepting that it is too small to permit of an economical development. The cost of a water-power development per horse-power is much less for large developments than it is for small ones. The size of dam required is not at all proportional to the power developed, and the transmission lines cost nearly as much in the case of a small development as in the case of a large one. It may, therefore, be readily seen that the fixed charges on many of the small developments may be so large that the plant cannot possibly be operated at a profit.

Of course in the olden days of the wooden dam a power of only a few hundred horse-power was looked upon as a good asset; in fact it was a good asset for a grist mill, a sawmill or possibly a woolen mill. But for a profitable electrical development the horse-power should be numbered by thousands instead of hundreds. Therefore be sure that the developments in which you invest are large enough to be worth while.

Not only should the primary power be of sufficient size to make the project profitable, but this primary power should be obtained largely from the natural flow of the river without relying on additional storage reservoirs. The reservoir created by the dam at the development should be large enough to regulate the daily fluctuations in the flow of the river, but if additional reservoirs are required the total cost of the development may be excessive.

When to Go Slowly

A project in the West was recently called to my attention which contemplated, on account of the wide variations in the flow of the river, the use on the main river and its tributaries of five large storage reservoirs, together with a system of ditches. Not only was the cost of this development prohibitive, but so many reservoirs and ditches made the reliability of the power very questionable.

Again, the primary power should be obtained without relying on a steam plant. Not only will the cost of the steam plant greatly increase the total cost of the development, but the cost of generating the electricity from the combined steam and water power plants will also be greatly increased. In nine cases out of ten I should advise against investing in any water-power project that requires the construction of a steam plant to make up the deficiencies in the water power.

(3) *Are there records of the stream by days for a period of five years?* This is very important. When making an examination of a stream, a bondhouse may find its flow of sufficient volume to develop a very large horse-power, and all of the neighbors living in the vicinity of the stream may swear that the stream is always practically the same height; but careful water-power engineers have found that people, although honest, are very forgetful, and therefore engineers are slow to indorse any water-power proposition on a stream that has not had Government reports thereon for at least five years back and preferably ten years or more.

Since about 1888 the United States Geological Survey has maintained gauging stations on many of the important rivers of the United States. The number of these stations has been increased each year, so that at the present time they are established on most of the important rivers of the country. The records of these rivers are contained in the water-supply papers which are supplied every year by that department. From these records water-power engineers can figure fairly accurately, if the gaugings have been made at proper points along the river, the amount of power available. The fact that there are no Government records on any particular river under consideration does not necessarily mean that no reliable power exists on that river; but if there are such records it does mean that the reliability of the power on that river can be definitely determined and its value thereby definitely established.

(4) *What about the character of construction? Was the dam built on solid rock? How are the ends tied?* I know of propositions where the legal rights have been properly secured, where there is sufficient power, but where the promoters, in order to save money, did not adopt the best type of construction, or else selected that location for their dam which would require the least amount of construction material, regardless of the proper foundations. For such a proposition there will surely be trouble, sooner or later.

Water-power developments are a good deal like the little girl who had a little curl, and who was either very very good or very very bad. A railroad may be abused, but it can only gradually depreciate. A water power, however, today may be a great and profitable proposition and tomorrow may be entirely wiped out. A dam is either good or no good. When it is in place it is worth the million or more dollars that it cost. When it has been washed away that million dollars is a total loss. I have on the wall back of my desk two photographs, one showing a large dam with the river rushing over it at a height of ten or twelve feet above the crest, furnishing power for lighting the streets and operating the street cars of a large near-by city. It is a beautiful picture and represents a conservative investment of about two million dollars, of which a corporation may well be proud.

A Near-by Market a Prime Necessity

Adjoining this picture, however, I have another that was taken only a few hours later, showing the river freely running by, with four jagged junks of granite masonry projecting from various points in the water. In other words, during the few hours intervening between the time these photographs were taken the dam broke and that investment became a total loss. This is but one illustration, however, for every few months come reports from some part of the country of a dam that has been washed away, causing a default of the interest on the bonds secured by said dam, and a reorganization, if a total loss is avoided. Therefore it is very important to purchase water-power securities only of companies where the engineering work has been carried on by men of the highest reputation, who actually were given a free hand to spend as much money as was needed.

(5) *Is there a market for the electricity at a profitable price?* Even if the water rights, the amount of power, the history of the stream and the character of the construction are satisfactory, there is something else to be considered before placing one's money in water-power developments. The Waldorf-Astoria, in New York, is probably a great financial success; but erect a similar hotel on the plains of Kansas and it is immediately a financial failure. Yet today many water powers, which if located near prosperous cities would be very profitable, are being developed in certain out-of-the-way localities where it will be years before the power can be sold on a profitable basis. Some day it probably will be, but how is the interest on the bonds to be paid in the mean time? At the present time power cannot be economically transmitted for much more than one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles. The cost of transmitting it that distance is not due so much to the direct loss of power as to the interest on the investment. It costs from $4000 to $8000 per mile to erect a modern transmission line. If the line is two hundred miles long its total cost will be in the neighborhood of $1,000,000, the interest charges on which at five per cent amount to $50,000. Moreover, some of the larger water-power companies have found it necessary to erect duplicate lines simply for use in times of emergency, for in no other way can they hold their trade and furnish power continuously to operate the street cars and electric lights. It is very evident, therefore, that in order to meet these heavy interest charges a large amount of power must be sold and at fairly good prices.

One of the biggest plants is an illustration of a development that was built without due regard to the market. The experience of the company clearly shows that when it is necessary to create a market for the power the process is a slow one, for although this company has been in existence for many years it has only just recently begun to pay dividends on its capital stock.

In many states today the issuing of bonds for the development of railroads, street railways and even electric lighting and power companies is subject to state approval. This, of course, does not mean that bonds are necessarily good because they are approved by the public-utility commission of one of these states, as the commission is not called upon to judge the value of the proposition. These commissions, however, are a distinct check on

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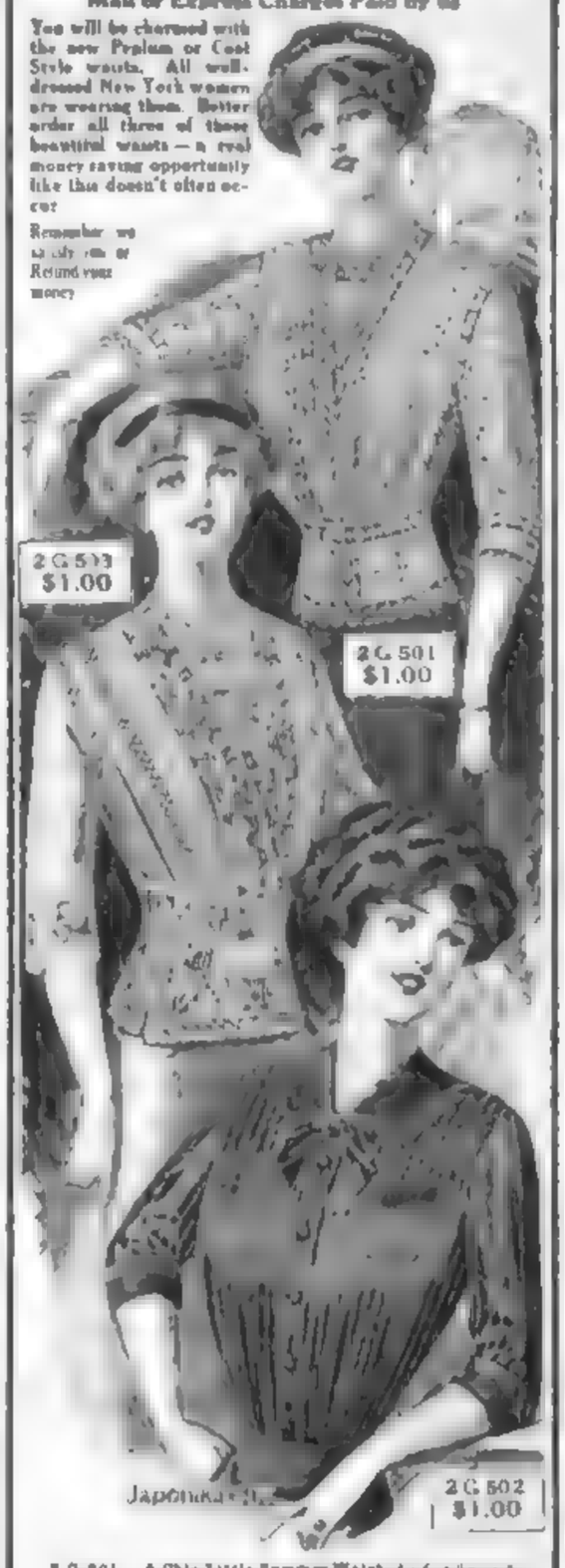

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overcapitalization, and some day they will be greatly appreciated by investors. Very few states today, however, have any laws regulating the capitalization of companies formed for the development of water powers. Thus of the new so-called public-utility companies that are today being formed, probably the most flagrant cases of overcapitalization will be found among water-power companies. Therefore, investors purchasing water-power bonds should make sure that they deal only with bondhouses of the highest character, those that have a reputation at stake and that are known by experience to have stood back of all their undertakings.

I am not, however, so pessimistic about water-power securities as the reader of this article may believe up to this point. As stated in the early part of the article, the men who own America's water-power developments one hundred years hence will own industrial America; and there is nothing I should rather leave to my family than the securities of some of our proven, successful and well-constructed water powers operating near our large cities. The bonds of these companies can be purchased to yield about five per cent and in some cases more. These should be absolutely safe as to principal and interest. Moreover, in the case of a few of these undertakings the preferred stocks at the present time should be good investments. But this is not all; for not only are many of the bond issues as safe as the highest grade railroad bonds, but the common stocks of some of these developments, which are now selling at only a few dollars a share, should be very valuable in years to come. In fact, on a property of which I am willing to purchase first-mortgage bonds, I often buy a little of the common stock in addition if the price is sufficiently low.

I even go farther and say that if a man will take a fund of fifty thousand dollars and will employ a water-power engineer to select for him ten or twenty water-power companies in which to invest, whose common stocks are selling at from $20 to $30 a share, and will follow the advice of that engineer, he will "wake up" some day and find that these stocks, for which he paid only fifty thousand dollars, will be worth one or more millions. Of course this is not coming about quickly. Between now and the time it does happen many present ambitious but impatient holders of these securities will become discouraged and tired of waiting, and will sell their holdings. In fact I do not say that today is the time to buy such securities. But there is a time coming when it will be desirable to pick up these common stocks here and there, for I repeat that one hundred years hence the men who own our water powers will control the industries of America. Therefore my own advice would be that when a power is found that stands all the tests above given, that has by a few years' operation proven its ability to make money, and that is being operated by men who stand for integrity, the readers of this paper will be justified in buying an equal amount of first-mortgage bonds and common stock.

In view of the questions that readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST have asked concerning the figuring of horse-power, I shall in closing this article submit a brief and simple discussion of the flow of a stream, and an outline of the method used in ascertaining its horse-power. This simple explanation may be of service not only to the investor but also to the owner of a small grist mill, or to a farmer who has a small stream running through his land.

The two factors that determine the horse-power that can be obtained from any stream are its flow and the vertical distance through which the water falls. It is a comparatively simple matter to determine the latter, but it is not quite so easy to ascertain the former. There are three methods of determining the flow of a stream; but space does not here permit me to discuss these methods. The velocity method is the one most commonly used, and it consists simply in measuring at the point where the flow is to be determined the velocity of the current and the area of a cross section of the river. The velocity of the current is measured either by a water meter or by the device of timing a float between two given points. The area of the cross section—which is the area of a section of water that would be made by the vertical cut of a knife if you could draw the knife through the water across the stream from bank to bank, similar to the area of the section of a loaf of bread made by cutting the loaf in two—is approximately determined by measuring the depth of the water at different points in a straight line directly across the stream from bank to bank. The product of the velocity in feet per second and the area in square feet gives the flow in cubic feet per second.

But the flow thus determined is simply the flow at one particular time, and does not by any means fully determine the flow of the stream. It must be remembered that the flow of a stream is not uniform from day to day or from month to month or even from year to year. It is usually highest in the spring and lowest in the fall or late summer. In order to determine fully the power that can be developed from a stream it is, therefore, necessary to measure the flow at different times.

If you have a stream running through your land, or own an undeveloped water power and expect some day to make use of that power, I advise you to erect a gauge on that stream at once and record each day the level of the water, for the longer the record, the greater is its value. A record thus obtained can be summarized and set down in a table like the following, which is the record of the flow of the Hudson River in 1909, taken for the Government reports:

Monthly Discharge of the Hudson River at Mechanicsville, New York.
Discharge in Cubic Feet per Second

Month	Maximum	Minimum	Average
January	10,300	1,590	[illegible]
February	29,700	3,970	11,600
March	15,700	5,640	[illegible]
April	46,300	11,500	27,500
May	28,200	7,230	17,000
June	9,560	2,500	[illegible]
July	3,390	1,210	[illegible]
August	3,210	235	1,720
September	2,140	430	[illegible]
October	2,270	531	[illegible]
November	2,620	718	1,680
December	2,550	400	1,770
The year	46,300	235	[illegible]

This table is an excellent illustration of the fluctuations of the flow that occur from day to day and from month to month.

Now the question is, which flow is to be used in figuring the horse-power of the stream. Is it to be the flow of any particular day or of any particular month, and is it to be the maximum flow, the minimum flow or the average flow? Of course if we wish to ascertain the continuous power that can be developed day in and day out we should use the lowest flow. This in 1909 on the Hudson River was 235 cubic feet per second. But the lowest flow usually occurs only one or two days in the year. On the Hudson River it occurred only one day, and that day was Sunday, when the mills were all shut down and the dams along the river were holding back the water.

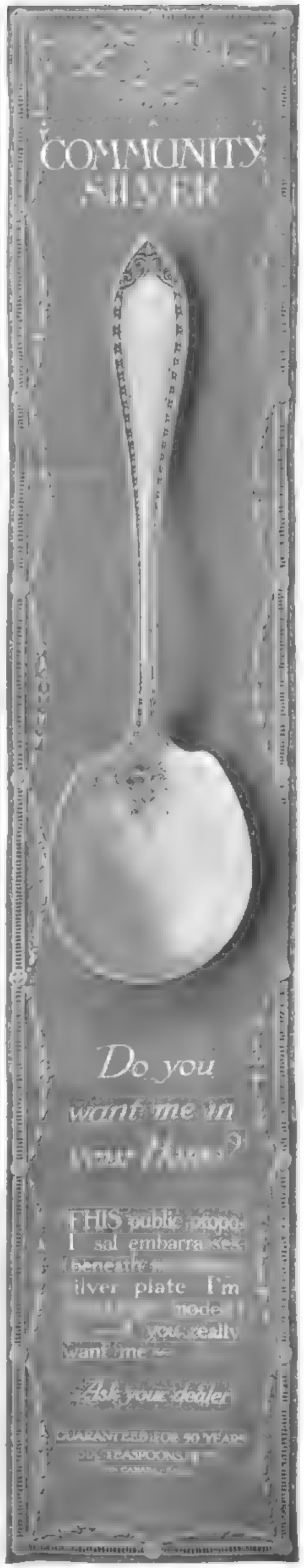
In constructing a water-power development the reservoir created by the dam is generally of sufficient capacity to regulate the daily fluctuations in the flow and to keep the flow continuously at least equal to the lowest monthly average. This is the flow on which the primary power of the stream is usually figured. In the case of the Hudson River in 1909 this was 1460 cubic feet per second.

The process of figuring the horse-power, after the height of the water fall and the flow of the stream have both been determined, is a very simple one. The power developed by a waterfall is nothing more or less than the power developed in a given time by a falling body. A waterfall is simply a series of falling bodies. The horse-power is, then, the weight of water, in pounds, flowing in one second, multiplied by the height of the waterfall in feet, and divided by 550—this being the number of foot pounds per second equivalent to one horse-power. As the weight of a cubic foot of water is approximately 62.5 pounds, the formula for horse-power in its elementary form is then:

$$\text{Horse-power} = \frac{\text{Flow in cubic feet per second} \times 62.5 \times \text{height of fall in feet}}{550}$$

The horse-power thus figured, however, is the theoretical horse-power, and on account of the losses of power in the water-wheels and electrical generators can never be obtained in practice. If we take into consideration these losses, which usually amount to about twenty-five per cent, the formula then becomes in its simplest form:

$$\text{Horse-power} = \frac{\text{Flow} \times \text{height of fall}}{12}$$



Elastica Floor Finish Makes Floors Like *This*

WE want to know—
and we want *you* to know—
all about *your* floors. We want to show you, as we daily show so many others, how inexpensive and how easy it is to end *permanently* all your floor troubles.

ELASTICA is the only floor varnish which will give you positive, satisfactory results. It is trade-marked like this—

Whether your floors be old or new, of soft wood or hard wood, painted or unpainted, stained or unstained, ELASTICA will preserve them with an elastic, bright, durable, waterproof finish. ELASTICA can be used just as well over linoleum or oilcloth. Because of the specially treated oil and other high grade materials used in its composition, ELASTICA presents an exceedingly durable surface which it is difficult to mar or scratch.

STANDARD VARNISH WORKS

TRADE ELASTICA MARK

FLOOR FINISH

Look for this Trade mark on a Yellow Label
Beware of imitations.

The One Perfect Floor Varnish

Remember the Name E-L-A-S-T-I-C-A and be sure you get the genuine. There is only one ELASTICA, and that is made by the Standard Varnish Works. And while brushing a floor with ELASTICA is not difficult—expert directions are on each can—many people like to advise with us before varnishing, particularly those who have not employed a practical painter.

Send for Book 84

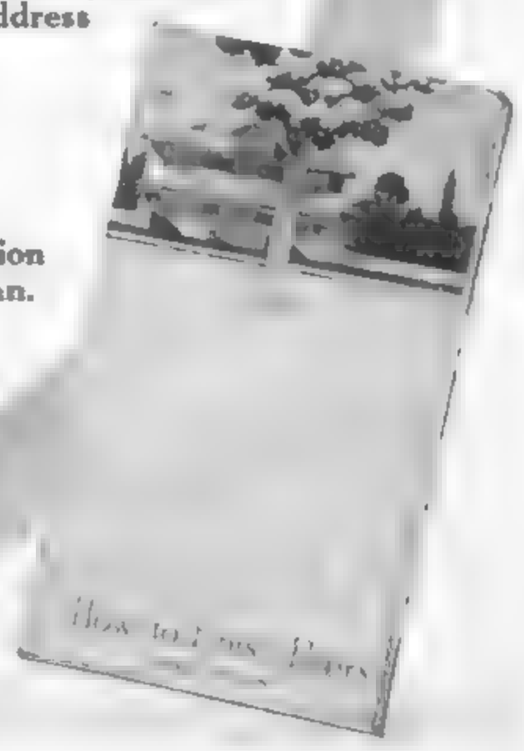
"How to Finish Floors"—Home Edition. Profusely illustrated, rich in suggestions for making and keeping floors beautiful. Also ask for a *set of exquisitely colored post-cards* showing handsome interiors, which will be sent with our compliments. Address

STANDARD VARNISH WORKS

29 Broadway, New York, 2620 Armour Avenue, Chicago, Ill., 301 Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal., or International Varnish Co., Ltd., Toronto, Can.

Ask Your Dealer

Besides **Elastica** Floor Finish we manufacture **Elastica** No. 1 for exterior use—**Elastica** No. 2 for interior use—Satinette White Enamel for interior and exterior decoration—Kleartone Stains and other Architectural Finishes.



Abbott-Detroit

ANYONE who is intimately acquainted with Abbott-Detroit cars will tell you that throughout the entire vehicle, from radiator to rear axle, every part is made a little stronger than the corresponding part of other cars of this price group.

For instance, one of the most important parts of the motor, the crank shaft of the "30," has a diameter of 1⅝ in.; whereas that of the average 30 horsepower is 1⅜ in.

The diameter of the crank shaft of the "44" is 1⅞ in., an eighth of an inch larger than that of other 40 horsepower motors.

As a result, the connecting rods are slightly larger, the bearings have more surface and every other dependent component is a little heavier and stronger.

The cylinders are greater for the given horsepower rating, which means more power.

The entire design, from the multiple disc clutch to the full floating type of the rear axle, shows that a larger factor of safety has been used than is commonly regarded as proper and sufficient.

The best chrome nickel steel is used in the transmission construction and the rear axles are made of nickel steel and equipped with Timken Roller or Schafer Annular Bearings.

The wheels are of the large construction artillery type, fitted with large diameter tires and demountable rims.

The bodies are of the latest ventilated fore-door design.

Their dimensions are especially generous, the distance from the front seat to the back seat being more than that of other cars.

The seats are wide, the upholstery thick and yielding.

There is ample room for the complement of passengers to ride in comfort.

The reserve of horsepower, resulting in the wonderful ability to climb hills easily and take rough roads readily, adds to the Abbott-Detroit's service-giving qualities.

IF YOU WANT A "30"—ORDER NOW

As Our Allotment on this Model is Almost Sold

The Abbott-Detroit "30" has been marketed for three years without a radical change.

It passed through its experimental stages years ago.

No other car can now lay claim to such endurance, such "well tried out" efficiency as the Abbott-Detroit "30," which is a mechanical duplicate of the famous "Bull-Dog," the car which has so successfully covered 50,000 miles without serious trouble or evidence of undue wear or tear.

We have only a few more of these models left, so that if you want a car that you can be sure of, that you can afford to put your trust in, let us have your order now before it is too late.

Experts will tell you that the materials used in Abbott-Detroit cars are all equal and in some instances superior to those used in much more costly vehicles, and yet the **Abbott-Detroit motor car prices, including Roadsters, Touring Cars, Coupés and Limousines, range from $1275 to $3000.** Dynamo equipment for electric lighting $90.00. Hanna Self-Starter with gas tank $50.00.

Abbott Motor Company

601 Waterloo Street, Detroit, Michigan

SENSE AND NONSENSE

Too Much to Go Through

A LAWYER picked his way to the edge of the subway excavation and called down for Michael Finnerty.

"Who's wantin' me?" inquired a large, rawboned voice.

"I am," said the lawyer. "Mr. Finnerty, did you come from Castlebar, County Mayo?"

"I did."

"And was your mother named Mary and your father named Owen?"

"They was."

"Then, Mr. Finnerty," said the lawyer, "it is my duty to inform you that your Aunt Kate has died in the old country, leaving you an estate of twenty thousand dollars in cash."

There was a pause and a commotion down below.

"Mr. Finnerty," called the lawyer, craning his neck over the trench, "are you coming?"

"In wan minute," said Mr. Finnerty. "I just stopped to lick the foreman!"

For six months Mr. Finnerty, in a high hat and with hard shoes on his feet, lived a life of elegant ease, trying to cure himself of a great thirst. Then he went back to his old job at one-seventy-five a day. It was there in the excavation that the lawyer found him the second time.

"Mr. Finnerty," he said, "I've more news for you. It is your Uncle Terence who's dead now in the old country; and he has left you another twenty thousand."

"I don't think I can take it," said Mr. Finnerty, leaning wearily on his pick. "I'm not as strong as I wance was; and I'm doubtin' if I could go through all that again and live!"

His Hold on Fame

BRAM STOKER, the friend and biographer of the late Sir Henry Irving, tells a story illustrative of his distinguished patron's well-known aversion to having a counter-attraction sharing the attention at a theater during any of Sir Henry's performances.

Sir Henry was playing his annual London engagement once when Nansen, then in the height of his fame as an Arctic explorer, came back from an expedition in search of the North Pole. The curtain was just about to rise one evening when Stoker came behind the scenes with news that Nansen was sitting in the royal box. Irving received the news in silence.

A few minutes later one of the members of the company bustled up to the star to tell him the same thing. Irving merely grunted. And right on the heels of this up came a fluttering woman "super" and said:

"Oh, Sir Henry, did you know the great Nansen was out front?"

"Nansen? Nansen?" said Irving as though he were trying to remember who this person Nansen might be. "Oh, yes—the chap who stands the cold so well!"

Better Than an Alibi

COLONEL G. M. QUARLES, a tobacco planter in Christian County, Kentucky, had a darky manservant named Mose. Mose was driving his boss into town one day, when he suddenly remarked:

"Marse Garrett, dey had me up befoah my church las' night fur dancin'."

"I don't suppose you were guilty—were you, Mose?" asked the colonel.

"Yas, suh; yas, suh," said Mose. "I was guilty of dancin', and dey proved hit on me too; but I come clear. My friends stuck to me close; and, after dem other niggers had done testified ag'inst me, my friends all got up and testified dat, though it was true I danced, I was so drunk at de time I didn't know whut I was doin'. So I come clear—and the preacher scused me!"

Sights on the Equator

W. J. BURNS, the captor of the McNamaras, has developed into an accomplished after-dinner speaker. At a dinner given in his honor by the Quill Club, in New York, he told this story:

A Pacific Ocean liner was making a Southern voyage, with a full passenger

STEPHENSON UNDERWEAR MILLS (STALEY BRAND) SOUTH BEND, IND.

HAVE you ever fully *realized* Underwear comfort—fit—style—correct proportions?

All Stephenson Union Suits and Two-Piece Suits are made to *fit men*—to fit them perfectly. They are correctly cut, have elastic cuffs, are accurately stitched, beautifully finished and have a flap of our own design that *really covers*.

Stephenson Underwear

There's coolness—freedom—athletic fit—in our Double Spring Needle Knit Cotton, Lisle and Silkeline garments for Summer—unusual merit in our light-weight Worsteds for Spring and Fall.

Stephenson Underwear (Staley Brand) costs little more than inferior garments. But it is *real* value.

Sold by the most reliable and progressive dealers—almost everywhere.

Stephenson Underwear Mills
South Bend, Indiana

Largest Producers in the world of Exclusively Men's Underwear $1 per garment—and up

LIVE right—dress right and you're all right.

There isn't a man in the world more entitled to good looks and good luck than yourself.

THE L SYSTEM

Clothes for Young Gentlemen

are the kind of clothes that put you "right." They're the kind you've simply got to have. You've never seen their like. They are real clothes—excellent clothes. As "bright as a new dollar"—as toneful as your favorite melody. Tailored and shaped with supreme skill—styles of tomorrow. The L System Clothier will be happy to show you or sell you these garments. Look him up. Spend a half hour with him. Try on a few models. You'll like them.

H. M. Lindenthal & Sons

Boston CHICAGO New York

Send 24c for new set of College Posters or 2c for a style book.

list. There were also a good many fleas aboard. They were nearing the equator when a lady passenger came to the captain, who was somewhat of a wag.

"Captain," she said, "I'm just dying to see the equator. I always thought it was an imaginary line; but my husband says it is plainly visible on a clear day. Is it?"

"It is," said the captain; "in fact, it is even now visible through a strong glass. You wait here a moment."

He went to his stateroom and got his binoculars. As he was on his way back he plucked a long hair from his head and stretched it across the lens. He handed the binocular, thus decorated, to the lady. She put it up to her eyes and looked at the horizon ahead, according to the skipper's decoration.

"If you see a reddish wavy line that's the equator," said the captain.

"Oh, goodness!" gurgled the lady. "I can see it just as plain as anything! And oh, captain, there's a camel crossing it!"

Kahn's Come-Back

JULIUS KAHN had just been reëlected to Congress by a very small margin, and one of his political supporters was reminding him of the service he had rendered in the campaign.

"What would you have done if it hadn't been for me?" he asked.

"Why, I would have been in the position of the Hoosier in the hotel," replied Kahn. "He and two companions occupied one large room together. After a day in the metropolis devoted principally to following fire engines in the hope of seeing a conflagration, the cement sidewalks proved too much for feet that were accustomed to plowed ground, and he retired. When his companions returned, a few hours later, they found the door locked. They kicked on the door until they awakened him and asked for the key.

"'I threw it over the transom,' he replied.

"When they had found it and unlocked the door one of them asked:

"'What would you have done if there had been a fire?'

"'Why, I wouldn't have went!'"

Unsquenchable

A YONKERS, New York, physician had a negro cook who was a chronic complainer. One day she came in groaning with a misery in her side, and the doctor offered to prescribe for her.

He went into the dining room, poured out a spoonful of game sauce, stirred in some English mustard and sprinkled on some cayenne pepper, and handed the dose to the sufferer, telling her to take it down at one swallow.

It was two weeks or more before Mary turned up with a new pain. This time it was in her other side. Her employer offered to mix her another dose of his medicine.

"No, suh!" said Mary firmly. "I'm much obliged to you, doctor; but I se done got my mind made up never agin to drink nothin' what water won't squench!"

Something to Worry About

They said it hurt morals, and maybe it harmed
Good morals, but folks were not greatly alarmed;
The few were concerned; but the many were prone
To leave the whole matter severely alone.

They said it hurt culture, and maybe it had
A bearing on culture most certainly bad,
But left to itself it would work itself out,
There wasn't a thing to be worried about.

They said it hurt learning, and maybe it did,
But learning's a thing that expects to be hid,
And while there was much, they agreed, to be learned,
There wasn't good cause to be gravely concerned.

They said it hurt manhood, and maybe it meant
Some injury to it, as far as it went;
But this was no reason for clamor or fuss
As long as it didn't directly hurt us.

But when it hurt Business the folks over town
Unitedly said that it must be put down,
Whatever it was, and they stamped the thing out—
For then it was something to worry about!

—*J. W. Foley.*

SWP

When you paint your house do you select the color and let it go at that?

Or do you *know* whether the paint selected is the kind that is best adapted to your needs—is the quality that will wear best, look best and preserve the building best?

If you are an expert on paints and surfaces to be painted, your own judgment is enough. But if you are not an expert, better than relying on your own judgment is to have the 40 years' reputation of Sherwin-Williams Paint back of your decision.

SWP is your painter's or your paint dealer's term for

Sherwin-Williams Paint (Prepared) a house paint of splendid covering, lasting and preserving qualities.

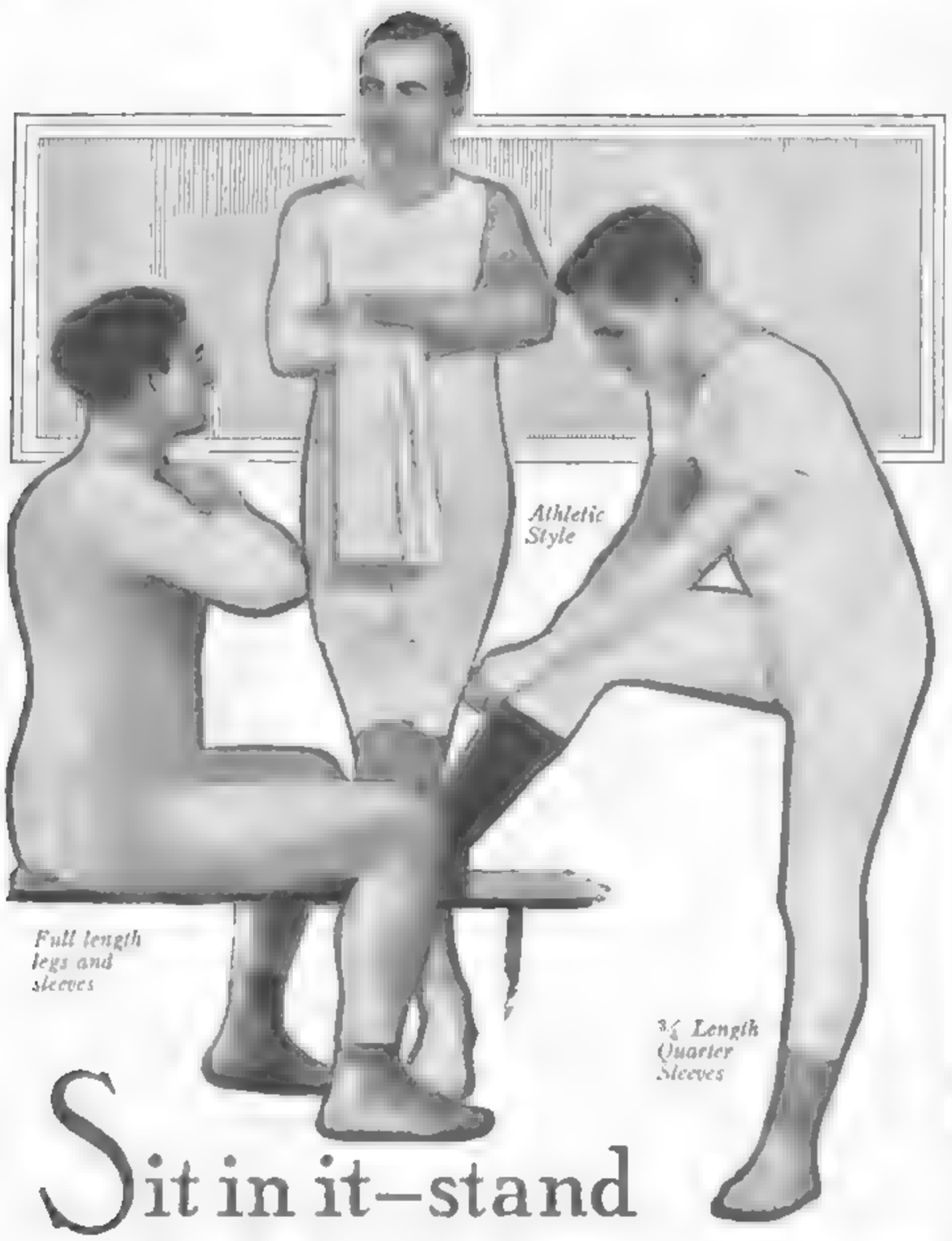
—a paint made from pure and carefully selected materials, combined in accurate proportions, ground and mixed by powerful machinery, put up in full U. S. measure cans and obtainable wherever paint is sold.

Send for our "Style Book of Home Decoration"

showing a number of beautiful color combinations for house painting, together with complete specifications for producing the results shown.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS & VARNISHES

Address all inquiries to The Sherwin-Williams Co., 613 Canal Road, N. W., Cleveland, Ohio.
Home Decoration Display Rooms, 116 W. 32d St., Opp. Gimbels, New York.



Sit in it—stand in it, stoop, jump or run.
This Union Suit—

—can't gap in the seat

An exclusive Superior feature, "the lap without the gap," has banished forever all union suit discomforts. This is a seat that *can't* spread open because it *interlocks* like the ends of a collar. And it

—can't bind in the crotch

—because it has no buttons on the seat to prevent free movement. It adjusts itself *instantly* to every position, *always* stays shut and *always* sets snug and smooth. Another exclusive Superior feature

— gives double wear where the wear is hardest

This is a *reinforced crotch* that takes all strain off the front buttons, crotch and leg seams and makes *impossible* the ripping, tearing and stretching so common there. And the Superior *always fits perfectly*. Its fabric is so elastic it gives entire freedom of action, yet never loses its figure-knit design. Cuffs and ankles are fashioned so they *never* "creep." And there is a Superior size for *every* man. THE SUPERIOR UNDERWEAR CO., Dept. G, PIQUA, OHIO.

All sizes, styles and fabrics $1 to $5. In Canada $1.50 to $7. Most good dealers have it—Get it today for Summer comfort.

Superior
THE PERFECT UNION SUIT

Write now for handsome free book of styles and fabric samples.

THE NEWSPAPER GAME

(Continued from Page 16)

blurted out the whole story of my misfortunes. He had heard of newspaper reporters and, on the whole, considered them a bad lot. One had come down from Hamilton once to look into the sale of some land he was interested in and had not impressed him favorably. Still, I might be different; and I looked honest. I thought of the apple pie in my ulster pocket and blushed with guilt.

"Can ye write a letter?" he asked.

Could I write a letter! I assured him I was the correspondence king. I probably was the best letterwriter in the world. Then he told me he had a long and important letter to write that was worrying him. It concerned a farm he owned in the back country and if I would promise to talk with him and get his ideas and write the letter in the morning he would give me a bed for twenty-five cents.

I know I cried a little from sheer joy when he told me that. A bed, at that time, seemed to me the acme of human desire! He led me up on the third floor and showed me a good, clean bed in a little room. I was asleep in five minutes. But, Heavens! how my feet hurt!

He rapped me up before seven o'clock next morning. "Come down and have a bite of breakfast before we begin," he said. I hurried through that toilet like a man who has but five minutes to get off a sleeping car. They gave me oatmeal, and bacon and eggs, and coffee, and great slices of wonderful bread and new, sweet butter. It was a feast! I ate until I was ashamed. Then I went out to the office and we took up the work of the letter. He told me what he wanted to say and I made a draft of it for him. That didn't suit him and I made another. Finally I got it as he wanted it and wrote it as plainly as I could for him to copy. By this time it was noon and he gave me my dinner and told me I had better stay until the following morning. I rested all that day, had a great sleep at night and another corking breakfast. When I tried to pay him fifty cents for the two nights' lodging he wouldn't take it. He said my letter had earned it; and he told me how to make a crosscut that would save me some walking and get me into Paris that night, nineteen miles by the railroad track. Some years later, when I had money, I bought and sent to that man the finest brier pipe I could find in New York, reminding him of the circumstances; and his scrawled letter of acknowledgment is one of my treasures.

Another Pie-Counter Raid

As I started to Paris I took stock. I had accomplished twenty-eight miles and had spent twenty cents of my money. It was a cold, crisp morning; my feet felt better and I was reasonably cheerful. I tried the road my landlord told me of, but found the walking not so good as on the track and soon went back to the railroad. At noon I ate my last apple pie. I had had a respite and it tasted very good, though its long stay in my ulster pocket imparted a sort of a clothy flavor that didn't help it any.

Those nineteen miles to Paris were long and weary, especially as the only food I had was the apple pie. It must have been nine o'clock when I got in. A railroad section man let me bunk with him and gave me a big sandwich of corned beef and thick bread. I got a cup of coffee and two biscuits for breakfast and started for Brantford, eight miles away. By this time I looked like a tramp. My face was covered with a bright-red stubble of a beard; my trousers were tied round my ankles with heavy string; my overshoes were badly scuffed out, and I was much wrinkled and mussed. However, by wearing my ulster when I was near a village and pulling my hat down over my eyes, I managed to get through without trouble until I reached Brantford.

At Brantford a constable nailed me. He said tramps were his special meat and he was convinced he had a fine specimen in me. I didn't blame him any; but I talked him out of taking me to the lockup and got on such good terms with him that he told me of a hayloft filled with hay, where I might get in and sleep. Brantford, it seemed, had no accommodations for young gentlemen of the road like myself. Nor was there any place to get anything to

Village Yesterday—Town Today—
City Tomorrow—That's
Western Canada
Where Fortunes Are Made Every Day
A country larger than all the states east of the Mississippi combined, whose development is creating countless opportunities. Along the
Grand Trunk Pacific Railway
now being built from ocean to ocean, are
Hundreds of New Towns
Merchant
Get a business in a growing, going town of the great Canadian West. All businesses are wanted. In a new town $700,000 worth of business was done by merchants the first year. Let us tell you of similar new towns. The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company offers store and factory sites at Low Prices—Easy Terms—No Interest.
Investor
Where business enterprises go property advances rapidly in value. There are unlimited opportunities in Western Canada for judicious investment. In a new town three lots were purchased direct from the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company for $350; less than a year later the purchaser sold them for $1,700 cash. You can buy new town property direct from the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company at Low Prices—Easy Terms—No Interest.
Homeseeker
A CHAIN OF OPPORTUNITIES
Towns. Let us tell you about Mirror, Alberta—"The City Beautiful." Map in the United States, Canada Free.
G U RYLEY, Land Commissioner
Grand Trunk Pacific Railway
Room 317, Union Station
WINNIPEG CANADA (21)

You—And Your Written Speech

Years of honest manufacturing, of business dealings, have given you a certain place in the estimation of the public which is a vital cash asset.

So long as you deal personally with your fellows you can easily convey this feeling of business pride.

Look for the "EAGLE A" Water-Mark

It's a Good Habit

When of necessity your transactions are reduced to writing paper—just at that moment you need every ounce of power you can get.

Just at that moment—

COUPON BOND

is invaluable, for COUPON BOND is The De Luxe Business Paper.

This Bond, which has been the preference for over twenty years by many firms of National prominence, is the Bond for you.

Send for Portfolio of Specimen Printed, Lithographed and Die-Stamped Business Forms of this—The De Luxe Business Paper.

AMERICAN WRITING PAPER COMPANY
31 Main Street Holyoke, Mass.

Ask your Printer or Lithographer to show you samples of "EAGLE A" Bond Papers.

Have You Seen the New Tubular Ties?

Four-in-hands and bow ties that are pin-proof, reversible and woven in all the popular shades and color combinations. To see them, ask your dealer for

CHENEY SILK CRAVATS

Be sure to ask for the new all-silk Summer ties—a very varied line

All our Cravats are marked CHENEY SILKS

Cheney all-silk absorbent handkerchiefs in white, colors and border effects are also sold by dealers everywhere

CHENEY BROTHERS
Silk Manufacturers
4th Avenue and 18th Street, New York

CHALLENGE
Brand WATERPROOF
COLLARS & CUFFS
YOU CAN'T TELL THEM FROM LINEN
The Arlington Company 725 B'way N Y

eat. I was faint with hunger, but I crawled into the hay, buried myself to the neck and was soon asleep. The man who owned the barn came in early next morning, carrying a tin pail. He fussed round on the ground floor of the barn for a time and then went out. I slid down the ladder, grabbed the pail and vanished. I thought it might be his dinner bucket. When I got a mile away I opened the pail. I had guessed correctly. There was a chunk of boiled beef, some bread and butter and a wedge of apple pie. I threw the pie away.

It was twenty-four miles to Hamilton, a city of considerable size, and it took me two days to make it. The food in the dinner pail kept me going all that day; and at night a farmer let me sleep in his house and gave me some soggy potatoes and fried salt pork and tea for breakfast, for fifty cents. I surreptitiously slipped a few slices of the fried pork into my coat pocket and later transferred them to my ulster pocket. That ulster pocket was my commissary. The fried pork held me until I reached Hamilton, where I was extremely wary about railroad detectives in the railroad yards. I figured that I must be somewhat presentable in that city, for I hoped to find a way to get some money. I found a barber shop near the station, got a shave for ten cents and turned my collar. Then I buttoned my ulster round my neck, threw away the remains of my overshoes and swaggered into the station. I had a look at myself in the glass, and, though my clothes were somewhat rumpled, I didn't look so badly. And I was almost eighty miles on my way.

Home at Last

There was a lunch counter in the Hamilton station. It was more ornate than the one at London, but it had the same sorts of sandwiches on it, the same doughnuts, the same cakes and the same apple pies! An apple-pie Nemesis had me in her fell clutches. A train came in. The passengers crowded up to the lunch counter. I edged in and edged out. When the train was called I had edged in and edged out four times—and I had six nice little brown apple pies in my ulster pockets! I tried to get some sandwiches, but they were covered with paper and stuck, though the apple pies slid into my pockets easily. I guess I was calloused by that time, a hardened apple-pie burglar, for I never did try to pay them back for that lot.

It is in the neighborhood of forty-five miles from Hamilton to Niagara Falls. It took me four days to make that trip, and I had the hardest time of the outing. It grew very cold. I had to sleep in a straw-stack one night. They arrested me in St. Catharine's, but the judge turned out to be my friend. He wore a Masonic charm on his watch-chain. I wasn't a Mason, of course, being less than nineteen at the time, but my father was; and I told him that, and told him so convincingly that he not only let me go but lent me a dollar besides.

I ate those six nice little brown apple pies in the course of those four terrible days, and not much else; for I was saving my money for a shave and a clean collar and a general clean-up at the Falls and a ride in. I didn't know just how I could do all that for a dollar-eighty, but I had hopes. I ate those six nice little brown apple pies; and for ten years after that I couldn't look an apple pie in the face.

My experiences along the road had taught me to go into towns by the back streets and I came into Niagara Falls in just that way. I escaped the police on the Canadian side, got over the bridge all right, and walked down to take my first near view of the American Falls. I was standing on the parapet watching the Falls and wondering how much it cost to go to Buffalo by train, when I felt a tap on my shoulder. "Police!" I thought; and as I turned I exclaimed: "Please, sir, I haven't been doing anything!"

The man who tapped me on the shoulder laughed. He was a man from my home town who was a consul at Clifton. He happened to be in Niagara Falls, saw me on the street and followed me.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

I told him. Three hours later I started for Buffalo, bathed, shaved, with new linen and new shoes—and with enough money in my pocket to get me home. Four days after I got home my mother died.

Editor's Note—This is the third in a series of six articles on the Newspaper Game. The fourth will be printed in an early issue.

STEIN-BLOCH SMART CLOTHES

The man who "starts off" in a Stein-Bloch Suit is most likely to come back with what he goes after. He's dressed RIGHT—and that's half the battle. Just see to it that the Stein-Bloch label is in the spring suit *you* buy. It won't cost you any more than you have been paying, but it will give you *better fit and style* than you have been getting. *Ask us for the nearest dealer's name* .... Ours is the label that means 57 years of knowing how. Demand it always.

The Stein-Bloch Co. Rochester, N.Y. Wholesale Tailors

The Stein-Bloch Company
Rochester, New York
New York Boston Chicago

Buy It By The

Of Any

It's the saving way to buy it and convenient besides!

Your teeth will be b all the time. Your breat be sweet and your ap good—your digestion will complain.

Get it! Have it! Enjo Benefit! The benefi confection is chea recreation!

It Costs Litt -But less

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By The Package
By The Box

The Flavor Lasts

The Friendly Sign of a Fretless Summer.

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

DODGE the discomforts of warm days by wearing *Loose Fitting* B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts, Knee Length Drawers and Union Suits (identified by the above Red Woven Label). Buy them *now*, lest your dealer be "all out" of B.V.D. when the heat makes *you* feel "all in."

B. V. D. Union Suits (Pat. U. S. A., April 30, 1907), $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, $3.00, and $5.00 the suit.

B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c., 75c., $1.00, and $1.50 the garment.

The B. V. D. Company, New York.

London Selling Agency 66, Aldermanbury, E. C.

"Spread it on thick, Mother!"
Good butter is good for the little ones. You cannot provide anything more pure and wholesome for them than delicious
Meadow-Gold Butter
Its sweetness and delicate flavor are irresistible. You know Meadow-Gold Butter is pure because it is made only from rich cream, every ounce of which has been pasteurized
The patented air-tight, odor-proof package keeps the butter perfect
To Dealers: The opportunity to sell a high class butter at a reasonable price opens before you. Write for address of nearest distributing house.
Makers and Distributors
East of the Mississippi River
The Fox River Butter Company, Chicago, Ill.
West of the Mississippi River
Beatrice Creamery Co., Lincoln, Neb.
Distributing branches in principal cities.
Meadow-Gold Butter

THE RECORDING ANGEL

(Continued from Page 23)

business at the convening of the spring term of the court at Ruckersville as an excuse for remaining at home. Amy herself went to the adventure like one fearful of being awaked from a particularly happy dream. She dreaded the failure of the operation; and it may be she dreaded, in some indefinable occult fashion, the long laid aside duty of seeing men and things literally and judging them accordingly.

As for Elbert, his state was pitiable. For so many years Amy had been the one person who loved him and believed in him. He had enjoyed the singular privilege of being wicked and worthless and at the same time seeing himself honored and glorified with all the virtues and attributes of a hero in a good woman's regard. He dreaded the judgment of Amy's eyes as he did not fear the condemnation of God. Many a man has been in this predicament, and no shrewder torture can be invented for the damned.

On the day that he received the telegram from Jim Bone, saying that the operation had been successfully performed and that the doctor entertained every hope that Amy would have her sight again, he was distracted with horror. For the first time in many years he was keenly alive to what he had become. One day he stood before the dusty mirror in Amy's room, looking long and fearfully at his image there—the reflection of an old drunkard with bloated features, bleared, bloodshot eyes, pimply red nose and sagging under lip. He straightened himself, tried to bow his back and make a proud figure. Then he sobbed. The expression of manhood that goes with such a carriage was gone.

In a few days the invalid was brought home with great triumph and set down in her dingy room, her eyes still tightly bandaged, her heart fluttering with strange delight and stranger dread. She must remain absolutely in the dark for a week longer, the doctor had counseled, to insure her recovery and to prevent the strain of the light upon the nerves of sight, weakened by her long blindness.

Then Elbert remained at home. He neglected his precious business in spite of Amy's protests. He would not leave her a moment. He was like a prisoner enjoying his last reprieve from judgment and just punishment. He made abortive efforts to tidy up the old, disheveled house, much to her amusement as she heard him pattering about, casting things out of sight and snuffing awkwardly round with a broom in dusty corners.

"Elbert, dear, what does it matter if things are in some confusion when these bandages are removed? I shall not see them. I shall see only you!"

Elbert groaned to himself; but to her he bantered cheerfully: "Oh, I remember what a good housekeeper you were, and this old house is going to shine when you see it again. It's not going to have a beam in its eye just for you!"

In vain she complained that he put everything where she could not find it.

"Never mind," he retorted; "when you get that bandage off you'll find them all in the right places, where you used to keep them."

He was jealous of every moment when visitors came and prevented his being alone with her. He particularly resented Mrs. Martin, who regarded him and his preparations grimly, as much as to say she was glad his day of judgment was at hand. In fact, every eye in the village was on Elbert, some wonderingly, some pityingly, for all knew the illusions of Amy's blindness in regard to her husband.

At other times, when he was not busy "shining up the yard and garden," as he called it, he sat beside her, talking in that high, half witty, half poetical vein in which no one else ever heard him speak, beguiling the time of her suspense, sometimes kissing her idle hands—for Amy had become strangely idle. She could no longer work with her beads. The mere anticipation of sight had destroyed her blind skill.

On one of these occasions, as they sat together in the darkened room, she said:

"Elbert, I want yours to be the very first face I see."

He bowed his head; his eyes filled.

"But, Amy Light," he answered, "that is what troubles me. You will be so disappointed. I—my God! I just can't bear for you to see *me!* I'm glad you are going to see everything else, but not me!"

"Hush!" she whispered, drawing the hideous old head down upon her breast; "that's all I'm thinking about, the joy of beholding your dear face—that and seeing the stars shine again."

"Elbert," she went on after a pause, while she stroked his old aigrette forelock softly, "now that I begin to think of such things, next to you I've missed most the sight of the stars. I've been lonesome for them many a time, as if they were the home of my eyes. It's so plain to me why there are so many of them."

"Why?" asked Elbert.

"It's because we are immortal. And it takes a long time to be, when we never die. And we rarely spend, I reckon, more than three score years and ten in one world, unless"— she smiled as if she had happened upon an engaging fancy—"unless the climate is unusually good! So there have to be myriads and myriads of planets to keep us comfortably going on with our business of always living, always hoping ourselves up out of the dust of one world into the breath and life of another!"

"But Amy, dear Light, you will see no change in the stars. That little flower garden constellation rises every night above the lilac hedge in the garden just as it did twenty years ago, every blessed one of 'em twinkling and waiting, same as then, for you to look at them and say, 'It is good!' And old Venus hasn't faded a bit; shines every evening exactly like she used to shine after sundown when you saw her last. The Great Bear and the Little Dipper are right where you left off looking at 'em, as if you'd never turned a page or cast a year behind. And you, Amy, Heaven knows why, but you haven't changed the way other people change. You are beautiful, you are wonderful, as if God had just gone on making you over in His finer and finer images each day. But me, my dear, you can't expect a man of sixty-five to look like the man of forty-five that you used to see. It's astonishing, my dear, how time changes the looks of a man. Er—it makes him ugly, Amy, and dull looking. My eyes—I never wanted to trouble you with it—but I've had some trouble with my eyes, and they are not clear now; they are inflamed. Seems to me I cannot bear that you should see how I've changed and gone down!"

"Now, Elbert," she laughed tenderly, "who would have thought a man could be so vain! Don't you know that no disguise of sickness or wrinkles or age could keep me from seeing you, the dear good heart who has been so patient and loving all these years to a useless blind woman?"

"But that's it, my Light. It is you who have been good and patient with me. I have not been so thoughtful as I ought to have been of you. I believe I've neglected you, Amy."

"Hush!" she said, and laid her hand upon his lips. "I've never allowed any one to find fault with my husband, and I'll not listen to it now at the very last from you. You know nothing about him. I reckon I am the only person in the world who knows how good and great a man Elbert White is."

In some such fashion as this ended every effort he made to prepare her for the shock of beholding him, so obviously the sot and vagabond. And a bridegroom never made more desperate resolutions to look his best upon his wedding day than he did upon the fatal day when Amy's eyes should behold him again. He employed all his spare time in preparation for this event. He purchased some clothes, giving his note for them and a lien on two bags of cotton he received every autumn in rent upon a tiny farm that Amy owned in the flat woods. He brushed his shoes, hunted up an old black string tie to go under his collar, and he laid all these things together with his clean clothes on a bed in the spare room, against the great day.

But a woman is like the weather. She trips by the clock. You may have every indication pointing that way and predict fair weather for tomorrow; then some little angel turns over the dew-box in heaven and the floods descend, and you do not get the sunshine you had every reason to expect till the day after. Just so, you may foretell with certainty what a woman will do; and then she will contradict you, if she gets the chance, by doing it a day too soon, or after you have lost all hope of her doing it at all.

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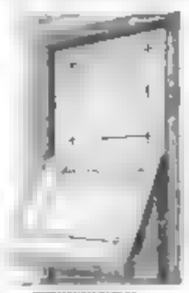

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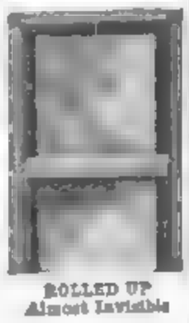

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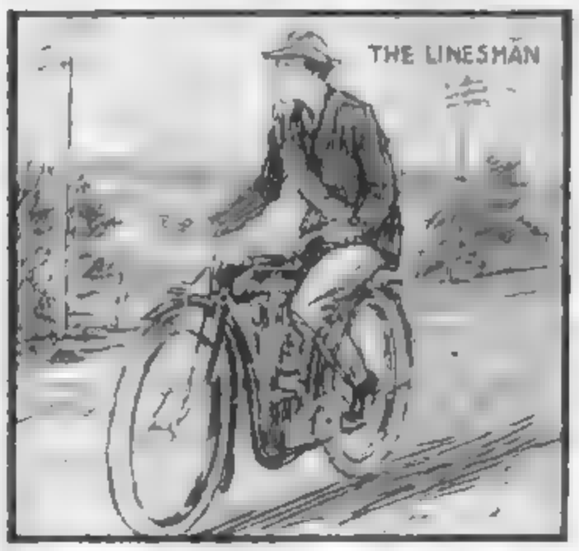

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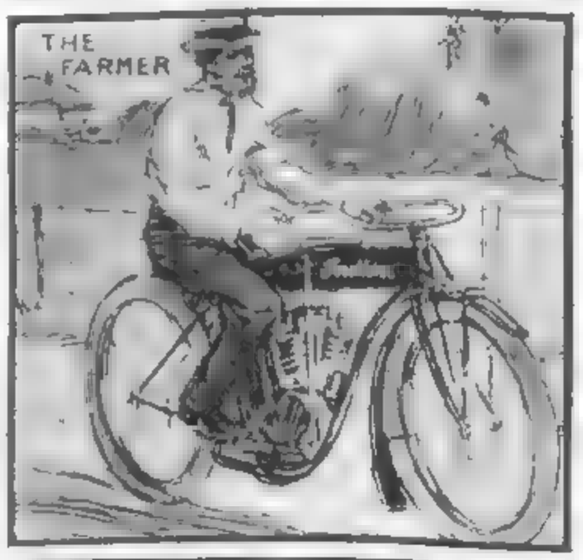

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THOUSANDS upon thousands of loyal smokers of Edgeworth Plug Slice Tobacco—men who have come to swear by this good pipe-smoke—will be interested in this announcement that "Edgeworth" is now also offered READY-RUBBED—all ready for the pipe for those who prefer it. If YOU never have tried "Edgeworth," do so now in its new form.

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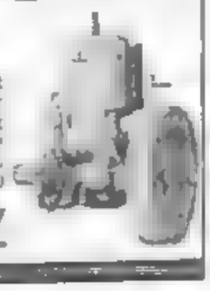

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THE REPUBLICAN SITUATION

(Continued from Page 4)

Nor has it any bearing on the question of who shall be nominated by the Republican convention, except in one way.

It is the announced intention of Senator La Follette to remain in the race to the end, not with the hope of getting the nomination himself, but for the purpose of defeating Roosevelt, whom he feels has not acted fairly with him, and with the further and more important purpose of displaying to the country the popular weakness of President Taft as a candidate. If, the La Follette managers assert, Taft makes as poor a showing in other states where there are primary tests as he made in North Dakota, it may be possible to force the nomination of some other man by the proof they expect to secure of the widespread antagonism to President Taft among the voters of his party.

No informed person has ever held that Mr. Taft could secure anything like a majority of the votes in a nation-wide primary against any good progressive candidate. What the men overlook, who claim these various primaries will have an effect on the convention result, is that but six or seven states have presidential primaries. In the rest of the states the delegates to the national convention are selected by the old convention system, and in most of these states the conventions are dominated by the organizations which almost entirely are for Taft. Senator La Follette's only appeal or only chance for delegates was in the primary states. If Roosevelt had not entered the race thus to split the La Follette vote—or, to put it on a broader basis, the progressive Republican vote between himself and La Follette—Senator La Follette could not have been nominated and would have had an inconspicuous number of delegates—out of the total of 1076—in the national convention. The Senator won in North Dakota because of the active support of Senator Gronna and also because of the feeling there that La Follette had not been given the square deal. There was no encouragement for Roosevelt in the North Dakota result.

Party Reasons for Loyalty to Taft

Allowing La Follette successes in other primary states, there is no possibility that he can come to Chicago with enough delegates to win. This then leaves the contest between Taft and Roosevelt. It will not be much of a contest. Taft will win. He will be nominated, and the reason he will be nominated is because Taft men are in control of the state organizations, the national organization, and for the other reasons that affect Mr. Roosevelt heretofore set forth, and because Mr. Taft is president and can use the power of his place to get delegates—and is using it.

The great bulk of the delegates to the National Republican Convention are selected by the convention system. The convention has for years been the medium whereby the organization, which in turn is dominated by the boss or bosses, attains its results. There is no particular love between the various state bosses and Taft. They do not think Taft has done very much for them, and he has not. Still, as between Taft and Roosevelt and La Follette, they are for Taft. They mostly have taken their losses for 1912, to use a Wall Street phrase, and have decided they will be whipped; and as a matter of party regularity they are for Taft, who, as titular head of the party, demands renomination, and whose defeat for renomination means that the Republican party itself, through its organization, has repudiated itself and has therefore virtually declared itself unworthy of further support by the people.

Organization men in the Republican party are not enthusiastic for Taft. Their work for him is due to no loyalty or affection. They are working for him for party or political reasons solely to perpetuate themselves in the control of the machinery. They expect Taft to be beaten, but they want to retain the organizations for future use, and the only regular way they can retain them is to use them this time for the regular candidate.

There are fifty-three members of the Republican National Committee. Of these forty are Taft men—or for Taft in the present crisis. Paring the committee down

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to the bone, two of these forty can be set aside as not thoroughly dependable for Taft work, but that leaves thirty-eight men who will do any Taft task that is desirable or needful. These men will sit in Chicago, before the convention, as a body of judges on the qualifications of the delegates who shall present their credentials to them for enrollment as regular delegates to the convention. The national committee makes up the temporary roll of the convention, and makes it up by placing on the roll the names of delegates elected in accordance with the national party call for the convention, and on the basis of their credentials. The committee has the first say as to the regularity of the candidates.

The only recourse for Roosevelt delegates in most instances is to present contesting claims for places on the temporary roll. The national committee hears these contests. Thirty-eight members of the fifty-three of this committee will vote solidly to place Taft delegates on the temporary roll in all cases where there are contests. They have ample precedent. Four years ago when the Allies presented contesting delegates, the committee, then dominated by President Roosevelt, threw out contesting delegation after contesting delegation and placed Taft delegates where Roosevelt wanted them. Then the steam-roller rolled for Taft at the direction of Mr. Roosevelt. This year it will roll for Mr. Taft again.

It is the same way in the majority of the states. The Republican organizations are for Taft for reasons of party regularity. The impelling personal cause is not strong, but the party demand holds them in line. They are seeing to it that the district and state conventions send Taft men. It is not so hard as it looks. Without primaries the bosses can control the district and state conventions. Delegates have been and will be instructed for Taft whenever instructions can be forced. This coming Republican National Convention will be a machine convention run by machinists, and the machinery will be well oiled.

The protests of the Roosevelt men that machine methods are being used, and that the power of the presidency is being invoked by Mr. Taft to renominate himself, are not worthy of serious political consideration. Ethically, of course, the whole thing is atrocious, but politically it is customary. Besides, when Mr. Roosevelt was nominating Mr. Taft four years ago, there never was a boss who was quite so bossy a boss as he was, nor was there ever a more effective use of Federal power to get delegates. Also, Mr. Roosevelt and his friends said nothing then about popular primaries or the expression of the will of the people. They went at the job they had—the nomination of Taft—with their sleeves rolled up, and they used the good, old-time methods. The issue of popular primaries the Roosevelt people are trying to raise to defeat Taft is a fake issue in so far as it applies to the Roosevelt-Taft situation. There should be presidential preference primaries in every state, but there is no reason for them just because Mr. Roosevelt wants to take the nomination away from Mr. Taft.

When the Roll is Called

The temporary roll of the convention will be for Taft, unless the old-line politicians lose their cunning. With any sort of intelligent political work Taft should have a clear majority on the temporary roll. Then the situation becomes easy. The delegates on the temporary roll will select a credentials committee, to which will be referred such contests as have been held to be meritorious by the national committee. Then the question resolves itself into a situation where a lot of delegates vote whether they themselves shall remain on the roll and become the permanent delegates to the convention, or shall vote to unseat themselves.

Of course if Mr. Taft's managers shall commit the incredible error of making up a temporary roll with less than a majority of Taft delegates on it, or if Taft cannot come to the convention with that number, Mr. Taft would better retire, for he will not be nominated. Still there isn't much danger of that. Likewise, the necessity for iron-clad instructions is widely apparent. The delegates must be chained, or they may get away.

Enthusiastic Roosevelt supporters, while admitting that Taft, by virtue of his power as president, will have most of the delegates from the Democratic Southern states, are holding to the hope that when these delegates get to Chicago and are fully informed on the probability of Taft's defeat next November, they will break away on the principle that self-preservation is the first law of a Southern Republican. This is a slender thread on which to hang the hope of a nomination for president. The men who elected those Southern delegates will keep them herded, and will vote them as they are expected to vote them. It is quite true that the only reason a Southern delegate is a delegate is because he is a Federal office-holder or influenced by a Federal office-holder or selected by one, and if left to himself he might break away. But they will not be left to themselves. Somebody will ride herd on them every minute.

No Stampede in Sight

Then, too, the real enthusiasts talk of stampeding the convention by the magic name of Roosevelt. That idea is fanciful, even fantastic. No convention with a majority of delegates instructed for a candidate ever was stampeded for anybody. It is easy enough to stampede the galleries. You can get those non-voting persons going by simply waving a flag and shouting "Honk! Honk!" at them. The delegates under instructions do not stampede. Instead they maintain rather bored attitudes, and vote for their choice, or are voted for him, when the noise has subsided.

There is no doubt that the Roosevelt managers will present an unprecedented number of contests. It is easy to organize rump conventions and send contesting delegations, if the money for expenses is forthcoming. But with a national committee composed largely of regulars voting on the regularity of delegates and placing them on the temporary roll, it is doubtful if many of the Roosevelt contests will get very far. The steam-roller will be working at Chicago in June, 1912, just as efficiently as it was working there in 1908. However, one thing is certain: The Chicago convention next June is likely to be overstocked with impassioned oratory, with charges and countercharges and with a lovely lot of criminations, recriminations, and what one side or the other will call political crimes.

There is another angle to the situation that is discussed—that is the choice of a compromise candidate. This talk was more prevalent when the opposition of Mr. Roosevelt to Mr. Taft seemed more formidable than it does as this is written. It was the idea of some men that when the delegates got to Chicago, with this fierce fight raging between Taft and Roosevelt, the wiser and cooler heads in the party would call in the leaders and say: "Let us compromise this thing. It is probable that Taft will be defeated if he is nominated. It is certain that if Roosevelt gets the nomination away from Taft that will leave enough soreness in the party to defeat him. It looks to us as if neither can win next November. Why not discard them both and select a man who can unite all factions and lead the party to victory?"

Several names have been selected as possibilities for such a compromise: Mr. Justice Charles E. Hughes, of the United States Supreme Court; Charles Warren Fairbanks, former vice-president; Senator A. B. Cummins, of Iowa; Albert J. Beveridge, of Indiana, former United States Senator; and mayhap one or two more. There might be a chance of this if the convention should be split between Taft, Roosevelt and La Follette, so that neither had a majority of the votes and there was a deadlock; but the idea of the Taft people compromising when they will probably have enough delegates to nominate their man is too quixotic to be considered. It might be that some set of politicians would throw away a victory after it is won, but no such set will be working at Chicago next June, nor has this country produced any such up to the hour of going to press.

It took a long time to get Mr. Taft moving in this campaign. He was placidly of the opinion that all that was necessary was for him to announce his desire for a renomination and the people would do the rest. What he needed was to have somebody hit him with an ax. That happened. The somebody who hit him with an ax was Theodore Roosevelt. When Mr. Taft became convinced that Colonel Roosevelt really did intend to be a candidate against him he cut loose. All the power of the

JUST pour boiling water on a Steero Cube and a cup of rich, delicious bouillon, perfectly seasoned, is ready to enjoy.

"STEERO"

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Bouillon Cubes

Made by American Kitchen Products Co., New York

provide you with appetizing refreshment at a moment's notice. No trouble, no guess-work, no cooking. A Steero Cube added to gravy, soups or sauces gives them a richness of flavor not easily secured in any other way.

Send for Free Samples

and learn how delicious they are. Send 35 cents for a box of 12 Cubes, postpaid, if your grocer or druggist can not supply you. Tins of 50 and 100 Cubes are more economical for household use.

Distributed and Guaranteed by

Schieffelin & Co.

177 William St., New York

Under Pure Food Law, Serial No. 1

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Steel Bait Rods

No. 11—"The Old Reliable." The best all three styles of handle—maple at $4.50, cellulaid $5.00, cork at $5.50. Guaranteed Three Years. If your dealer can't supply you, write us.

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presidency is being used to secure Taft's nomination. Also, Taft has had the first luck he has had since he became president. That luck was the opposition of Mr. Roosevelt, which helped him a lot and tended to solidify the party for him because of the Columbus speech and the third-term business. Also he has increased in strength before the people in the past six months.

Taft on the First Ballot

But it is more than that: The actual result of the candidacy of Mr. Roosevelt will be the nomination of Mr. Taft on the first ballot at Chicago next June. If Mr. Roosevelt had kept away from a public declaration and had eliminated a part of his Columbus speech, he was in a good place. Taft would not have had the impetus the candidacy of Roosevelt gave him, and the convention at Chicago would have assembled with a candidate before it whom almost every delegate thought was certain to be defeated. Then if this impression could have been fostered there might have been a chance for a turning to Roosevelt and his nomination. Indeed there was a chance. There is no doubt that before his Columbus speech and his declaration Mr. Roosevelt was as strong with the people as he ever was, and that means he was very strong. Out of a newspaper poll taken by the Kansas City Star, a progressive paper, Mr. Roosevelt had more than half of the one hundred and sixty thousand votes cast, and the rest were distributed between all other candidates, Republican, Democratic and Socialist. The same proportion was shown in other parts of the country in other polls. Then Mr. Roosevelt made his Columbus speech. He advocated presidential preference primaries, direct popular primaries, the short ballot, and the election of United States Senators by the direct vote of the people. The people believe in these things. There is nothing incendiary about them. But his speech wasn't edited for him. He tacked on the recall of judges and their decisions, and, as they say in Indiana, "he spilled the beans."

Since that time the Taft people should have had no fear of presidential primaries, for Mr. Roosevelt, while he may regain his personal popularity with the people, has lost his political popularity. This has made it much easier for the organizations, which, though not for Taft on personal or any other grounds, but entirely for political and party reasons and to maintain their own political standings and the political standings of their organizations, have had much easier work.

It is not necessary to go into detailed explanations of state situations. The general facts based on detailed investigations are herewith set forth. A number of conventions and some primaries will be held before this is printed, but there can be no doubt that Mr. Taft will come out in these tests with the bulk of the delegates. Nor is there any doubt that he will be nominated at Chicago, unless he too should make some blunder like the Columbus speech, which is not probable.

So far as his election is concerned, the fact that a good many Republicans who are for him, as against Roosevelt, for the nomination, are for him now, does not mean that his election is any surer than it was some months ago. That depends on the character of the man the Democrats nominate and the kind of a platform the Democrats present to the people.

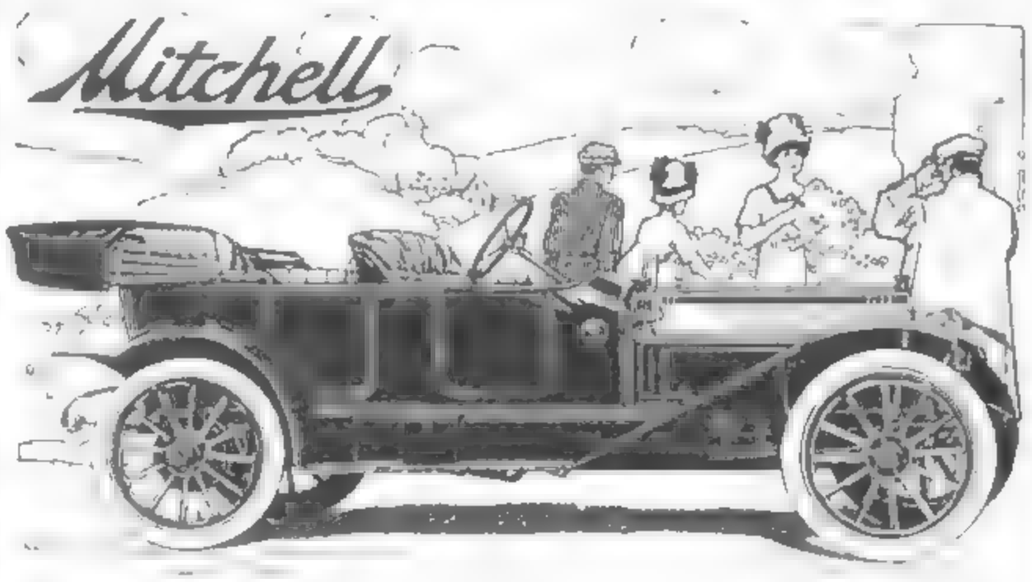
Dutch Courage

BOOTLEGGERS operate in Oklahoma to some extent and generally make the whisky they sell. It is known locally as forty-rod stuff, because it is guaranteed to kill at that distance.

In a case in Durant, where the quality of the whisky was in question, it was explained to the court how dynamic it is. A Durant man, it seems, took home a pint of the mixture. He spilled a little of it on the floor of his shack. A rat came out of a hole in the wall, took a sip and went back. In a minute the rat came out again, took another sip and retired to his hole. Presently the rat came out and took a third sip. Then, instead of retreating to its hole, the rat stood up on its hind legs, waved its forefeet in the air, gritted its teeth and squeaked:

"Now where is that —— cat!"

Mitchell



IN all this competition among makers of automobiles there's one interesting and important point to buyers—High prices are being charged and paid for temporary finish and unnecessary equipment and not for the things that really make an automobile.

A good motor, good transmission, good wheels and reliable steering apparatus don't cost as much as formerly.

You'll find the best of these in the Mitchell cars; the things that make an automobile go; the things that give it power; the things that make it last and the things that give you confidence and comfort.

You can pile finish and equipment on a Mitchell car till you've made it cost $6,000, but you won't get any more automobile than you get when you pay $1,750 and get a Mitchell with its regular equipment. Whether it's one of the regular Mitchell four cylinder models, or one of the sixes, or the smaller runabout, what you pay for and get is automobile—good and reliable, the kind of vehicle that for 77 years has made the name Mitchell famous and will keep on making it famous for another 77 years.

Mitchell cars are built for the man who can't afford to make a mistake.

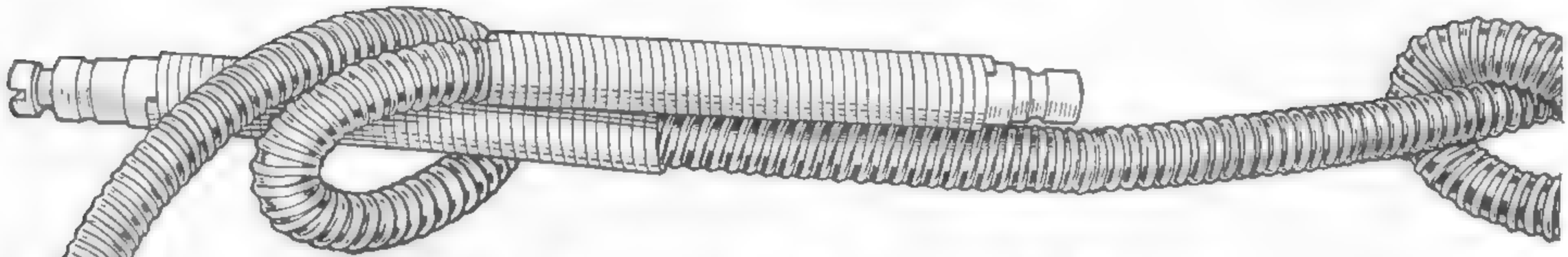
Seven Passenger Mitchell-Six		Five Passenger Mitchell-Six	
Horse Power	60	Horse Power	48
Cylinders	6	Cylinders	6
Ignition	dual	Ignition	dual
Lubrication	self-contained in crank case	Lubrication	self-contained in crank case
Transmission	selective, 3 forward, 1 reverse	Transmission	selective, 3 forward, 1 reverse
Rear Axle	full floating	Rear Axle	full floating
Rims	demountable	Rims	demountable
Tires	36 x 4½	Tires	36 x 4
Wheel Base	135 inches	Wheel Base	125 inches
Tread	56-inch or 60-inch if desired	Tread	56-inch or 60-inch if desired
Body	7 passenger, fore doors	Body	5 passenger, fore doors
Price, $2250		Price, $1750	

The four cylinder, five passenger Mitchell, 35-H. P. . . $1350
The four cylinder, four passenger Mitchell, 30-H. P. . . $1150
The four cylinder, two passenger Mitchell Runabout, 30-H. P., without top $950

Mitchell-Lewis Motor Company

Racine, Wisconsin

Branches: New York Philadelphia Atlanta Dallas Kansas City Seattle London Paris



As It's a Mere Matter of Time Until You Buy a Warner

don't make costly experiments in the meantime with low-grade speed indicators

SO if you are not quite ready to invest in the Quality Warner (for it is an *investment*—and not a *chance*) spare yourself the vexation, and your pocketbook the extravagance, of *experimenting* with a low-grade instrument.

For certainly you can buy a speed indicator for one-third the price of the Warner. But let us see if such a course is not most extremely penny-wise-and-pound-foolish.

You can get a variable service from a low-grade instrument for a certain time, but you are taking a constant chance on the inferior indicator's veracity, or even worse—its total breakdown.

Then you will have learned the same lesson as thousands of other motorists who have thought it possible to save money by purchasing "A" speed indicator at a low price instead of THE one, old-time, standard Warner Auto-Meter, at

the price that should be paid for its high quality.

Why not buy the *quality* instrument *now* and feel *satisfied*—nay, *proud*—every moment of its splendid service during the many years to come, instead of courting vexation by *trying* two, three or *more* low-grade, low-priced indicators which actually aggregate a greater purchase sum than the Quality Warner.

Warner experiments were finished years ago.

The purchaser of a Warner is spared any experimenting. That *we* completed some years ago. You will buy a *certainty* in the Warner—the absolutely *accurate* instrument—the one whose reliability and years of service have been *proven* and are *being* proven on 75% of all indicator-equipped cars costing $2,000 and over, as well as upon a countless number costing less.

It is not yet known how long a Warner will last.

We know that those we made seven and a half years ago, in the early days of manufacture, are still giving perfect service. But there is no telling whether these same instruments will last ten or twenty years more before overhauling.

This pioneer instrument perfected all these features first:

The *first* and only *successful* magnetic indicator. First to develop an adequate odometer—100,000 miles per season and 1,000 per trip. First successful Touring Trip Reset, making it possible to set the trip mileage to agree with route book at any point. First to invent unbreakable driving shaft. First to use swivel-bearing with spiral and bevel gear drive, thus avoiding kinks in shaft. First to establish branch houses in leading automobile centers.

Why auto manufacturers are equipping with the Warner.

The automobile manufacturer realizes that the *best* equipment on his cars means not only the most present, but *future* business as well. This is why the Quality Warner will be found listed in the equipment of so many more cars for 1912-13.

The offer of a free, low-grade speed indicator is no longer an inducement to buy a car. There are few dealers today who encourage the use of a low-grade instrument. You will save money and vexation by purchasing a Quality Warner yourself.

The Jeweled Auto-Meter Built With Even More Care Than a Watch

This is necessary, as more is expected of a Warner than a watch. It must actually *do* more than a watch. It must be more sensitive and yet be able to stand hour after hour and year after year of jolting vibration

Every Warner is a *jeweled* instrument. Each is tested time and time again before it goes to grace the dash of your car—to be the most looked-at as well as the most *responsible* part of your car. Therefore, we can make the guarantee and feel safe in making it, for the Warner is trouble-proof.

Dial Illumination

Two tiny electric lights underneath bezel, which concentrate rays on clock face and upon speed and distance figures; no light escaping to blind the eyes.

Speed Indicating Scale

Circular aluminum dial mounted on standard ship-chronometer pivot Hairspring returns disc to zero when speed stops. Total weight 106 grains Figures can be plainly read by the average eye 10 feet away.

Bezel

Made of heavy seamless brass tubing, accurately machined. Spun around thick French plate glass, which cannot become loose and rattling Absolutely dust-proof, water-proof and oil-proof. These are, of course exclusive Warner features

Total Distance Indicator

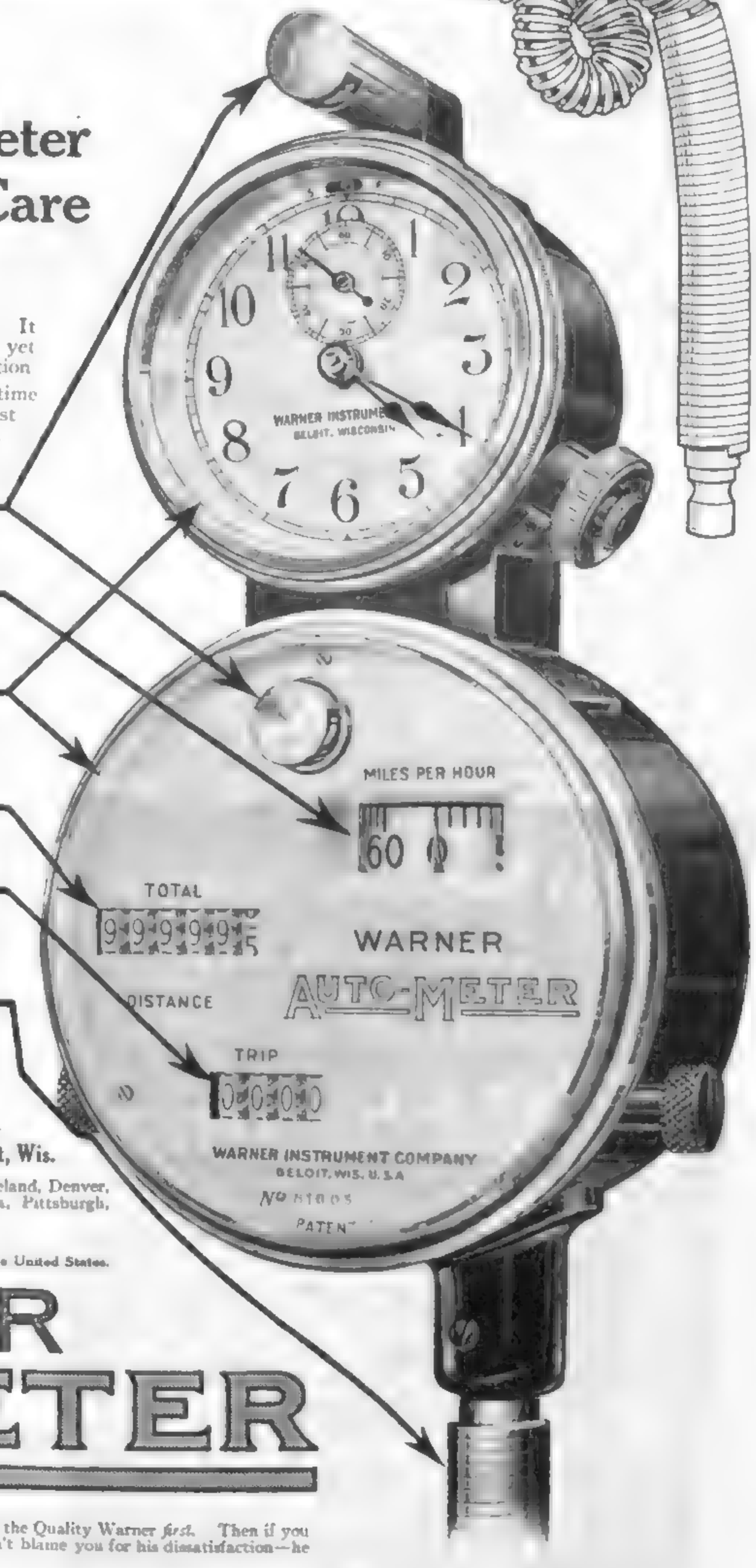
Odometer registers to 100,000 miles before it automatically resets The season odometer runs independently of trip odometer

Trip Indicator

Trip odometer registers to 1,000 miles and automatically resets to zero Another reset turns up any desired mileage on trip odometer, thus you may pick up and follow a route book, beginning at any point and have trip mileage absolutely agree with route book.

Warner Unbreakable Flexible Shaft

Driving shaft troubles and annoyances entirely wiped out by this new unbreakable casing. Made from high-carbon spring steel wire of great tensile strength. Heavy outer wire coiled over smaller inner wire into perfect oil-tight flexible casing; highest grade of vanadium steel used for inside driving chain. Heavily plated with either brass or nickel



Warner Instrument Co. Main Offices and Factory 1267 Wheeler Avenue, Beloit, Wis.

Branch Houses maintained at Atlanta, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Denver, Detroit, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Los Angeles, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Ore. San Francisco, Seattle, St. Louis.

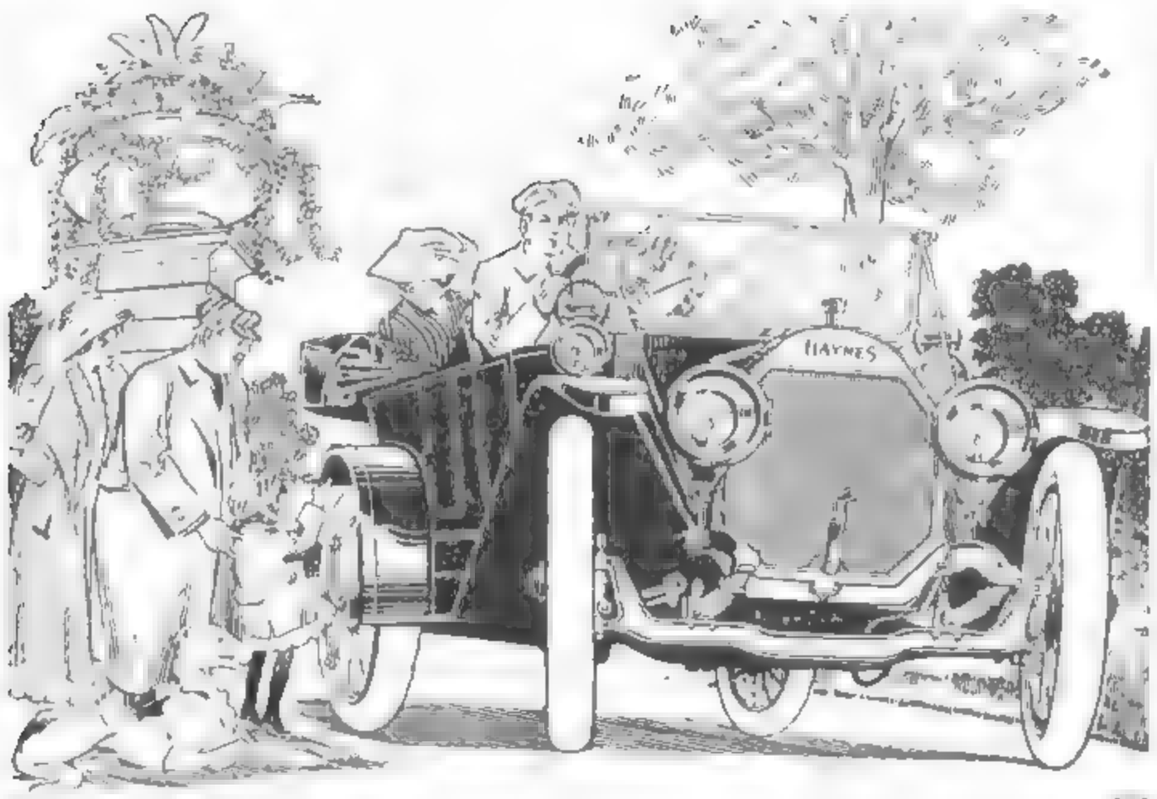
Canadian Branch, 559 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ontario.

The Warner can be secured through reputable automobile dealers in any city or town in the United States.

WARNER AUTO-METER

NOTE TO DEALERS: When suggesting a speed indicator always recommend the Quality Warner *first.* Then if you finally have to sell something inferior because of price, your customer can't blame you for his dissatisfaction—he refused the Warner against your judgment

(178)



We have made very special efforts to be able to give immediate deliveries on all Spring orders for Haynes cars, but we would suggest that Haynes 1912 purchasers make their decisions as to models they desire just as soon as possible.

The HAYNES Car

Product of Eighteen Years of Automobile Building

It is made at even greater appeal to motor car purchasers this year than ever before. The reasons are obvious. The Haynes—a sturdy, powerful, dependable car for *years*—is *larger* and *more powerful*, and to its *mechanical* excellence we have added the utmost in grace of design and beauty of finish.

A host of Haynes owners agree with us that the Haynes represents maximum motor car efficiency at the minimum cost.

Model 21 6-passenger touring car, as shown in the illustration. A handsome, roomy car, 60 h. p. 4½ x 5 inch motor, 120 inch wheel base, 36 x 4 inch tires, demountable rims. Price $2100. Other body types: 4 passenger Suburban, $2100; Colonial Coupé $2450; Newport Limousine, $3750.

Model Y 7 passenger 50-60 h. p., 3⅞x5½ inch motor, 127½ inch wheel base, 37x5 inch tires, demountable rims. Touring Car, $3000; Newport Limousine, $3800; Berlin Limousine, $3900, also 4 passenger [illegible]

See your Haynes dealer at once or write us for catalogue

HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, Dept. A, KOKOMO, IND
1715 Broadway, NEW YORK 1702 Michigan Ave., CHICAGO

A Merchant-Tailored Suit adds to a man's personality.

"Shackamaxon"

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Guaranteed Fabrics made only for Merchant Tailors, assure cloth quality and exclusive patterns.

"Ask a Merchant Tailor"

The Trade Mark appears on every yard

MOLASSES AND A FEATHER

(Continued from Page 13)

and, white with rage, denounced the advertisements as an insult to the gentlemen who were there to make laws for the state, also an insult to those hard-working and faithful men who served the state in public office.

Mr. Belmore, of Sunkhaze, was promptly on his feet: "I came to this legislature with high ideals. I want to use everybody right. I have tried to use this legislature right. The latchstring has been out at my house—it will be out all this winter and nothing will be too good for my guests! But I'm for the people, and when I don't think a thing is right I'm going to say so. I'm going to reserve that space in the papers for more Broadsides from Belmore. When you pass a good law here I'll put out a broadside of compliments. If any bills or schemes come in here that are not a square deal for the people I shall load and fire. Just watch Belmore's Broadsides."

Point-of-order member: Does the gentleman from Sunkhaze consider that he is qualified to judge what is right and what is wrong in all legislation that comes up here?

Mr. Belmore, of Sunkhaze: So long as I pay for the advertising and stand behind my ads I'll take all chances on being right. I'm the eye of the people. I'm here and I'm on my job. I want to be popular with all gentlemen here; but if not, then I'll figure on being popular with the people. I say watch Belmore's Broadsides.

That evening the Kitchen Cabinet met in the archives gallery under the secretary of state's office.

Sim Doane, the attorney-general, had finished the text of the water-power bill in his side-line capacity of secret and confidential counsel of the promoters. This dual activity of Doane was considered an excellent thing all round, because Sim as secret counsel could have the constant advice of Sim as attorney-general—and the attorney-general, in case some parties got fussy, might be called upon to attack in the courts the law supplied by the secret counsel. It took Doane an hour and a half to read the typewritten document.

"Great Scott!" commented Ek Bonner, when the reading had been finished. "I'm no lawyer, but I know that three-quarters of that is fluff. What's the good of so much? We ourselves won't understand what we're about."

"It's fluff, but it's needed," insisted Sim. "There are four bricks that have got to be hidden in this particular pillow, and they have got to have a lot of feathers round 'em."

"It's my advice and he has followed it in good shape," stated Uncle Ben curtly. "Show the boys the bricks, Sim."

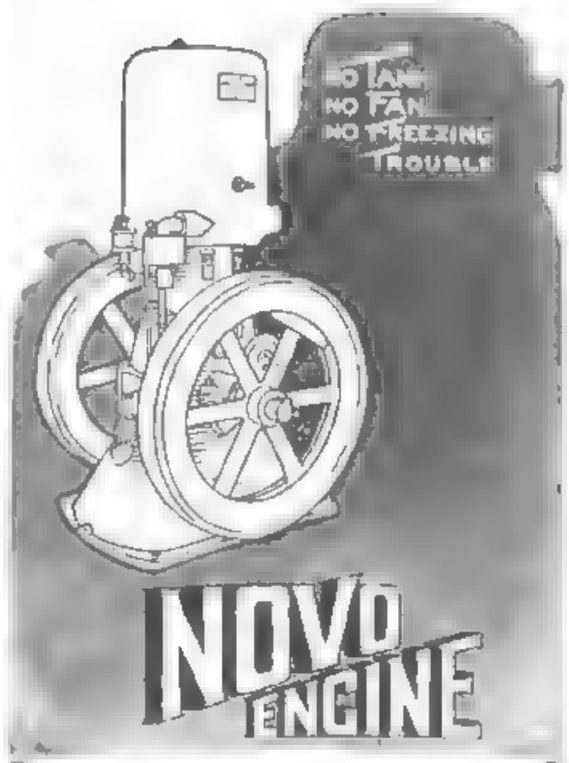
"She gives us full riparian rights, eminent domain in five thousand acres, the right to transmut power out of the state, and she'll be amended in committee on the sly so as to give us the right to acquire and use poles and wires of other companies where exigency demands. That will be the real knockout in the bill. We won't have to fight city governments for our own franchises, you understand. We'll get our newspaper stuff going, work up a hoorah about the need of developing the state's dormant resources, have the state board of trade wallop the little companies for being dogs in the manger, when the little companies come to make a squawk before the committee, and we'll whoop her through. No one will wake up enough to get real busy until it has been nailed."

"The boys are feeling all right," the state chairman assured them. "Everything has been greased in the house and senate. Might as well start her; she'll slide all flying."

"How about that all-fired Belmore getting up and pounding on his old tin pan?" inquired Bonner. "He'll do it sure as hell's no place for a plumber!"

"He hasn't got head enough for this proposition," was Doane's opinion. "He has happened to tumble over a few obvious things, that's all."

"It's because the fool has no head that he's dangerous," insisted Ek. "I tell you I'm afraid of him, and I ain't flattering him when I say that. I'd be afraid of a buck sheep if I had a glassware store and he got into it. Uncle Ben has poohed and poofed at Belmore from the start, but I tell you he's got to be roped."



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Reliable Power at Low Cost

NO matter what your business you'll find the Novo an efficient, easily operated, reliable and most economical source of power. It is simple and compact—the picture shows the whole outfit. It is easily portable, and is the lightest engine for power developed. Far ahead of steam or electric outfits, free from timing and other troubles of gasoline engines. The hopper cooling system is guaranteed against damage from freezing, making the Novo a year 'round engine.

Made in eight sizes—1 to 10 H. P.

The best cement mixers in the country are run by Novo Engines exclusively. They are used on the best pumping and spray outfits made.

Contractors and engineers find Novo Outfits best adapted to their requirements for pumping or hoisting. A big range of capacities.

Send for Novo Catalog
and tell us for what purpose you need an engine.

NOVO ENGINE CO.
Clarence E. Bement, Sec'y and Gen'l Mgr
240 Willow St. Lansing, Mich.

PARIS GARTERS

No Metal Can Touch You

The Proven Best

25¢ 50¢

Face to Face With the Facts

Tailored to Fit the Leg

They Fit so well you Forget They're There

The name PARIS on each garter guarantees satisfaction

A. STEIN & CO. CHICAGO, U.S.A.

THERE'S MONEY IN FARMING

Courses in Agriculture, Horticulture and related branches under Dr. Brooks of the Mass. Agricultural College and other eminent teachers. *250-page catalogue free. Write today.*

THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
Dept. 461, Springfield, Mass.

The Most Loved
of
All Presents

Would you gladden the heart of a little girl, a mother, a wife or a sweetheart? Would you please a deserving son?

Then give a solid gold gem-set ring, when you give presents.

For birthday, anniversary, graduation, wedding or whatever the occasion, nothing equals a beautiful ring. When you sift them all down it's the most loved of all presents. And now it's the *safest* to buy.

W-W-W Rings

Note This Ring Guarantee

If you lose a stone from a "W-W-W" Ring—no matter how long after buying it—we will give you a new stone free. That is our absolute guarantee. It applies to all stones, save diamond

We inspect every ring in the process many times to make sure it is perfect. We know that the stone will not work out, so we guarantee it.

So "W-W-W" Rings have come to be the most popular rings in existence, yet they cost no more than rings of far inferior quality.

All "W-W-W" Rings can be had for $2 or more—all kinds of stones.

Ask Your Jeweler

He will gladly show them. If he hasn't them in stock send us his name and we will send you free the W-W-W Catalog. It describes this exceptional ring and is a guide to right buying.

White, Wile & Warner

Makers of Solid Gold Gem-Set Rings in Which the Stones Do Stay

Dept. L BUFFALO, N. Y.

A Real Vacuum Cleaner

Booklet Free

HERE is a powerful Vacuum Cleaner that runs like a carpet sweeper. As it rolls across the room it sucks up a strong blast of air through the carpet, bringing every particle of dust out of the texture without taking up the carpet. What is more, it has such a strong suction that it actually pulls the dust off the floor up through the carpet.

Think of it! No more taking up of carpets! Just run the easy-running ball-bearing DOMESTIC VACUUM CLEANER over them every day or so and your carpets will be fresh and clean as new all the year through. The dealer will demonstrate it in your home at our expense and get your money back.

CAUTION—Don't confuse the DOMESTIC VACUUM CLEANER with [illegible] It has a special "floor-brush" attachment. It rolls over the carpet and does not drag and wear out the carpets as imitations do.

Agents Wanted

We want one hustling agent in each locality. We pay [illegible]

Domestic Vacuum Sweeper Company

254 Masonic Temple, Peoria, Illinois

Chairs & Tricycles

For Invalids and Cripples

Worthington Co.

506 Cedar St., Elyria, O.

"When I'm wrong in a matter I own up sometimes," stated Uncle Ben calmly. "I've been wrong about this Belmore. He's one of these new-fangled political war balloons."

They stared at him inquiringly.

"Dangerous things those are," Hilliker went on. "They draw attention to your position and they often get away and drag grapnels round over the ground, and Heaven only knows what they're liable to hook into. But you needn't worry any more about Belmore. I've taken up his case."

"Well?" questioned Bonner, breaking the silence in which they had waited for Uncle Ben to explain himself.

Old Ben dernicked himself up out of the creaking chair.

"When I was very young, gentlemen, I used to have days when I was bound to be up to mischief and tumble into scrapes. Now I had a very wise mother. She didn't whale me, she didn't coax me, she didn't threaten me; she just daubed molasses on to my fingers and gave me a feather and set me down on the floor. I always became promptly and thoroughly absorbed in picking that feather back and forth, trying to get it off my fingers."

He gazed down on them paternally.

"In the case of a reformer I believe that molasses and a feather will be more efficacious than the back of a hairbrush. For, you know, a reformer simply needs to be busy. You can spank him and set him down hard in a corner, but he's uneasy and he won't keep his sitting. I say again—I have taken up the matter of Belmore. You needn't worry."

He told them to put the cover on that water-power bill and sit on the cover till he gave further orders.

"Ben ain't the fighter he used to be," commented Bonner after the old man had gone; "he's losing his faculties, I notice it. Ten years ago he'd have tied a tin can to Belmore's tail before this and had him howling up the trail to the deep woods. Now all Ben proposes to do, as near as I can find out, is set Belmore to chasing his tail round. It isn't my idea of management." But neither Bonner nor the other members of the cabinet presumed to interfere in that management. That would have been too daringly presumptuous.

The next day Snuffer Prilay reported to Uncle Ben, having just returned from a hurried and special mission.

"The petitions will begin to pile in on him by tomorrow," stated Sinah. "I got the town chairmen of the border places busy on 'em, and Hosea Stackpole will come up here and do the stalling. I told Hosea to wear a belted wool jacket and larrigan boots."

Uncle Ben grunted indorsement and lurched his way down to the office of the fish and game commissioners in the state house. He did not enter into whys and wherefores with the Honorable Jason P. Dermidge, the chairman. He was not obliged to do so with the heads of state departments.

"How many game wardens have you got on the payroll this winter, Jase?"

"Fifty or thereabouts."

"I reckon this thaw is bringing out the porcupines, isn't it?"

"I reckon so."

The Honorable Dermidge displayed prompt curiosity.

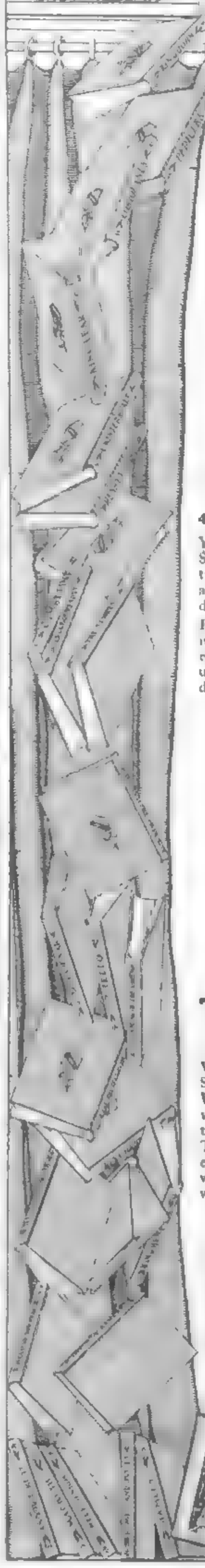
"Well, you start those game wardens to gathering up quillpigs—every one they can get hold of. Alive! No dead ones available. Tell every warden to dump his catch into some corner of a timberland township where the ground is broken and a quillpig won't get ambitious to travel."

"A porcupine is too dumpish to travel, anyway, if he can find trees enough to gnaw right at hand," stated the chairman, blinking his interest at this remarkable command from headquarters. "What else shall I tell the wardens?"

"If they ask questions—if they come right at you with questions and you have to say anything—you tell 'em you don't know what the scheme is and you stick to it—stick right to it, Jase," directed the state boss blandly. "It's going to be an easy thing to stick to."

In a day or so the growing dimensions of Representative Belmore's mail attracted the attention of his fellow members. He was busy for hours ripping open long envelopes, studying the contents and docketing the same. His nearest neighbors thought they detected considerable astonishment on his features when the first bunch of the

Sweeping Cut in Price



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epistles reached him, but after two days of envelope-ripping he began to look important and mysterious.

On the third day an unknown man appeared at the state house and hunted up the representative from Sunkhaze, and after the first meeting this person was almost constantly in Belmore's company. The stranger wore a woodsman's jacket in bright colors and soft-footed about in wool boots or larrigans. Naturally he attracted much attention. Accompanied as he was by the sartorial elegance of Mr. Belmore, he stuck out in the throng with especial prominence. After a day or so it became known that he had been invited to stay with Mr. Belmore at his mansion. Belmore didn't announce that, but the gentleman in wool boots gave up his room at the hotel and was seen daily entering the Bevan house with its lessee at mealtimes and at night. Mr. Belmore, in fact, said nothing whatever about the business of his new friend. He did not say anything to anybody about any matter at that period—he did not get on his feet in the house once in five days. His campaign of reform seemed to have dropped out of his mind. One or two fathers of "touch" orders that were permissible politically, but doubtful if probed in the interests of the people, started their progeny down the house gantlet with an apprehensive eye on Mr. Belmore. Mr. Belmore paid no attention, though the occasion was a really admirable one for a reformer.

The reformer was off his job; there was no doubt about it! Therefore, log-rolling gentlemen began to clean up their swaps. You see, the best you can make out of it, the legislature is like the tariff—full of local issues. You simply can't get anything for your own town or your own bunch if you don't turn to and do something for the other fellow. You can understand how devilishly bothersome a reformer becomes who insists on theory—who opines that a legislative session is for the interests of the people as a whole instead of for the interests of the people taken in sections. It isn't so very often that such an impractical theorist gets into a well-regulated legislature. If he does get in he never stays there for more than one term. He goes home without anything for his own town, because his fellow members join in one enthusiastic bee and jump on any measure he introduces. His folks do not send him back.

Our legislature, it may be stated here, has been well regulated for a long time—till that rank outsider, Belmore, blew into it. This sudden and peculiar suppression of Belmore, though too good to be lasting, did not start the boys guessing so hard that they forgot to be busy. But while they were busy they did guess!

They got at Uncle Ben in the Kitchen Cabinet—Doane, Bonner and Symons. The man in wool boots would not talk—Belmore would not talk. Uncle Ben was entirely willing to say something about the apparent mystery, which he declared was no mystery at all.

"Only molasses and a feather, boys."

"But what's the idea?" insisted the attorney-general.

"This! The high buck reformers of this country are making the biggest holler about conservation, ain't they? That's an easy reform to understand. New reformers get sticky-footed when they start to wallow in trusts and tariffs, but this conservation scheme—preserving our natural resources, high ideals in behalf of our descendants and so forth—they can cut fancy circles on the surface of that. So I've started Belmore reforming on the line of conservation. He thinks he's right up with the high bucks."

Uncle Ben sucked his cigar and beamed on his associates.

His associates glowered at him.

"If you've got to have it primer-lesson style, boys, here it is. I've told Jase to corral all the quillpigs his wardens can get hold of and dump them into townships here and there. They'll chaw growing timber in those patches till it'll look as though this state was losing every stick of spruce. Sinah Prilay took round petition blanks to the town committeemen and Belmore is being bombarded, as a representative from a border town, to introduce a bill to stop the ravages of porcupines—of course our boys will sign anything. That man in wool boots is old Hosea Stackpole, a timber cruiser, and he's up here under day's pay from me, filling Belmore up with facts, figures and yarns about how the quillpigs are operating. He has now got Belmore

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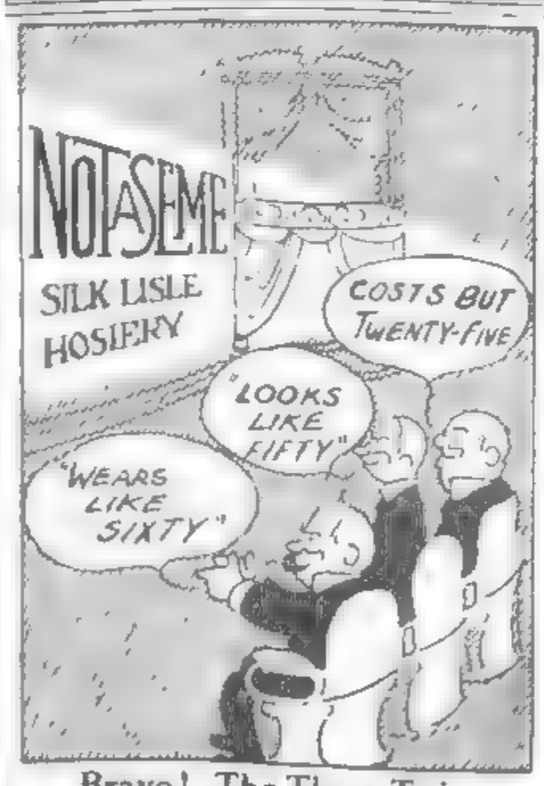

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into that state of mind where he thinks he has discovered something—thinks that this plague of quillpigs has just struck the state like an invasion of Colorado beetles or the browntail moth. He's going to spring it on this legislature for a sensation. He is very busy."

Doane scowled on Uncle Ben, round whose placid head the cigar smoke curled like a nimbus.

"Don't think much of it, eh, Doane?"

"It's boy's play!"

"Exactly! But it is gauged to Belmore's size. It's a feather and molasses."

"But he'll wake up. He won't fall for it. It's too blasted simple."

"Sim, its sweet simplicity is just what recommends it. You don't understand human nature. Belmore came here to be busy. He was getting busy with matters in a way that was complicating the general situation. What did you think I was going to do—give him the management of the taxation bill or the new corporation law? He wouldn't understand them well enough to get interested in 'em. But he'll keep interested in this conservation business."

He promptly replied to their stares of inquiry

"Tomorrow he starts with Stackpole for the scene of depredations—one scene. That's in township number eleven, range nine. It's a forty-mile trip by tote-road after he leaves the train. If a man is planning to spring the conservation sensation of the session he must have first-handed information. Belmore is going after it. I shall arrange to be in the gallery to hear that first speech of his. Stackpole and those petitions have convinced him that he is called on to be the savior of our state's timber resources. It will be an interesting speech."

"And what will it all be about when it's over with?" asked Doane. "I don't give a continental if the quillpigs eat up every tree in that township."

"Only this," stated Uncle Ben serenely. "After he's gone tomorrow the bill entitled An Act to Incorporate the Hydro Electric Development Company will be introduced and ordered printed."

"I see," remarked Doane, brightening.

"It would be just the bull luck of the old tumblebug to stub his toe over that bill if he was here," said Bonner, also displaying appreciation.

"And more molasses will be daubed on as occasion requires," concluded Uncle Ben.

The reformer from Sunkhaze returned to the state house four days later and fulfilled Hilliker's prediction as to an interesting speech. As a fervid, forensic arraignment of quillpigs it has never been surpassed. It was backed by such a picture of girdled trunks, ruined timber tracts and a treeless future that members who had been stirred to much hilarity by the mere mention of porcupines subdued their mirth and listened with considerable attention. Mr. Belmore then introduced his bill. He backed it with an overwhelming mass of petitions from the harassed citizens of the state's border towns—as teamed by the town chairmen. The bill called for a bounty of twenty-five cents on the head of each devouring quillpig.

When the water-power bill came up in the house for first reading of a printed bill and reference to the committee on inland waters Mr. Belmore was away on another trip to the woods. An inspired house member had suggested that the gentleman from Sunkhaze had merely happened upon an isolated case of quillpig devastation, doubted that there were any considerable numbers of the animals in the state, and the Belmore bill was tabled.

Mr. Belmore, advised by Mr. Hosea Stackpole, proposed to show doubters that the horrors in township eleven were double-discounted by conditions elsewhere. When he returned he made another speech, on the occasion of calling his quillpig bill from the table. Nor was his zeal for its passage moderated by the assertion of a member that, if there were as many quillpigs in the state as the gentleman from Sunkhaze estimated, the state treasury would be strapped by a twenty-five cents bounty on each head. Mr. Belmore devoted several newspaper broadsides to his porcupine campaign and garnished the text with half-tones of girdled trees. Quillpigs in droves were shown at their nefarious work.

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matter of the curse of the lordly forest, the invasion of the rapacious porcupine, I shall not employ humor. I announce to you that I am not dealing with the question in a humorous spirit, and this occasional laughter offends me."

Sim Doane's law partner was a house member, and he rose—according to headquarters orders—to bespeak seriousness for Mr. Belmore's quillpig measure. "It is evidently a matter which has been neglected," he said, "until it has become extremely serious. This damage by porcupines is a new proposition, and I should like to be assured that the animals really make the trees unfit for lumber by gnawing the bark. I don't think we have sufficient data before us as yet. We ought to have exhaustive information before we decide to pay out great sums of money."

"Somebody will be putting in a bill here next to appoint a census commission and enumerate the quillpigs in this state so as to have exhaustive information," declared a disgusted member who was trying to team an appropriation bill through the house and found porcupines too much under foot.

"If such a census is required I will pay for it," cried Mr. Belmore stoutly; "and I will straightway go about securing the information that has been asked for in regard to the extent of damage. This matter is very near my heart. I shall return to this house with all points covered by information for the use of the members."

He was gone a week, and the water-power bill went through the committee, emerging in an amended form. The amendment clinched the right of the new trust to acquire and convert poles and wires of existing companies to its own uses and was a slick piece of work. In affairs of this sort, understand, the usual, natural impediments to the passage of a bill can be apprehended and provided for. The way had been properly smoothed for the Hydro Electric Development Company. The Macedonian cry for development of state resources had been officially sounded by the state board of trade without mention of the specific case of the H. E. D. Co.

At the committee hearing the lobby lawyers who ventured to protest in behalf of existing companies were fairly howled down by the progressive and patriotic gentlemen who "desired to see the good old state grow, expand and seize upon the treasures within herself and then march proudly to prosperity," and so forth. The paid counsel who objected were accused of selfish interests, of dog-in-the-mangerism. When they had been sufficiently held up to scorn and had retired from the field the amendment in regard to the confiscation of poles and wires was slipped in among those pages of fluff. The natural opposition to the bill was anticipated, was checked.

Uncle Ben and his Kitchen Cabinet, by being sufficiently soft of tread, reckoned that nobody would get very wide awake. And when it is a case of ten millions in a proposition there are ways of soothing a gentleman who gets his eyes open—provided he opens them in a perfectly natural manner. Then he can be dealt with in the fashion consecrated by long custom in politics. But uncertainties like the blundering and bombastic Belmore—comets that dash into the orbits of political planets—those are the real dangers in an affair where fine touches are required.

Uncle Ben Hilliker knew! After he had had a taste of the possibilities in Belmore he had got busy without delay. Doane, in sessions of the Kitchen Cabinet, was still inclined to scoff at the idea of taking all that trouble with "an old fool who wouldn't know enough to read the bill through, anyway, when you come to think twice about him." Uncle Ben refrained from argument. He had made another play. He had ordered the Honorable Dermidge to concentrate the scattered detachments of quillpigs into one army and mobilize the same in the township where Mr. Belmore was conducting his latest investigation under the guidance of Hosea Stackpole. Uncle Ben looked for some telling facts when the gentleman from Sunkhaze returned to the house.

His expectation was fulfilled. Mr. Belmore was the most excited man in the state when he grabbed the first opportunity for a speech and rose in the house. He was obsessed by quillpigs. He had seen them in thousands. He had strode among them. He had tumbled over them in the forest aisles. He had kicked them from his path. He brought back handfuls of prickly skins, and these he waved above his head while he roared his warnings. But he got only blank stares from his fellow members while he harangued. They frankly exhibited disbelief. They listened as men listen to the ravings of a patient suffering from hallucination. And when Mr. Belmore realized the depth of this skepticism he obeyed a suggestion that came to him in an unsigned note brought by a house page. He demanded a special committee of investigation to be appointed by the speaker, and offered to pay all expenses and go along as guide and demonstrator. Under those circumstances the house sanctioned the quillpig junket with flattering unanimity. The speaker had no trouble in finding eight men who were bored by speeches and desirous of a free and personally conducted excursion up-country.

Before the last car of the train bearing Representative Belmore's quillpig expedition had rattled across the city line the Hydro Electric Development Company Bill had been passed to be engrossed. Uncle Ben had it rushed to the printers before the session adjourned.

"It's a devil of a long document to engross," he advised Doane. "But I've slipped a few dollars to the clerks and the printer boys, and we ought to have her back here and passed to be enacted before that bellowing Belmore is on deck again."

Doane ventured to go farther with his boss then than he had ever dared before.

"The more I think of this thing, Uncle Ben, the more it irritates me to have you make so much account of that old windbag. I drew that bill. It has got past them all. There are only two men on the outside who have seen clear into the bowels of it, and hang 'em, they are good lawyers—and they've been fixed! Now you are playing up that old gasbag of a Belmore as the one man who is dangerous. You laughed at him yourself at the send-off."

"Exactly," stated Hilliker. He was bland. He was serene.

"Well, you're insulting my ability. The trouble is you are classing up an old fool of a quillpig chaser as the one man who can trig a proposition that I've given my brains to. I've been thinking it over. The rest of the boys are on to the game now and they're giving me the titter. It ain't right!"

The talk was in Uncle Ben's headquarters at the hotel. Uncle Ben was lying on a tattered old couch, which he brought up from home every session because the springs were broken down just right to fit his form. He turned on his back and gazed up at the ceiling.

"You'd better get a twist bit on to that pride of yours, Sim. It's beginning to buck bad."

"The whole thing has got into a condition where it's about as boyish as a game of tag in a village schoolyard," grumbled Doane.

"Let me tell you something, Sim. Human nature is pretty boyish when you get under the hide. And the fellow who understands human nature best turns his slickest trick by remembering that wrinkles and gray whiskers disguise a lot of boys. Lots of men are only making a bluff at being old—they stay boys underneath."

Doane snorted something in an undertone about "old Belmore."

"Yes, take the case of Belmore! He is more of a boy than any one else in our state house gang. It's all new to him. He is consumed with curiosity. He has been sticking his nose into everything. He has been developing fast. He would have splashed into that Development proposition in some way if I hadn't got him busy. I don't say that he would have fathomed the depths of your genius in that bill"—Uncle Ben's drawl grew a bit ironical—"but Belmore would have been in it! And a frog in a can of milk gives away the secrets of the milkman."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Doane sourly.

"Oh, I don't know! Just an illustration. I'm half asleep anyway. You'd better go home!"

But Uncle Ben was wide awake ten seconds after that, for, announcing himself by a resounding whack on the door and hardly waiting for the "Come in!" J. Tingley Belmore burst into the room as breezily as a gust from the north woods. He radiated excited amiability.

"Mr. Hilliker," he cried, "it's no use for you to hide your light under a bushel—I have found you out. You are a great power in our politics. I'm afraid I have

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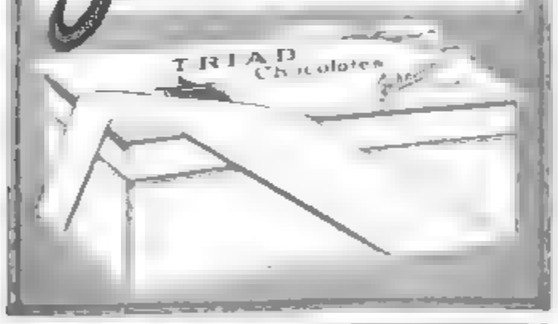

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been too much absorbed in my own affairs to get into sufficiently close touch with the powers that be in this state, but I'm going to make up for lost time. Give me your hand!" He came to the couch and waggled Uncle Ben's fist—a hand that the veteran extended rather grudgingly.

"I'm with you in your noble work," stated Mr. Belmore with great enthusiasm.

He pulled out a fat pamphlet and whacked it across his palm. It was House Document Number 235. Uncle Ben recognized it. It was the Hydro Electric Bill.

"I took the printed bills with me on the train," explained Belmore. "I had found that there is opposition in this legislature to reform, to enterprise, to advancement of the state's best interests, to conservation, to development. Says I to myself: 'Now I'll look over the bills and see what ones aim at development, at progressiveness.' Here's the one of all others, Mr. Hilliker." Again he slapped the pamphlet across his palm. "Says I to myself: 'The progressive gentlemen who are behind this are the men for me to hitch up with. No time can be wasted in getting in touch with them.' I sent my party on with Stackpole. I'm back here. And I tell you I've been busy since I arrived. I've been tracing this bill to the fountainhead."

Uncle Ben squirmed on the broken springs. Doane looked scared.

"So I'm here," stated the gentleman from Sunkhaze.

"You have switched from the fox trail and holed the house cat, my friend," Uncle Ben informed him. "That isn't my bill."

"I can understand modesty," cried Mr. Belmore. "It's all right to display modesty, but a man who has undertaken such a grand scheme of development as this can't afford to deny his partnership in it."

"But, confound it, I do! That bill was introduced by Wilkins, of Sprague's Mills, for the incorporators, whoever they may be."

"Yes, and I've been to Wilkins. I convinced him that there's no man in this legislature more interested in booming that bill than I am. It's grand. Time is money, Mr. Hilliker. I can talk on that line to you as a business man—a leader in this state's welfare. Time was valuable to me. I simply had got to find the real big noise in this matter. I wanted to find him quick. It was worth at least two hundred and fifty dollars, and I paid that sum to Wilkins to tell me the man to come to. You see I'm perfectly frank. Time is money, I say."

Doane was muttering to himself, but the impetuous Mr. Belmore did not pay any attention to the attorney-general.

"Little things produce great effects," Belmore went on. "The matter of quillpigs in the forest would at first thought seem a trivial matter, but pressure was brought to bear on me and I have taken the matter up, as perhaps you know. I discovered an amazing situation. The trees of the noble forest are being slaughtered. If the forests are slaughtered then the vast resources of the state vested in her water-powers are ruined. You see, I began to study the subject. I'm an authority on it now. All starting from an investigation of quillpigs!"

Uncle Ben turned his face to the wall to escape Doane's eyes.

"I can't find any other bill before the legislature so closely identified with my interests as this one I hold in my hand," went on Belmore. "Ten million dollars at stake—ten millions gone if the watersheds are denuded of trees. Mr. Hilliker, I'm in with you on this. I insist on being in. Our bills are interdependent. Heart and hand and purse I'm with you."

"You are giving me too much credit in this proposition of development," said Uncle Ben warily. "But of course a measure can't have too many friends."

"You're right, it can't. I need friends for my measure, and I call on you to stand behind me—you and your associates, whoever they may be. Do I get your support?"

There was no dodging this impetuous volunteer.

"I'll do what I can for your bill," agreed Uncle Ben with as much warmth as he could manage at that time.

"Shake hands on that!" Again Mr. Belmore pumphandled the soggy fist that Hilliker stuck out at his approach. "And when a man helps me I can show him that I appreciate it. Off comes my coat!"

"Say, look-a-here!" protested Uncle Ben. "You keep your coat on. I'm glad you like the bill. It aims at developing the dormant resources of the grand old state of which we're so proud, and all that.

If you want an easy-driving, self-sharpening, and practically noiseless mower, one that is best for every class of work; one that will last longer and one that will do more work with less labor than any other on the market, you should have one of the famous

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Quality Lawn Mowers

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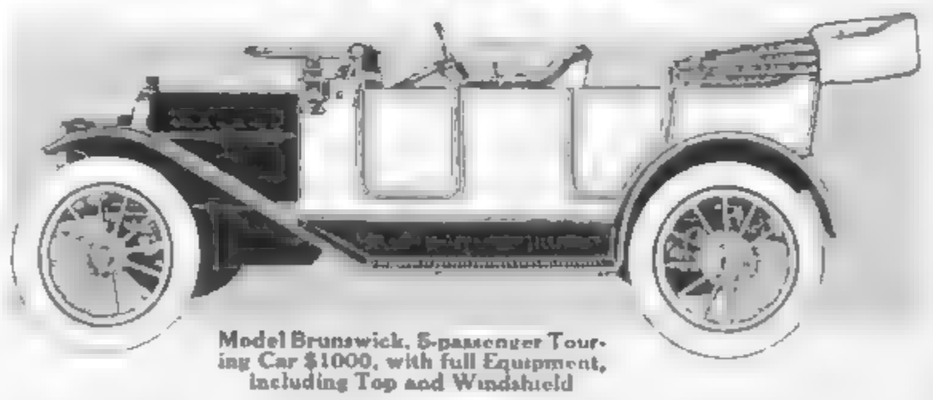

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The refinements and conveniences in the Paige Car—and the generous equipment with which it comes to Paige purchasers—*prove* our statement that we are putting into the Paige every essential of automobile value in comfort and efficiency that can be put into cars selling at $975 and $1000.

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This is a triumph of money, invention and experience.

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I want to compliment you on your keen insight, Brother Belmore. Vote for it. It's all right. But—keep your coat on! You see, big measures have to be handled mighty careful."

"Exactly! But I've got to be in the thick of the fight. I want to be identified with this great project. I feel that I'm one of the coming men in this state—and I say so without egotism. I've got prestige to maintain," declaimed Belmore excitedly. "I propose to go higher. I shall want to point with pride to my record a little later. And there's nothing a man can be prouder of than being first in preserving and developing the resources of his own state."

He started for the door, whirling his arms over his head.

"I'll show you that when I grab in on a thing I boost for every ounce that's in me," he informed them over his shoulder.

And though both of them leaped after him, shouting for him to come back, he banged the door shut on his heels and got away. They did not pursue him. It occurred to both of them that they could not afford to be seen legging it in full cry on the heels of the rampageous Belmore; and then Doane expressed in words a thought that they had exchanged in looks: "And you couldn't do anything sensible with that old howlaferinus if you caught him. Say, this is awful, Ben! What's he going to do to us? What are we going to do?"

"Well, when a poacher up our way lighted a stick of dynamite and threw it into a brook to kill trout, and his dog retrieved it and chased him with the fuse sputtering, he just ran," stated Uncle Ben—"and the dog caught him."

The attorney-general, swearing with insistent drone under his breath, went home hoping and fearing; but he did not presume to meddle with a situation that Uncle Ben had left to itself.

That was a busy night for the telegraph office at the state capital.

Belmore's Broadside went out by wire.

The next morning its black type bumped the eyes of the voters of the state. The gist of that Development bill stood out in its nakedness. It was not disguised by the artful phraseology of Sim Doane.

Belmore had read it and extracted its juice for laconic telegraphic use. He had hunted in that bill for any truths that would help his own project. And, looking with eye single to his own interests, he had stumbled upon the clause relative to the intended absorption of other companies. He did not assail this project; he lauded it. He put it forth as exemplifying the importance of conservation, for unless the waterpower were forthcoming this gigantic proposition must fail, he explained. It could not furnish the power for the industries and electric needs of the state. With blundering but effective pithiness he also drew attention to the clause allowing the new company to transmit electric power outside the borders of the state.

A public awakened at a psychological moment, stirred by a sudden prick of publicity, aroused by what strikes them as an exposure of a conspiracy—that accusing public has checked many a bill on the legislative launching ways.

Uncle Ben Hilliker made no attempt to save "the octopus." That is what the Hydro Electric Development scheme was named in the first rush of protests that dinned the ears of the legislature. The screen was down. The folks were looking into the state house windows. As long as the public was not looking on, the gentlemen of the legislature could convince themselves that the giant trust was a generous plan of state development. But with the cry suddenly ringing state-wide that the project was designed to gobble the small companies or drive them out of business by competition that they could not meet, the lawmakers were not hardy enough to put themselves on record.

The Kitchen Cabinet held a short, dynamic, sulphurous session—and ducked out from under. The power bill was killed in the house—mashed flat—every man joined in the rush across its prostrate form! For exhibition purposes some even stopped to give it a kick.

J. Tingley Belmore, waking with the rest of the populace, grabbed that rushing occasion by the horns and vaulted lightly upon its back and rode in triumph. He promptly issued another Belmore's Broadside, in which he claimed credit for the exposure and praised himself for the subtlety of the performance. And, as frequently happens in this world of politics, when the mob howls and does not stop to analyze and lacks avenues of information as to whys and wherefores, Belmore got away with it!

After the vote was taken Belmore came out into the lobby. Uncle Ben was standing over in one corner, alone. He was sucking at a cigar and rocking on heels and toes, gazing up meditatively at a picture of General Knox, who was posed beside a cannon. Belmore glanced uneasily at the old man, walked past him once or twice without attracting attention and finally marched up. He betrayed some uneasiness, but he was goading his assurance.

"Mr. Hilliker, I fooled you nicely in that interview, didn't I?"

"Oh, no!" returned Uncle Ben blandly, his eyes still on the cannon.

"I don't want any misunderstanding about it," insisted Mr. Belmore. "It was a subtle play on my part. I shall hereafter properly and promptly and publicly resent any imputation from you that I did not fathom your scheme. My talk to you about being in sympathy was only bluff. Pretty subtle, eh? I'd advise you not to talk about it. I say, I fooled you!"

"Belmore," said Uncle Ben, and he spoke in the patronizing way one addresses a child, "I haven't any intention of telling the truth about you. When I was a boy I was taught by my mother that if I stoned a bullfrog our cow would give bloody milk. I have never got the superstition out of my mind. I own a political cow and she's still healthy. Don't fool yourself about that! No, I'm not going to say anything to show you up; but you haven't fooled me. I had you sized up as crooked. You are crooked. You are so darned crooked that when you are thrown in one direction you act like a boomerang and come back and hit where you are least expected."

He started away, but returned and grinned grimly on Belmore.

"I always believe in giving credit where it's due. Belmore, you are the best double-jointed reformer I ever saw. Lots of reformers are only reformers by intention. You are a natural one! You work both ways and can't help it!"

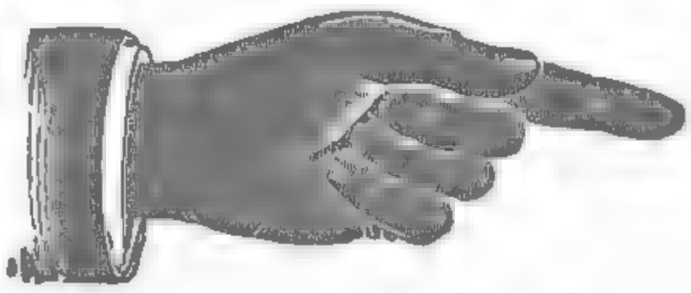
If this were a mere tale, the refreshing story of how a state was reformed might be related for the encouragement of those who believe in a political millennium. And Mr. Belmore might occupy a prominent niche among the heroes of the reform. But the truth is his quillpig bill went through—that guerdon was granted him as a reformer. The legislature appropriated the sum of fifteen thousand dollars to pay bounties. Before the end of the year that appropriation had been exhausted and the state owed thirty-five thousand dollars in addition.

The paws and noses of the mobilized quillpigs came first with great promptitude. Energetic gentlemen in other forest sections instituted salt licks and gathered prey at a rate that astonished all hands—for until porcupines had become a ready asset no one had troubled to estimate their numbers. The border towns were obliged to bear the brunt of the thing. The law compelled payment on presentation of snouts and paws. The unfortunate little towns drew upon school money, road money, all other moneys, to pay for quillpigs, and the state treasurer was obliged to tell these towns to wait for another legislature and another appropriation. Sunkhaze, the home of the author of the quillpig bill, has been the chief target for quillpig bounty collectors. Schoolma'ams are unpaid, and unsatisfied town orders are afloat in quantities that are driving voters nigh insane.

According to Uncle Ben Hilliker, who has investigated, the most unpopular citizen in all the state at present is J. Tingley Belmore, who plastered a quillpig enormity upon his legislative district and was so busy doing it that he forgot to secure a needed appropriation for state roads in the straggly, impoverished district—a prize plum that all his predecessors have always brought triumphantly home—after voting loyally for the other fellows' appropriations without bothersome talk of reform.

Therefore the outlook for the next legislature is no Belmore, a repeal of the quillpig statute, and the reappearance of the Hydro Electric proposition in a new draft. There are other promising matters in sight and, according to a chastened Uncle Ben, the outlook is all right. The reformers who really threaten to break into the next legislature are of the stereotyped sort and have Belmore as a warning example—and they can be handled in a normal manner—and that is about the extent of the seesaw of the political game.

Look for This Sign



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Look for the sign! You find it in high class stores. They carry full lines of beautiful, stylish and durable Shawknit Socks.

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Shawknit Socks are *very moderate in price.*

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Then there is a line of Shawknit Satinettes (real silk surface)—a full range of colors—only 35c. a pair or *three pairs for $1.00.*

Then come the most beautiful socks of all—Shawknit Silk-o-Lisles—knit from *silk over lisle.* They have all the beauty of silk—and all the softness and durability of lisle. There are seven solid colors to choose from—Black—Navy Blue—Tan—Pearl Grey Cream—Cardinal—and Purple. *These are only 50c. a pair.*

The Shawknit Silk-o-Lisle Line also includes beautiful "Iridescent effects"—Green silk over Cardinal lisle—Tan silk over Chocolate Brown lisle—Old Gold silk over Cardinal lisle—Green silk over Black lisle—and Old Gold silk over Black lisle.

For people who like *white next the feet*, there is a very fashionable "Oxford Grey" combination of Black silk over White lisle.

Ask for these socks in stores that show the Shawknit Sign.

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There are no strings to the Shawknit Guarantee. We make no conditions—no exceptions. We say—"If Shawknit Socks do not give you thorough, absolute and entire satisfaction, you can *have your money back* or we will *replace the socks free of charge.*"

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Stores That Sell Shawknit are *the right stores.* They give good service. Their policy is right. They are as eager to please you as we are. Don't take our say-so for this. Look for the Shawknit Sign. Trade with stores that show it. Buy but a single pair of Shawknit Socks. If they do not please you *in every way*, get your money back.

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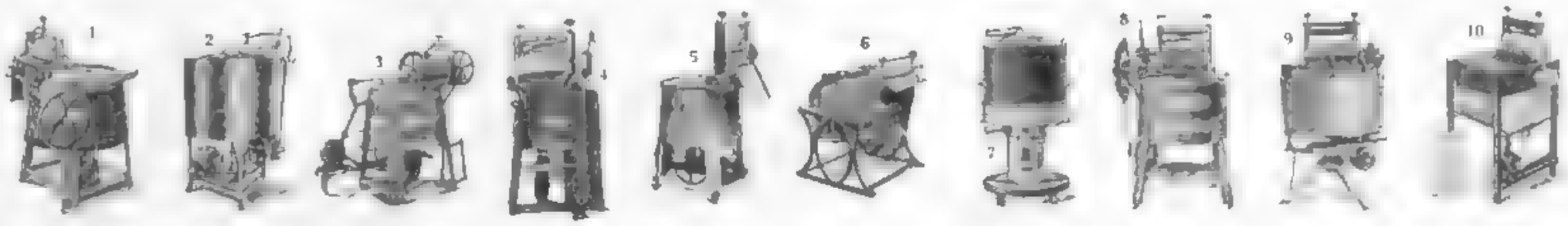

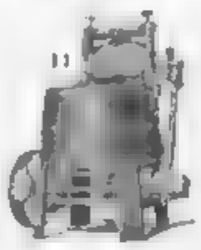

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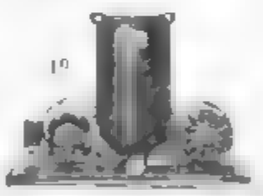
Most of the manufacturers of these devices are adopting the very highest standards of construction. The heart of their machines is the Westinghouse Motor. First of all find out the best machine for the work you want done, and—

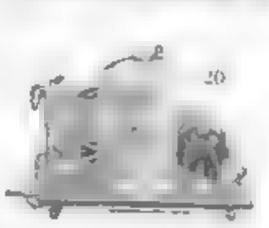
Make sure it is run by a Westinghouse Motor.

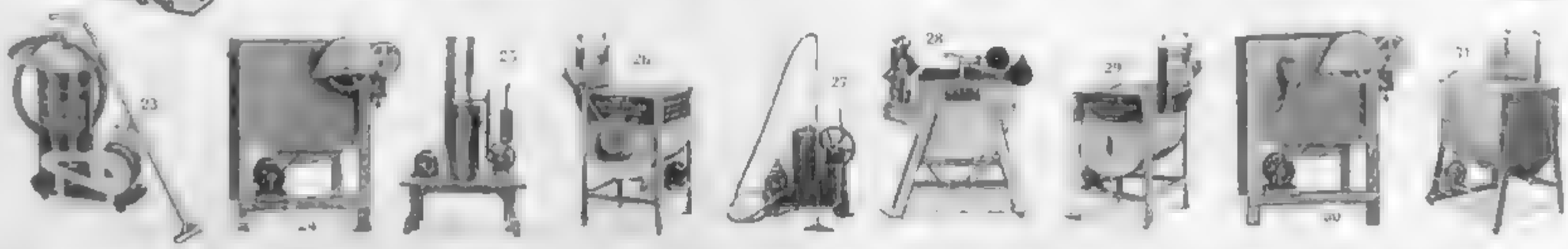
The fact that a machine is equipped with the Westinghouse Motor should be a guarantee of good material all through.

You never have to think of the Westinghouse Motor, except to lubricate and clean it occasionally. Because of its great efficiency, machines equipped with the Westinghouse Motor are very economical to run. Many years' continued use hardly impairs its running. Its mechanical construction is as perfect as its electrical design.

You want to know the names of vacuum cleaners and washing machines equipped with the Westinghouse Motor. You also want to know about other Westinghouse Motors you can use in your home or business. Write small motors, Dept. P., East Pittsburgh.







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BEFORE THE FLOOD AND AFTER

(Continued from Page 19)

I warn you now!" he cried, his voice pitched in his excitement to a sudden shrill intensity. "If you let this happen—if the Wardrock is in the least way damaged—I warn you, Mr. Bailey, you'll be held responsible!"

But Bailey laughed in his face. "Sue me, do you mean?" he inquired, then laughed again. "You can't get blood out of a turnip, Mr. Pitney—no, not even you! You forget I'm a ruined man," jeered Bailey, whereat the last vestige of Pitney's reserve left him and he began to threaten wildly. He would use force, he said. "Yes!" he cried, quick to see how Bailey started at the threat. "Unless you at once order back your men—do something to save the mine—I'll have my own men do it for you! I will," he threatened. "Yes, I'll do as I say, Mr. Bailey. I'll do it whether you like it or not!"

Without answering, Bailey walked deliberately to the scaleroom office; then, as deliberately he returned. Then he found himself a seat on the tipple stringpiece, and, when he sat down now, across his knees there lay a gun. It was an uncivil, ugly-looking weapon -an automatic shotgun with its barrel sawed short in half—a "mob gun" such as all paymasters in the district carry when they're traveling with the payroll. Up to a distance of one hundred yards it will do business, but its most effective range is something under forty. At that radius it has been known to drive daylight through one man and lay out three others on each side of him—seven men in all, and all at one shot. Mr. Pitney gasped.

Said Bailey quietly, not raising his voice in the slightest: "This is my property. If one of your men, Mr. Pitney, so much as sets a foot on it I shall consider him a trespasser. As you know," he added, "the law on trespass lawfully permits me to protect myself from invaders. Is that clear to you now?" he asked.

It was perfectly clear. Inasmuch as Bailey emphasized it by moving the gun-barrel slightly in the direction of Mr. Pitney's waistcoat, it seemed all the clearer to the portly general agent. At all events he at once backed off in agitation. "You shall hear from me," he cried. "I shall invoke the law myself. Yes, I shall proceed against you at once, today, immediately!"

Upon this Bailey's patience deserted him. "Oh, go to ——!" he retorted petulantly; whereupon Mr. Pitney abruptly scuttled down the stairs.

However, this was by no means the end of it. A few minutes later Bailey, from his post on the tipple's stringpiece, saw the road engine cut loose from its hoppers and go scooting back to Wardrock. There it coupled up again to the flats and cabin of the worktrain and, crossing over to the northbound track, came trundling back to Rose Tree. Moreover, it brought with it the entire construction gang that had been working on the Wardrock riverbank.

"Meester Bailey," said Hoskins, his Scotch all the thicker with his anxiety, "we're outnumbered thr-ree to one, I'm thinking. Say but the wor-rd, though," he added heartily, "and me and my bonnies wull hae a hack at them noo. Shall I get my laddies thegither, eh?"

Bailey shook his head. "No, stand back," he ordered. "I can handle them alone. Besides, Hoskins, if any one has to go to jail for this I'm the one—not you or your men."

The train halted at the switch; and, as Bailey saw, the first to alight was Pitney. With a cumbersome but still agile hurry he scrambled down from the engine cab and, calling Garvin, hurried up the siding. Halfway to the tipple the two halted, and after a brief look at the water, which by now had spread widely over the level, the two turned and raced back again to the train. Once there, Pitney cried an order to the foreman in charge, and with an exaggerated gesture pointed to the pitmouth—to that and the bubbling flood only a few yards away from it.

Bailey wondered what they had in view. It was not long before he knew, however; for, watching alertly, he saw the construction gang pile from the train and cluster round their boss. Then, a moment later, armed with picks and shovels, the little army of men suddenly swarmed over into the mine yard and headed for the pitmouth.

"Halt!" cried Bailey. "Halt!"

At the order, a command that snapped like a whip, the throng instinctively fell back. Then, after one look upward, they gaped. Bailey now had risen, and with one foot resting on the stringpiece he was standing there with the shotgun suggestively leveled. Besides, Hoskins stood behind him, and he, too, was armed. Unknown to Bailey he had surreptitiously helped himself to a brace of iron coupling-pins, both of which he was in dumb show formidably waving behind his employer's back.

"Listen!" said Bailey, addressing the men below; "the first of you who lifts pick or shovel on this property is going to get into trouble. Take my advice now," he added, "and skip. If you don't some one's going to get hurt!" Afterward, in plain view of them all, he turned the shotgun over and slipped a shell into the breech.

The hint was enough. Instantly a little panic spread among them. At any rate, all but the foreman began crowding back, awkwardly treading on each other's feet in their desire to get out of the range of that black, stubby barrel that waved emphasis to its owner's words. Obviously nothing like this had been considered in the contract when their boss had ordered them to work; so, agape, astounded, they departed hurriedly, leaving their foreman standing there alone.

For a moment the man looked up belligerently at Bailey, then he uttered a growl.

"Say, you think you're funny, don't you?" he grumbled, but Bailey only smiled. "All right, my hearty!" added the foreman. "We'll fix you in half an hour. You wait and see!"

Bailey smiled again. "Will you?" he returned.

"Yes, that's what we will," blustered back the foreman. "My orders was to tell you that, if you don't come down out of that and let my men do their work, we'll have all the cops at headquarters come and get you. Now do you hear?"

"Yes, I hear you," answered Bailey, stirring restlessly. "What's more, I've heard all I want to hear. Now go—get out of here!" he ordered, then sharply added: "and, if you come back again, so help me I'll—I'll ——" There he stopped, however, for with a roar that shook the tipple to its foundations a long section of the undermined bank gave way and plunged outward into the flood.

Bailey had to laugh. At the crash the foreman had leaped back with a shrill cry of alarm and, after one look at the yawning gap in the riverbank, had gone springing back to the track.

Things happened pretty briskly after that. After a brief but excited colloquy between Pitney and the foreman, Pitney cried an order to Garvin, who instantly swung himself into the engine cab. Then the road hog was again cut loose from its train and went racing back to the near-by signal tower. Bailey, moreover, was near enough to hear the order the general agent shouted after it as it swiftly got under way. "Wire for the whole squad," he roared, adding afterward—"armed!"

Bailey had little doubt as to the meaning of that order. The squad, of course, was the Q. T. & I.'s corps of special deputies. Naturally he knew the order to be only a bluff on Pitney's part, for with the law all on Bailey's side they would not dare do anything. However, he took no chances. "Come, Hoskins; it's time to fix them now!" he cried; and with the pitboss at his heels Bailey scurried down the tipple stairway out into the open mine yard.

During all this Hoskins' topmen—his "bonnies," as he called them—had stood about, looking on with wonder not unmixed with glee. As the pitboss had said, a little taste of trouble was to them by way of a picnic, and to a man they were waiting and ready. But no battle was now in the air at any rate, no battle such as they looked for. It was another sort of a war. "Picks and shovels, lads!" roared the pitboss, once he had reached the mine yard. "Hustle noo!"

Stirred by his shout, every one of them grabbed a tool, then piled along at Hoskins' heels. In a body he led them to the pitmouth. There, then, the boss lined them out in a row, the string of men reaching from the mine's gaping shaft to the brink of the swirling water that had spread across the open. "Now dig, ye tarriers!" he shouted, his voice raised shrilly so that

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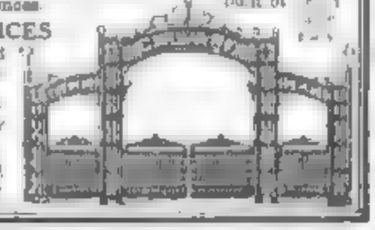

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even Pitney heard him. "Dig!—ditch! D'ye hear, and divvle take ye if ye lag!"

Bailey, with the shotgun still across his knees, found himself a seat on a near-by stack of pit ties. Beyond he could see Pitney's gang of men lined up on top of the flat cars, gaping in blank bewilderment, while Pitney, too, as he was aware, stood out in front, watching closely, curiously as well. At the first stroke of the pick, however, he seemed to divine all at once what was happening, for with a sudden cry of consternation he began running to and fro beside the train, wildly but vainly exhorting the construction gang to rush the mine again. Then Bailey turned sharply to his men. "Wait!" he ordered; for, panting and puffing, wheezing like an overfed house dog, Pitney had scrambled down the ballast of the roadbed, and in hot haste was making the best of his way across the littered mine yard.

"Mr. Bailey! Mr. Bailey! Aw, but I say!" he protested breathlessly. "You never would do that—never in the world!"

With something of a smile Bailey quietly retorted: "Do what, Mr. Pitney?"

"Flood your mine—let the water in!" cried the general agent. "Your men are digging a ditch. You never would do that!"

"Wouldn't I?" returned Bailey, idly shrugging himself. "Well, Mr. Pitney," he abruptly added, "if you don't think so just stand by and see!" Then he turned and called again to Hoskins. "Go ahead—dig away!" he was saying, when once more Pitney gave a cry of protest.

"Wait, Mr. Bailey!" he implored. "Wait! I am sure there's some way this can be arranged. I'll be frank now—we're willing to do anything—anything that's reasonable," he suggested.

At this Bailey stared at him a moment. "Anything?" he inquired.

Pitney said: "Yes, anything, Mr. Bailey as I say, anything in reason. I assure you, yes!"

"All right," said Bailey promptly. "The first thing you're to do, then, will be to call off those deputies you've wired for. If they come here there's bound to be trouble, and I'm not hunting it, you know. Now do you agree?" he demanded in a sharp tone.

Pitney agreed explicitly—hurriedly as well. Then, as soon as a man had been dispatched to the tower with the order, Bailey imposed his second condition. It was short and to the point; so much, in fact, to the point that the moment Pitney heard it a cry of dismay escaped him. "What!" he ejaculated. "Why, it's preposterous! I've never heard of such a thing! Forty thousand dollars! I refuse! I refuse!"

Then Bailey gave him his ultimatum.

"Mr. Pitney," said he, his manner grave though he still smiled, "this mine represents every dollar I have in the world—or had, rather," he briefly added. "Now you've ruined me—you and the other grafters with you, as I've said—so what you've got to do is to buy it from me, do you see? What's more," he remarked curtly, "in five minutes by the watch, unless you draw your check for the full amount—the money you've cost me—so help me, sir, I'll turn the river into Rose Tree pit and wreck everything in sight!"

For a moment Pitney very nearly choked. "Outrageous! It is scandalous! I protest!" he cried all in a breath together. "It is extortion—blackmail—robbery!"

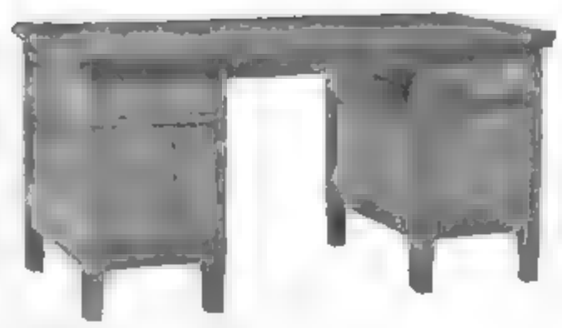
"All right! Take it or leave it," Bailey calmly answered. "It's up to you to decide! Besides," he added, drawing out his watch, "remember you have only five minutes to make up your mind what to do."

Then, as if to spur him to a decision, there came from the river's edge another rumbling crash. A second section of the bank had given way; and with it a wave of yeasty yellow water came racing in toward the light rise on which the pitmouth lay.

"Come!" said Bailey. "Time flies!"

So, something like four and a half minutes afterward, a portly, rather apoplectic gentleman might have been seen seating himself at a desk in the Rose Tree's sealeroom. In his hand was a pen and before him lay a checkbook. Breathing stertorously, he first tore out a check, then dated it, and with a little spasm afterward filled it. Then he signed the check. It was for forty thousand dollars.

The stout gentleman was Mr. Pitney, general agent of the Q. T. & I. Bailey smiled as he heard him swearing under his breath.



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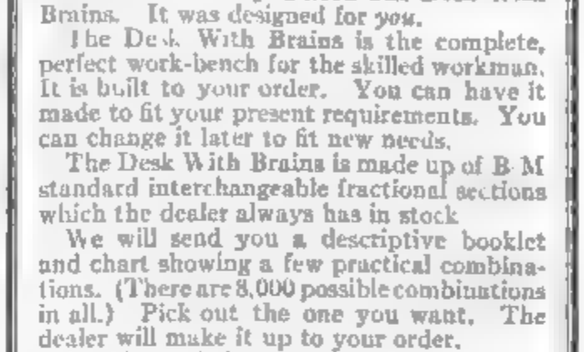

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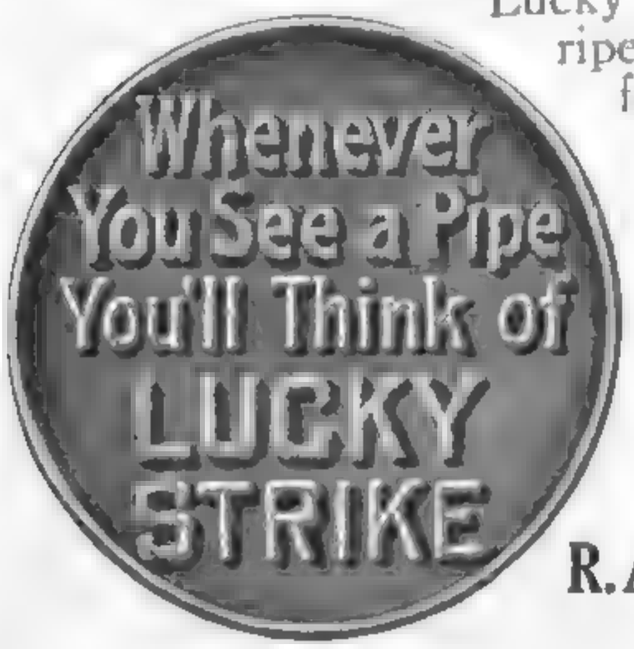

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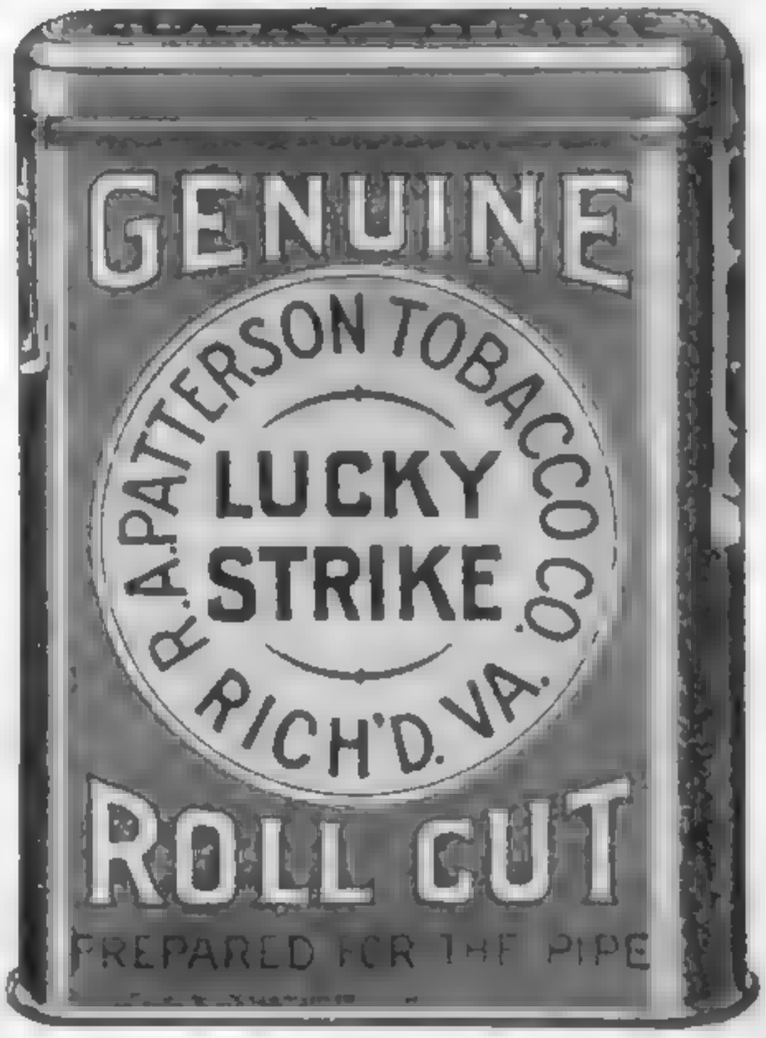

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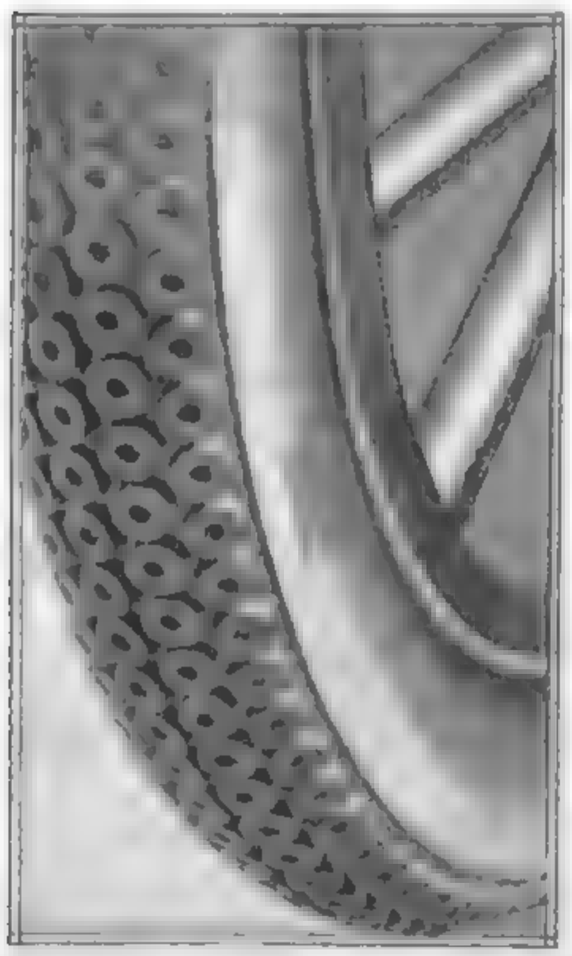

Then, as the tires went more widely into actual service, it was noted that the Vacuum Cup tread possesses remarkable capacity for wear, even quite out of proportion to its greater thickness and weight. This has been especially observed in hot, dry, summer travel, when heat and abrasion inflict their worst damage on ordinary tires. Remarkable puncture-proof qualities were also proven.

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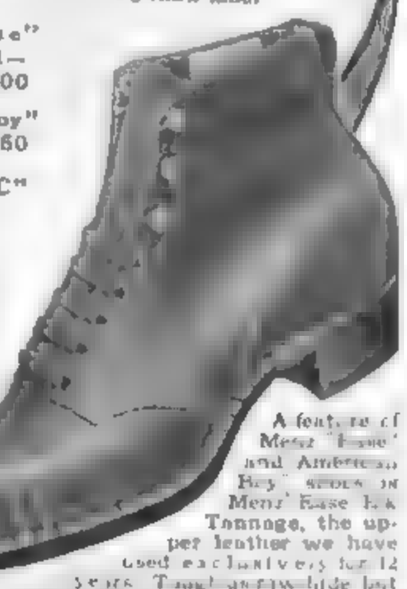

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BIRDS OF RETURN PASSAGE

(Continued from Page 10)

American travelers in Italy and Sicily that the returned emigrants have a real affection for America. It is equally true, however, that they have a greater and more lasting affection for Italy and Sicily; and when many Italians and Sicilians have accumulated enough money in the United States to insure them a comfortable existence at home they prefer to live in their native land. This, in the opinion of the Immigration Commission, "is the chief cause of the large permanent return movement."

Taken as a body, returned emigrants are much more progressive than their old neighbors who have remained at home, and as a rule their standard of living is much higher. This is particularly noticeable in Southern Italy. The houses of the repatriates are conspicuously better and the general appearance of their premises more cleanly and sanitary. The livestock has been banished from the houses, and there is about their homes, as about their persons, an appearance of prosperity entirely lacking in their non-emigrant neighbors. In its report on the provinces of Basilicata and Calabria, the Royal Italian Agricultural Commission makes frequent reference to the returned emigrant—his new ideas of life and the effect of his homecoming upon his countrymen. "The first idea of the emigrants who return," says the report, "is to improve their houses. Many families that in times past have lived in one room only, and perhaps with a pig, now have two or three rooms, besides kitchen and stable. In America they have had their standard of living raised. Those who return from America purchase a house with a small estate; when this is not sufficient they hire some land. The 'Americans' come back improved, more clever and intelligent."

The Royal Italian Commission has put into its report many specific examples showing the attitude of the returned emigrant and the effect on the community of the repatriate. Brief references translated from the report, and given by villages and towns in Southern Italy, follow:

Albano di Lucania: "Some people returning from America acquire small estates in the surrounding country. At the postoffices are deposited sixty thousand lire"—twelve thousand dollars—"as savings of the so-called Americans. . . . Returned countrymen do not adapt themselves to the hardest labor to which they were subjected in other times, except in case they work on their own estates. Many emigrants, not accustomed to possess money, after returning from America squander it. A young peasant who emigrated some years ago to New York and became a barber had returned to Albano to fetch his parents and sister. The commission asked him why he emigrated. He said: 'I earned only fifty centesimi'"—ten cents—"'a day in Italy; in New York I earned twelve dollars to fourteen dollars a week. I sold my barber shop for five hundred dollars and am now going back to buy another one.'"

An Improved Standard of Living

Pignola, in Basilicata: "Many of the emigrants have been in the United States before and need no help in buying their tickets the second time. The mayor said: 'The greatest impulse toward emigration comes from the example of those emigrants who send money to their families and, returning from America after two or three years, build a little house or acquire an estate near the village.'"

Polenza: "A peasant, after having worked for three years in the United States, returned with fifteen hundred lire"—three hundred dollars—"and bought a small estate. He is tenant of a larger one; but, as he affirms, the profit is so small that he will be obliged to go back to America, 'where the laborer earns much more.'"

Lagonegro: "A large proprietor, on being asked why the people emigrate, replied: 'They see their countrymen returning well dressed, with an overcoat, a cigar in the mouth; and therefore they all wish to go away.' It is evident that 'Americans' live better and have cleaner houses. Emigration has created in Lagonegro a small bourgeois class that is called 'American.' They have returned from the United States and from Argentina; they have an income of from three to five lire"—sixty cents to one dollar daily—"they don't work; and they live like old employers in retreat, with their only ambition to become either councilors of the municipality or foremen of some labor society. Of this kind, there are about one hundred families."

Latronico: "The local emigration is for the most part to the United States. The first savings are employed by the emigrants to pay their debts—afterward they build a nice cottage; in fact, all improvements of hygiene are due to emigration. The numerous new houses in every village belong to the so-called 'Americans'; generally they have one or two rooms on the ground floor and two rooms on the upper floor. They are built with lime and brick. You don't see the pigs, donkey or chickens living in the same rooms with the proprietors. For animals there is another small building."

Castrovillari: "The fortunes of returned emigrants are not large, never surpassing five thousand or six thousand lire"—one thousand or twelve hundred dollars—"but no one is willing to work in the fields."

Spezzano: "Those returned from America purchase pieces of land. These 'Americans' buy the houses and dress well. The mayor of San Fili says peasants now live better than proprietors. Those returned from America, accustomed to high wages and good living, do not adapt themselves any longer to the hard labor of the old country. . . . The great advantage of emigration is in the money earned in America. Three brothers who left the country quite poor earned in seven or eight years in America between two hundred thousand and three hundred thousand lire"—forty thousand dollars and sixty thousand dollars. "On their return to San Fili they purchased a large woods."

How They Spend Their Savings

San Giovanni, in Fiore: "The larger part of the houses are very dirty; only in the high quarter of the town are there many new and clean houses, without pigs, asses or chickens in the interior. These were built by peasants who returned from America; so that one must admit that if a little civilization has penetrated into this large district it is certainly exclusively owing to emigration. Those who return from America do not adapt themselves to work on the fields of other proprietors; they prefer to cultivate the fields purchased by their own savings. Their ambition is, as soon as they return, to build a house by their first savings; afterward they purchase an orchard or a vineyard. The mayor thinks that emigration is the salvation of the country and that it has improved economic conditions. 'The Americans,' he says, 'live in new and very clean houses.' A peasant says one of his sons brought home one thousand lire"—two hundred dollars—"which served to build a house; but, as half the expense is still to be paid, he will emigrate again."

Rolliano: "We have noticed that in these districts only the houses of the so-called 'Americans' are wholesome."

Soverina Mannelli: "Emigrants generally save one thousand lire"—two hundred dollars—"a year, says the mayor. Returning, their first ambition is to purchase a house. Afterward they acquire an estate and cultivate it; so that they are never idle."

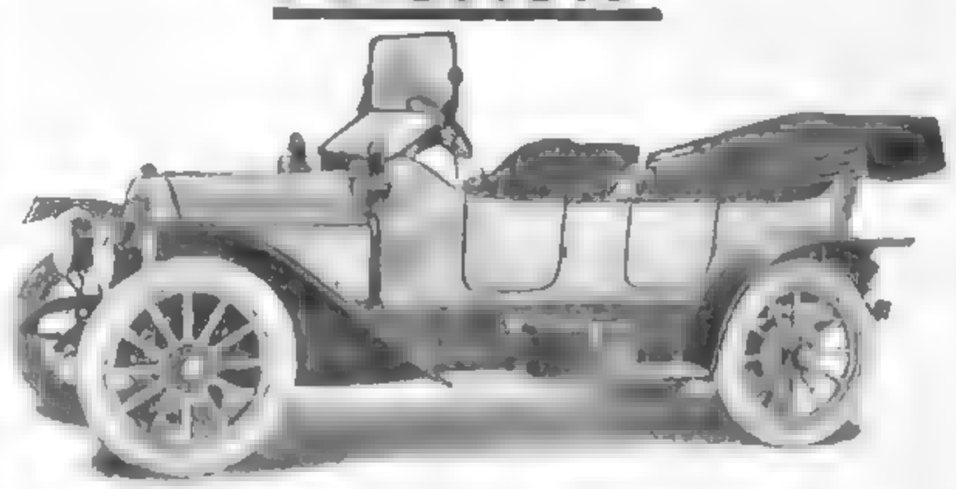
Gimigliano: "Young people come back dressed much better than rich people."

Monteleone: "The vice-mayor says that between twelve hundred and fifteen hundred lire"—two hundred and forty dollars and three hundred dollars—"is sent from America weekly. A large proprietor says that families, seeing their heads depart for America, are satisfied because they are sure to receive money from them. The houses that were dirty and neglected are now improved. The relations between the proprietors and peasants have changed, and there are some peasants whose greetings are surly. Those who return from America purchase a house with a small estate; where this is not sufficient they resort to hiring lands or to the partnership system. The 'Americans' come back improved, more clever and intelligent. A peasant said to the commission: 'The Americans have brought here the paradise.'"

Taverna: "A railroad official says, regarding the many new and clean houses in the village: 'These, you see, were all built with money that was earned in America.'"

Maida: "Returned emigrants have a capital ranging from two thousand to seven

Westcott



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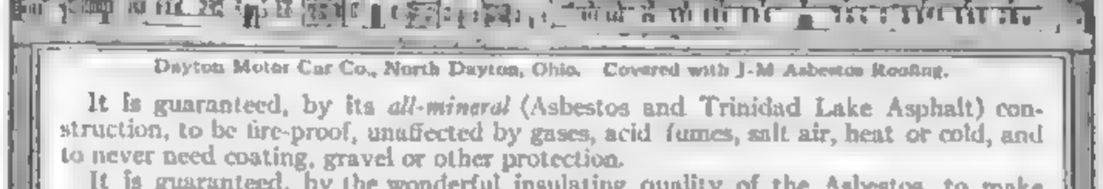

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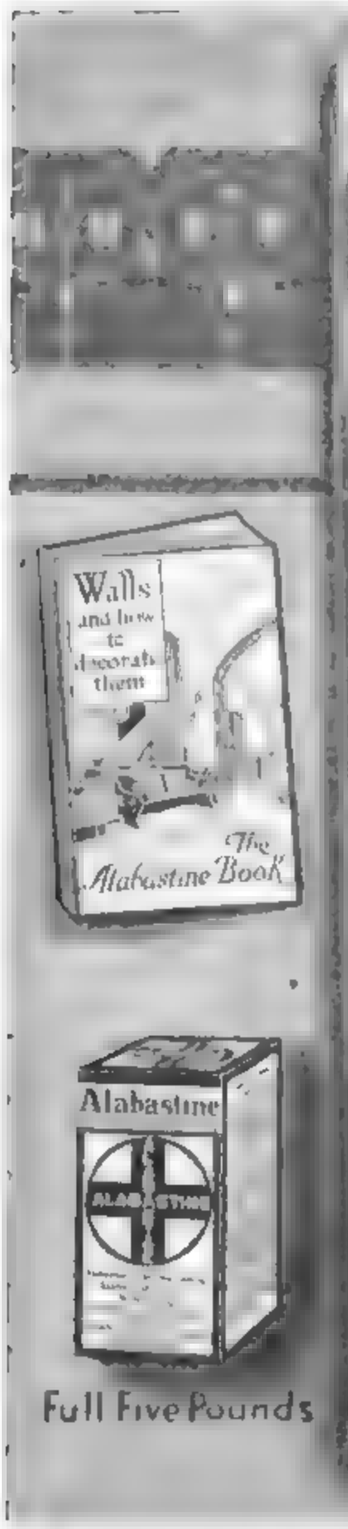

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thousand lire"—four hundred dollars to fourteen hundred dollars.

The foregoing is written from the Italian point of view. The conclusions of the Royal Agricultural Commission appear to be these:

1—That returned emigrants have learned something of hygiene in America and look more carefully to the sanitary conditions of their houses;

2—That their first desire is to establish homes of their own;

3—That they are less servile and more independent, and prefer to be their own masters;

4—That emigration to America makes for better economic conditions in Italy, because the emigrants return with a capital of from four hundred dollars to fourteen hundred dollars;

5—That some of them squander their money; but that even these are able to return to America and get more money.

And the Italian attitude toward emigration to America is perhaps summarized in the report on the village of Titillo: "Peasants go to America and come back from there with the greatest ease," says the report of the Royal Commission. "Many of them have been there five or six times; they squander their money on travel. 'In the interest of the nation,' says the mayor, 'such a wandering ought to be prevented. A law ought to be passed that would prohibit emigration to those who had already been in America two or three times. In this way they would be obliged to establish themselves in America and their earnings would be larger.'"

"The fundamental cause of the large emigration from Austria-Hungary," says the commission, "is economic." On every hand the commission's query as to the cause of emigration was met by the answer: "To earn greater wages in America."

The desire of the returning emigrant to invest in land has led to a marked increase in its value, particularly in Croatia, Galicia and the Slovak district of Hungary. In Galicia it has become a common practice for associations of returned emigrants to purchase large estates. In this way sometimes fifty thousand to ninety thousand acres a year are subdivided among the peasant purchasers. The money is either contributed from the savings of peasants who have resided in America or borrowed from friends who are still in the United States.

Conditions in One Hungarian Town

These results are recorded by United States Consul Slocum, at Fiume, Hungary, in his report, as follows:

"The Hungarian or Croatian peasant, having left the chrysalis state in America, returns to Hungary a butterfly of the woods. More practical results may be noted in Vrata, Croatia, where a whole street is lined with houses which were constructed with the earnings of returned emigrants. Also, in Vrata may be seen a factory for the manufacture of bentwood furniture, the management of which has been forced to import labor, as the youth of the locality otherwise capable of the work had sought their fortunes in the United States. Other results of the emigration may be noted in the comfortable if not the luxurious surroundings of simple peasant families whose sons have emigrated and—successful—have not forgotten the loved ones at home in far-off Hungary."

The effect of emigration in Greece has been a shortage in the labor supply, with the logical increase in wages. In some cases wages have doubled; but in spite of the higher wage it is not possible to get a sufficient number of men for work in the fields, and in some districts this labor is performed entirely by women. A corollary to the labor situation and the advance in wages is the increase in capital, due to the large amounts of money sent back by the Greek emigrants. The Greek Minister of the Interior estimated for the commission that forty million francs—about eight million dollars—a year is sent back to Greece by emigrants, of which about three-fifths, or four million eight hundred thousand dollars, is from America. The influx of so much money has had its effect on economic conditions at home. Interest rates have dropped to six or eight per cent, whereas, before the tide of emigration set out, they ranged from ten to fifteen per cent. The rate of exchange between gold and paper drachmas has fallen to one hundred and eight or less—a decade ago it was one hundred and sixty.

A member of the commission visited the mountain village of Kapsa, which has a population of about one thousand. From this village two hundred emigrants have gone to America, only seven of whom were women. It was said by the authorities that each of the men sent back about two hundred dollars annually, or a total of about forty thousand dollars. On every side are evidences of improvement, due to American money.

In all parts of Greece investigated by the commission the benefits of American-earned money were apparent. On this subject a member of the Greek Parliament, obviously a man of letters, wrote as follows to the Greek emigration commission:

"In Epidaurus Limera . . . the beneficial influences of emigration have become conspicuous and tangible in many respects. Villages have grown into towns. There has been an increased number of churches built. . . . Property has gone up considerably in value and is being cultivated more systematically; and, chief of all, usury is receding, fleeing from the glitter of abundant gold which has inundated towns and villages. In some of these villages checks for many hundreds of francs remain uncashed owing to the fall in exchange during the past year. Nor is it surprising that the rate of interest should have fallen from twenty, fifteen and ten per cent to six and five per cent. And in other villages, where not long ago the appearance of a creditor used to strike terror to the hearts of debtors, today the arrival of a would-be debtor in search of a loan invokes the interest of the moneyed villagers, each of whom seeks the privilege of making the loan."

Erroneous but Common Beliefs

The view of most of the persons interviewed by the commission in Greece was that the emigrants would eventually return to the fatherland. So far, however, of the many persons who have gone to the United States, few have returned. The backward movement of Greek aliens is not unduly large. For the three years ending June 30, 1910, to every one hundred admitted, twenty-five departed for Greece; whereas the proportion among all races was thirty-two departed to one hundred admitted. "This, however," says the commission, "may be due in part to the fact that immigration from Greece has been largely a development of very recent years and that the return movement has not become firmly established. Another probable cause is that a great many Greeks are engaged in street trades and other city occupations which are not seriously affected by depressions in the industrial field. In the latter case it is natural that the return movement should be larger among races which are more generally identified with industrial life in the United States."

Some day—the public printer knoweth when—all this information that the able members of the Immigration Commission have collected and a vast amount besides, in forty fat volumes, will be delivered to senators, congressmen, Carnegie libraries and debating societies. Meanwhile attention is respectfully directed to these conclusions of the commission:

That the present movement of population from Europe to the United States is, "with few exceptions, almost entirely attributable to economic causes";

That, however, this emigration from Europe is not "now an economic necessity";

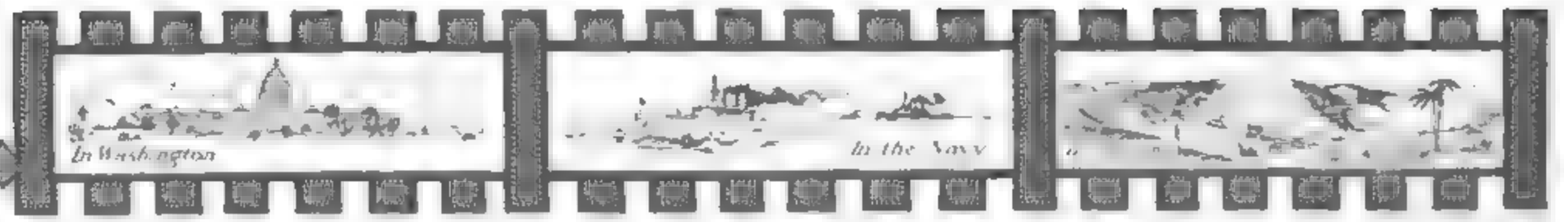
That immigrants send out of our common country two hundred and seventy-five million dollars in a single year;

That, for every one hundred immigrants admitted to the United States, thirty-two emigrant aliens depart for the home land, and

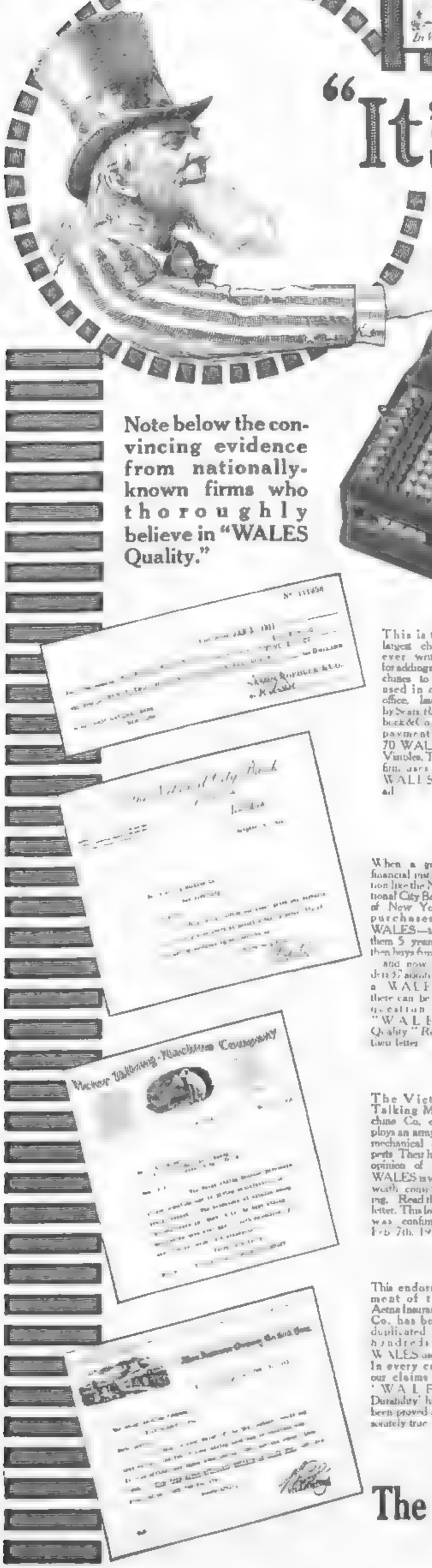
That, contrary to a common belief, this outward movement is not "largely composed of persons who follow seasonal occupations in the United States and who consequently come and go according to the seasonal demands for labor."

And if the average American citizen accepts these findings of fact he is confronted with this—one of the recommendations of the Immigration Commission:

"Further general legislation concerning the admission of aliens should be based primarily upon economic or business considerations touching the prosperity and economic well-being of our people"—provided we conserve, by other legislation, our foreign-born wage-workers and treat them not as machine producers of the wealth of others, but as human beings.



"It's Good Enough for Me"



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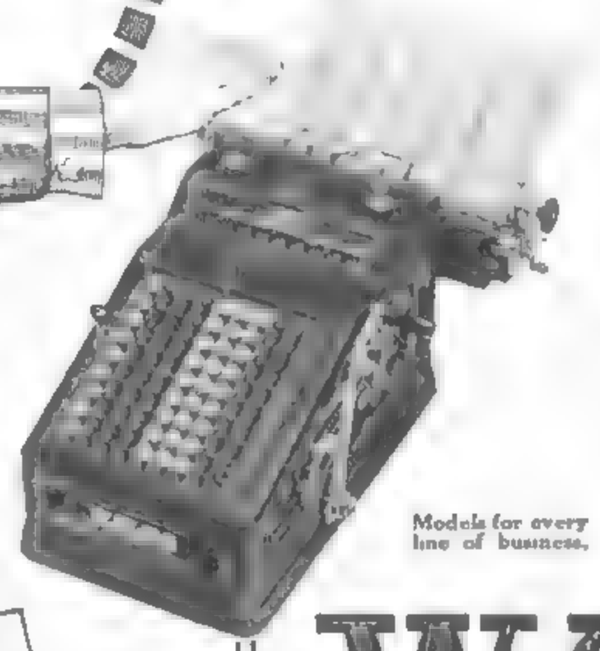

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Lynn, Mass., Feb. 28, 1911.

We find on referring to our records that our first purchase of a Wales Visible Adding and Listing Machine was in January 1907. Since its first introduction in our accounting department we have added several more of your machines for other departments. During the past four years your machines have seen constant service and had a thorough test as regards their reliability and durability, the same being used for all classes of statistical and listing work with practically no outlay for repairs on same.

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Springfield, Mass., Feb. 13, 1911.

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THE J. L. MOTT IRON WORKS.

Hamilton, Mont., March 8, 1911

If you have one of your agents out in this neck of the woods any time in the near future, we would like to have him drop in and overhaul our Adding Machine. Not that it is not doing the work; we have had it about four years and it has never been touched and we think in justice to the machine, that it should be cleaned. It has never missed a lick or slipped a cog since we got it and we think you should call it a Whale of a machine instead of the Wales.

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This company purchased a Wales Visible Adding Machine during the year 1905, and last year exchanged the machine for your model No. 11, which was better adapted for statements and statistical work. That the five years' service of the first machine was satisfactory, is evidenced by the fact that a second machine was purchased.

THE UPSON NUT CO.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Feb. 6, 1911

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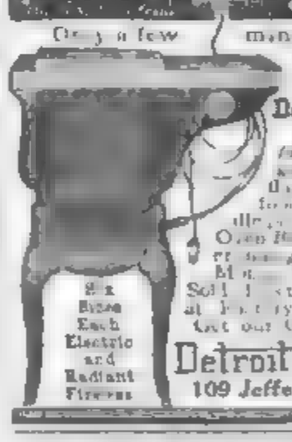

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THE JINGO

(Continued from Page 7)

cluster of straight black lines to break the monotony of the graceful view. No wires anywhere! Great Scott! How lonesome their absence did make the landscape! He would have given much to have seen one blue trolley spark!

His gaze came back into the room, but again the unrest returned to him. It was something besides wires he missed—something very important! Bezzanna bustled in and triumphantly presented him with a bowl of broth!

"Water!" she joyously informed him, pointing to it.

He ate it gratefully, for he was beginning to know hunger; and when he had finished he wiped his lips contentedly with the napkin she had brought him, and said quite calmly:

"Water, please."

"Water!" she repeated, happy in his increasing appetite, and pointed to the bowl.

"No; water!" he insisted, smiling and shaking his head; and again he made the gesture of drinking.

She understood him perfectly now, and, after they had sufficiently laughed their friendliness and good humor to each other, she hurried away to bring it for him, while he fell to wondering again what the deuce it was he missed so dreadfully.

They were both pleased that she had the word "water" fastened into her vocabulary forever, and he spent the next hour in solid instruction. She learned an immense number of words that day—"chair" and "table" and "bed," and the American names, in fact, of nearly everything in the room. She was both an apt and an eager pupil, with a good memory, a quick ear and a glib tongue; and she kept his mental faculties on the jump by pointing first to one object and then to another in anxious inquiry of its name. Finally, with a laugh, she pointed to him.

"Jimmy Smith," he informed her, with his finger vertical to his breast.

"Jimmysmith," she repeated, changing her laugh to a giggle.

"No; Jimmy Smith!" he corrected.

"Jimmysmith," she painstakingly repeated, but still giggled.

"Oh, just say Jimmy, then!" he compromised, half vexed. "I don't see why the name Smith should be a grand giggle all over the world. Jimmy!"

"Jimmy," she echoed, apparently much relieved; and she seemed to like that name better, for she said it over and over musingly, listening to it critically; and her eyes softened.

It was the Smith part of it she had thought funny—confound it! As if in comment upon his very thought, her eyes suddenly snapped and, pointing to him, she said:

"Smith!"

He could have choked her for that devilish trick, stunningly pretty as she was; but he did not dare show his annoyance, for he was quite sure that she would keep it up, since the nearer convalescent he became the less sympathetic she grew.

She presently stopped her malicious dimpling over his discomfiture to point at him and wave her hand in a comprehensive sweep toward the horizon. After she had gone through this graceful performance two or three times he recovered from the pleasure of watching her do it enough to comprehend that she wished to know where he came from; and he told her with great promptness and vigor:

"America!"

"America!" she said, and he watched her narrowly. If she had giggled that time he would have been through with her forever. Since she had taken it with sufficiently grave intelligence, however, he condescended to explain his attitude.

"You see, I'm ready to fight for the respect due that name, Betsy Ann," and, observing that he was about to make a speech, Bezzanna sat comfortably by his bedside and made ready to listen. She liked to hear him talk, for his voice was deep and mellow in spite of its present weakness, and she enjoyed its many inflections. They were very musical. "I used to stand by and hear travelers state that other countries had it over the good old United States of America in this particular, and that one, and the other, until at one time in my pup age I was actually almost ashamed of my country. I really believed—and I hope I may be forgiven for it—that Americans were crude, impolite, money-chasing creatures with no soul for art, music or any of the finer things in life. When the Eureka Machinery Company, of Brooklyn and New York, took me in as a junior partner they put me in charge of the foreign sales department. I've been traveling three years, Betsy Ann; and I'm so violent for the United States of America that I have to carry a straitjacket in my handiest luggage. If anybody tells me that any nation or any person under the sun has anything on America or Americans I make him take me right to the spot and show me; and they've never proved it yet! As a strictly unprejudiced observer I am bound to say, in mere candor and justice, that America is the only country on the globe worth claiming as a birthplace. Its men are the bravest, the brainiest, the healthiest, the most wholesome, the most chivalrous and the most honest—its women are the prettiest, the brightest, the gamest, the most charming, the most lovable and the most companionable of any in the universe; and as a nation we have the rest of creation skinned as bare as a Mexican dog in all the arts, sciences, manufactures, commercial enterprises, finer feelings, courtesy, courtship, justice, and patriotism.

"Now look me squarely in the eye, Betsy Ann!" And he held up an impressive forefinger. "I want you to see that I'm giving this to you straight and honest, out of the depths of a surcharged heart. It isn't because I get so homesick that I could sob every time I see a stray dollar bill, but because I'm a man of mature, sober deliberation, that I relieve myself of these burning facts! You just take it from your Uncle Jimmy that God-bless-America is some country! And don't you forget it! With these few words, I thank you for your kind attention," and he sank back exhausted, but satisfied.

"All right!" agreed Bezzanna, with a long breath. "All right, Smith!" And, laughing, she rose to examine the weather. Like a well-regulated spring day anywhere in the world, this one had tired of being sunshiny and had now decided to rain a while. The rain was sweeping up the valley at a merry gait, turning the blue of the sky and the green of the meadows alike into misty gray. Already the trees in the park were beginning to rustle their welcome to the shower; and in about three minutes, if it were not prevented, the water would be streaming in on the pretty blue carpet.

In graceful haste Bezzanna, as a preparation for shutting out the storm, hurried into another room, returned with a pot of fire in a silver basket and lit the candle-balls on the mantel; then she crossed swiftly to the wide, open windows and closed them with the heavy wooden shutters which had been concealed behind the long blue draperies.

For a moment Jimmy Smith, of Brooklyn and New York, United States of America, gasped at this abrupt transition from day to night, and then suddenly he had the solution to the puzzle of what he had missed so poignantly.

"Glass!" he exclaimed. "By George, there isn't an ounce of glass in the place!"

He looked hastily about him to make sure. There were no windows, no mirrors, no globes or shades for the lights—not one of the thousand-odd little trinkets that are made of crystal; and he remembered that during his illness he had never been given anything out of a bottle or drinking glass!

What sort of a place had he fallen into? He remembered now that the queer thing he had felt but had not been able to analyze when he looked down at the town, and which made it so dull and soft and dead, was the entire absence of sparkling reflection from glazed apertures.

It was an appalling discovery for him to make! Why, if none of these people used glass or matches—to say nothing of electricity—there wasn't one chance in a million that he would find a cable or a wireless station in the whole dead country! What on earth would the Eureka Machinery Company do about that hurry-up Antwerp contract which he had been sent to nail down? He turned his face to the wall and groaned!

IV

THE Princess Betsy Ann made marvelous progress in the American language. The king being much occupied with the spring sowing, and Prince Onalyon with

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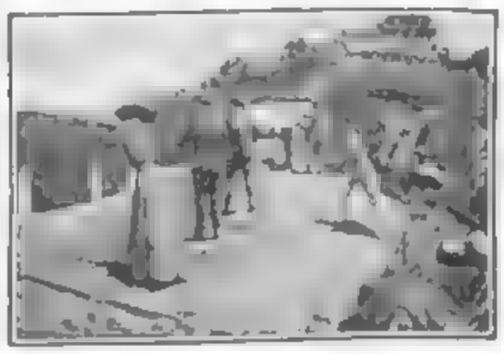

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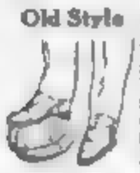

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the oversight of the public granaries, and Tedoyah with helping the bubbling little Toopy Polecon to break in her new pet donkey, the care of Jimmy Smith in his brightest waking hours was left to the princess; and she came from his apartments every evening, tauntingly proud with an overflow of strange new words which even Onalyon was bound to admit were forceful and expressive.

On the first evening she produced, at the dinner table, "water" and "bowl" and "bed" and "chair," and an entire first-aid-to-the-injured list. On the second day she was in lofty possession of "rain" and "wind" and "sun" and "cloud" and "sky" and "trees" and "flowers," and such abstract matters of interest. On the third day she was the sparkling bearer of "cheeks" and "eyes" and "lips" and "hair" and "chin" and "wrist" and "hand" and "fingers," and such intimate words which had a bearing on concrete appreciation. When, however, on the fourth day she somewhat pinkly introduced and explained the word "blush" Prince Onalyon thought it time to interfere; and even the king, considering the matter very gravely and sensibly, decided that he would take lessons in American at the same time Bezzanna did.

"Oh, will you?" she cried, delighted with the suggestion. "Really, Jimmy will be glad of it. He likes you. He calls you every day by the name he first gave you: Thanks Old Scout; but he can't seem to remember Onalyon's name at all. He calls him Onion!" And she was very gleeful about it. "I wonder what Onion means."

"Nothing in particular, I suppose," guessed the prince, displeased without quite knowing why. "No doubt it's mere dullness of comprehension on his part."

"Nothing doing!" promptly denied Bezzanna, in excellent American. "He's the most intelligent man in the world, I guess. That's why I'm so crazy to talk American—so he can tell me all he knows."

"It seems that he has been telling you a great deal already," suggested the prince jealously. "How did you come to learn the word 'blush'?"

Bezzanna illustrated the word.

"It is none of your particular business!" she flamed, testing the temperature of her carmine cheeks with the back of her hand. There was no reason that she should not have told the innocent circumstance by which she came into possession of "blush," but she utterly denied the prince's right to inquire into the matter; besides, her refusal drove him distracted, and she liked to see him wriggle. It was very curious.

"I'm going to put off breaking in that donkey until Jimmy is well," announced Tedoyah enviously. "I want to learn American too; and you'll have to make room for Toopy. I think he knows a whole lot about games. I had a ball in his room last night and he took it in his hand as if it belonged there. His eyes just snapped. He has fine eyes!"

"Blue," murmured Bezzanna dreamily, in American.

The prince looked at her savagely.

"It seems that all Isola is to take lessons from this stranger," he criticised. "I wonder what I could learn from him?"

"Almost everything," suggested Bezzanna slyly. "He's going to make glass for me as soon as he is well."

"Glass?" repeated the king inquiringly.

"Glass!" she reiterated in a triumphant treble. "I told you there was such a thing, and you said that I was silly for wanting impossible things. Glass is the substance you can see through. It's like clear ice that won't melt. You use it for windows to see out of without letting the rain in, and for cups to drink out of, and to put round the candles so they won't blow out but will still give light, and in place of water or a gold plate to see how pretty you are."

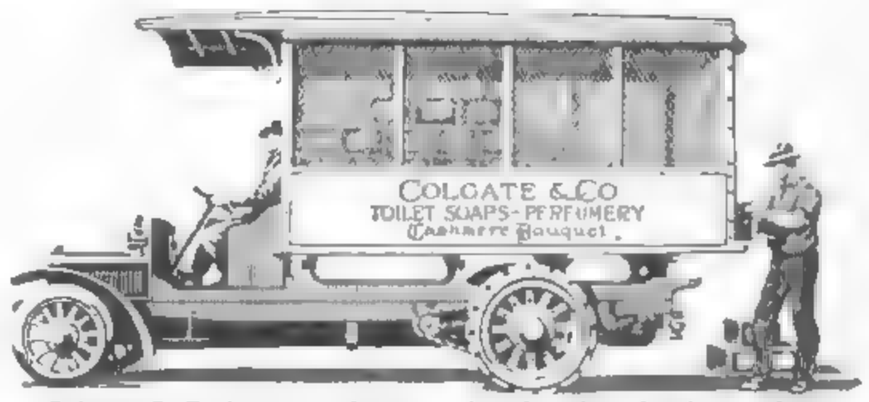
She caught her lip, and her face flushed when she said that. Tedoyah burst into sudden boisterous laughter and pointed an accusing finger at her.

"That's when you got the word 'blush,'" he charged, rocking with laughter and clapping his hands.

She tried to make an indignant retort upon that, but for the first time in her life her tongue was attacked with the paralysis of confusion; and, feeling her face turning more and more scarlet and burning as if it were aflame, she jumped from her chair and hurried from the table and the room.

The prince was naturally outraged.

"I don't see how you can make such a mistake," he protested to the king. "There



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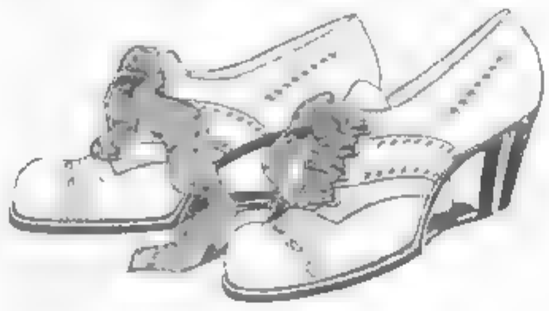

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are no friendships so dangerous as those which spring up in a sickroom."

"Prince!" warned Aunt Gee-gee, bristling.

The king had been laughing almost as heartily as Tedoyah, but now he turned upon Onalyon a frowning brow.

"I don't understand you!" he sternly reproved. "Leaving out of the question Bezzanna, who is not to be criticised by any person outside of her immediate family, I estimate this stranger to be a gentleman. If he is not we know what to do with him; but, meantime, I cannot find it in my heart to blame him for intimating that Bezzanna is pretty. She is."

"She is to be my wife!" asserted Onalyon, stiffening.

The king studied that statement cautiously before he made a reply, while Aunt Gee-gee watched him anxiously.

"We all hope so," he admitted at last; "but at the same time we must bear in mind that the Princess Bezzanna has never agreed to it."

"It does not seem to me that she receives much encouragement in that matter except from myself," retorted the prince.

"You are both hasty and unjust," responded the king. "I have urged her many times and recently, pointing out not only the political need of such a union, but your personal desirability. I must warn you, however, that if she does not choose to make this alliance I shall do nothing to force her inclinations."

Onalyon frowned.

"And I must warn you," he returned, "that if she makes any other choice the politics of Isola may not be so placid as at present."

"You mean that you might contest the throne?" asked the king quietly.

"I dare him to try it!" declared Tedoyah, suddenly injecting himself into an argument which had too much fascination for him to resist. "We'll give you the most excitement you ever had in your life!"

Both the king and the prince laughed heartily; but Aunt Gee-gee bent upon him a kindly glance.

"I don't want you to laugh at me," protested Tedoyah, now half angry with both of them. "I am a boy in most things, I guess; but when you talk of war I am a man!"

"You may remain a boy a few years longer then," laughed the king, "for we do not anticipate any immediate war. Frankly, however, Onalyon, I do not see why any one should wish to become king of Isola. It is a tedious position, bringing no great reward, filled with the settlement of petty disputes and with the accounting of petty affairs, and paid only by the self-approval which results from a duty passably done."

"That is your own fault," chided Onalyon, betraying a grievance which he had held secret for a long time. "There was a period when the court of Isola was conducted with sufficient magnificence to make it the pride of her people; when to be king meant more than to be a mere public accountant and domestic adviser."

"And you would bring back that period of reckless magnificence?" queried the king, studying him speculatively.

"Absolutely; but upon the more brilliant scale made possible by our advance in the arts and sciences."

The king pondered carefully and selected his words with great caution.

"Do you realize the cost of what you suggest?" he wanted to know. "You are aware that, in the reign of Xantobah, starvation and war followed his ten years of waste!"

"Xantobah was a bad manager, I will admit," acknowledged the prince. "What I would propose would be not only an era of magnificence, but one of prosperity also. I would have a hundred servants in the palace tomorrow if I were king, and start every artisan in Isola laboring on luxuries for the consumption and use of the court. The stagnation would cease in an hour. I think I shall try it myself."

"Then I should dislike to see you on the throne," announced the king gravely, and arose.

The prince, also rising, looked at him in frowning calculation, but checked the speech which was on his lips.

"I suppose that, so long as there are men, there will be radical differences of opinions," he observed instead, and laughed lightly. "I wonder if I shall be able to find Bezzanna."

"Who knows?" laughed the king. "Will you come in with us to visit the stranger?"

"No; thank you," declined Onalyon. "I want to find Bezzanna; and then I want to pack up a few of my more portable possessions and take Aunt Zheenezha with me—if she'll come."

"You're not going away?" protested the king hospitably.

"I think I really should become acquainted with my own people," laughed the prince, and lounged away.

"Do you suppose he will fight us?" inquired Tedoyah eagerly.

"Nonsense!" reproved the king as they walked into the hall and turned up the winding stone stairway.

"I believe he will," persisted the boy. "I wish he would!"

"It's a poor form of excitement," stated the king.

"It isn't because of the excitement exactly, though I should enjoy that," replied Tedoyah; "but I truly think it's the only way to settle the argument. If we don't have it out now they will in fifty years from now—or maybe less; and, so long as it's bound to come, we might as well have the fun of it as anybody."

"I'm afraid men go to war with no better reason than that," smiled the king. "Frankly, Tedoyah"—and pausing, with one hand at Jimmy Smith's door, he laid the other affectionately upon his brother's shoulder—"frankly, I am dying of inaction myself, and am as eager for activity and excitement as you could possibly be. Since the death of the queen, whom I shall never replace, leaves me without heirs and without heart, I am frantic for some legitimate outlet for my strength; but, merely to provide that outlet, I do not care to destroy our homes and devastate our fields, and kill our best men!"

V

THE class in American worked six hours a day by schedule and the balance of the time by choice; and, laughing its way roughshod over all such stupid obstacles as grammar and spelling, it made tremendous headway. The king was perhaps the most diligent student of all, if not the quickest learner, his acute interest dating from the moment he knew that Jimmy proposed to make glass.

The instructor, owing to a severe wound in his hip, was confined to his room several solid weeks, and by the end of that time he could converse very freely. If the others did not quite understand every word he said it was their fault; it was their business to catch up, for he had a very decided intuition that he would be extremely busy when he got outside.

"If there's no way out of these all too peaceful surroundings I figure that I'll be about the most active person in the world, outside of the owner of a first automobile," he confided to the king on the day it was decided that he might venture outdoors. "What we want to do first is to take up this glass question. I understand that I came ashore with no valuables but my fingernails. If that's the case, and I can't get away from here, I'll have to earn a living; and when I see what you need my only worry is that I'll become too rich."

"Go to it," laughed the king. "By the way, Jimmy, how do you make glass?"

"I don't know," confessed Jimmy promptly; "but we'll get right together and organize a glass company and, while we're issuing the prospectus and filling up the subscription list and holding the preliminary meetings and locating the plant, I'll experiment until I find out. I know you use sand and, I think, some sort of soda."

The king looked pained.

"I thought you knew," he faltered disappointedly.

"Now, king, just you let me do the worrying," kindly admonished Jimmy. "I may have to spoil a lot of chemicals and have an explosion or two, but I'll get you glass; and it will be good glass, too, after the first dozen or so failures. I promised Betsy Ann a mirror."

"We'll have our glass," said the king, much relieved. "Betsy Ann will make you make good."

"Make good!" repeated Jimmy fondly. "Do you know, king, you've secured a rattling good Nelson hold on American for so short a training? Make good! I don't think there's any finer expression in any language than that. It's the whole essence and spirit of America. It ought to be the national motto. Oie! Make good! There's nothing in English like it."

"English?" hesitated the king. "What is that?" *(Continued on Page 69)*

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EVERY MENTOR garment is guaranteed to give entire satisfaction. If unsatisfactory in any respect, all you have to do is to take it back to the dealer who sold it. He will refund your money or give you a new garment. We stand back of him.

MENTOR UNION-SUITS

For Men, Women and Children

For Men—MENTOR union-suits are made in a variety of models: long or short sleeves; knee, ankle or three-quarter length (the latter coming just inside the top of the hosiery); and the low-neck, sleeveless, knee-length athletic model.

For Women—MENTOR union-suits are made in a variety of dainty fabrics, from fine cotton to pure silk. They avoid surplus material at the hips, and make close-cut gowns fit without a wrinkle. They're priced from 50c upward.

For Children—MENTOR union-suits are ideal for summer comfort. Boys' suits are made in either the drop-seat or new closed-crotch model. The latter is an exceedingly convenient and perfect-fitting suit. Prices begin at 50c.

How to get Mentor Union-Suits

MENTOR Comfort Union-Suits can be found in good stores almost everywhere. But to save hunting, write us. We'll tell you where you can find them in your city, or make it our business to see that you're supplied without inconvenience. In mentioning union-suits, always say MENTOR, and learn what genuine underwear-comfort really is.

Mentor Knitting Mills
Mentor, Ohio

WHY WEAR UNION-SUITS?

1. There's no shirt to creep up—no drawers to slip down or show above the trousers.

2. There's no hot, bungling double thickness about the waist—no surplus material anywhere.

3. There are but two classes of people who don't wear union-suits—those who haven't tried them, and those who haven't been properly fitted.

WHY WEAR MENTOR?

1. MENTOR Comfort Union-Suits *fit*. They're made by a mill that has specialized on them for years, with great success. This question of it is important. Once properly fitted, you'll know that the union-suit spells comfort in underwear.

2. No other union-suits can be made of those lightest of underwear fabrics — Summerwear and Zephyrwear.

3. MENTOR suits embody many other exclusive features, including the closed crotch that *stays* closed.

MENTOR KNITTING MILLS, MENTOR, OHIO:
Send me samples of fabrics used in MENTOR Comfort Union-Suits for Men Women or Children (check)
Name
Street
City
State

Concerning Three of Us

ONLY a few years ago many publications carried the advertisements of the Louisiana lottery. The law stopped the lottery and lottery advertising. But the venders of patent medicines, mining stocks of questionable value and other similar bonanzas continued to spend millions on printer's ink. Apparently the majority of publishers regarded their mediums as common carriers and accepted practically any sort of advertising freight that was offered.

Editorially a quickened sense of ethical standards is apparent and it is evident that clean editorial and dirty advertising columns can no longer be tolerated consistently.

Moreover, experience has fully demonstrated that it pays to publish only honest advertisements. Thoughtful advertisers are becoming more and more insistent that their announcements appear only in good company.

Great advances have been made since the days of the Louisiana lottery.

And yet many people still have reason to ask of statements in advertisements—"Is this true?" To make advertising more believable, more convincing and more trustworthy is of vital interest to manufacturer and publisher.

To bar the coal-black offenders is comparatively easy. Many of the great national magazines apply some degree of advertising censorship. In their columns no medical or curative agents are exploited. No liquors, no get-rich-quick mining or real estate Utopias beguile their readers.

But to make advertising more trustworthy and therefore far more effective, the minor offenses of over-exaggeration, of misleading comparison or of invidious statement should also be censored. Competitors in business should not be permitted to engage in public "mud slinging."

The Curtis Publishing Company has for years guaranteed every advertisement in its columns to be honest and trustworthy.

The Ladies' Home Journal and *The Saturday Evening Post* accept no advertisements of—

(1) Medical or curative agents of any kind.
(2) Alcoholic beverages.
(3) Subjects immoral or suggestive.
(4) Copy that is unduly cheap or vulgar, or that is too unpleasant either in subject or treatment.
(5) Blind advertising—that is to say, advertising which in purpose and intent is obscure or misleading.
(6) "Free" articles unless the article is actually free.
A thing is not free if the reader is obliged to perform some service or buy some other article in order to secure it.
(7) A financial nature, if highly speculative.

We do not accept advertising of stocks, unless they are in good standing and listed on a reputable exchange. Bond advertising is only acceptable if in favor of a sound issue, put forth by a bond house of undoubted standing, and financial advertisers of all kinds must avoid the use of the expressions "absolutely safe" or "absolute safety" as applying to any investment.

It is not enough that an advertiser means well. We must also be certain that he is in a position financially and otherwise to carry out his good intentions to the public's satisfaction; and if something objectionable creeps into an advertisement unforeseen—for publishers are human, like everyone else—we intend that it shall not be repeated.

No advertiser can attack in print his competitor's goods.

Undue boastfulness and exaggeration such as "the best" and "the only" are discouraged in an endeavor to make our columns really believable.

To anyone of reason it must be obvious that the overwhelming statement is always heavily discounted, and therefore unprofitable.

If the reader sees the announcements of a long-standing advertiser in our publications, he has a double assurance of the worthiness of the product—its continued success is an obvious assurance, and we, as publishers, guarantee the integrity of its advertising.

The Curtis Publishing Company

(Continued from Page 66)

"English," explained Jimmy patiently, "is the dead language upon which American was more or less patterned."

"I see," mused the king. "American, then, is a live language."

"It's so live it can't hold still!" responded Jimmy with enthusiasm. "American is the only live language the world has known for more than a thousand years. It's the verbal symbol of a nation which has ideas so fast it has to invent new words every day to express them. By the way, king," and here he lowered his voice and looked cautiously at all the doors, "do you know where I could get some pants?"

"I do not know that word," admitted the king regretfully as Jimmy cast an uncomfortable glance at his shapely legs, each of which was wound spirally in dark red cloth, scalloped in sapphire blue.

"I'll have to make you working drawings, I guess," decided Jimmy miserably. "You know, king, I don't like to seem rude and ungrateful—let alone fussy; but, honest, I can't wear these things. To begin with, these darn spirals make my legs look crooked; moreover, they seem more or less indecent; and, aside from all that, I'm so used to pants that I don't think I could work well in anything else. I just must have pants!"

"I understand," laughed the king with intuitive sympathy for Jimmy's feelings in the matter; and excusing himself he hurried away, leaving Jimmy joyfully surprised and hopeful. He returned in a moment or two with a pair of blue-and-white striped bathing trunks, fresh from the laundry. "We thought that it would be too cold for you to wear them just yet," he apologized.

"Excuse me," laughed Jimmy. "I suppose you thought this the national costume of America, and it is for two weeks every summer; but pants are different."

"Well, we did think it"—the king hesitated for a word—"rather—rather piffling."

"Piffling is the exact American phrase," approved Jimmy, holding out the trunks with a grin. "I think there's some class to the way I happened to have these on. When it looked like a mortal cinch—you'll have to get that word 'cinch'; it's handy—that the good ship Kaisertania was going on the rocks, most of the passengers who were not praying for the first time in years broke into their staterooms and loaded their pockets with jewelry and souvenirs; but I'm an egotist, and I never figured that I needed anything but me—so I opened my trunk with my key, in place of breaking the lock, and did a lightning change act into this trapeze outfit. Lying right on top of it was Jones' Handbook of Modern Shop Practice and Revised-to-the-Minute Formulæ, thirteenth annual edition, just off the press, and the best reading you ever saw. I grabbed that; and just before we hit the reef I jumped overboard, with seventeen poor doomed foreigners trying to hold me back and save my life. You know, king, I'm not prejudiced; but, with the exception of Isolians, I pity foreigners from the bottom of my heart."

"There was some class to the way you came through those reefs," admired the king. "There have been many wrecks on those rocks; but you were the first person, I believe, to come ashore alive since the founding of Isola."

"I never could have done so if they hadn't been tossing out ballast for half an hour before we hit," asserted Jimmy gratefully. "I grabbed a big, stout-looking box, bound with ropes, which rode so high it looked as if it might be airtight, and I tried to wedge Jones' Handbook under one of the ropes. Did I bring that box with me?"

"It brought you," laughed the king. "Betsy Ann has it in charge. She had it brought up from the cave this morning."

"It's Betsy Ann's," replied Jimmy promptly. "I only borrowed it to come ashore, but I owe it a vote of thanks and I'd like to balance my account. Where is it?"

"In Bezzanna's sitting room," replied the king. "Let me help you."

"Can't afford it," refused Jimmy, gritting his teeth. "When I'm out of bed I have to be well."

"What is a Jones' Handbook?" asked the king as they stalked back through the long passage.

"Was it under the rope?" demanded Jimmy, so excited that he forgot to limp. "If that handbook came ashore I'll make you the wealthiest king that ever dodged a bomb! Was it about this long, and this wide, and this thick?"

The king delightedly acknowledged that it was.

"Then I'll tell you how to make glass and gunpowder and shaving soap and Babbitt metal in about five minutes. Of course you don't know what the most of those things are; but, as president of the corporations, you'll find out soon enough. By the way, king, what is your last name? I've heard it three or four times, but I needed another ear to get it all."

The king chuckled, and obliged with his name, syllable by syllable—all seven of them. Jimmy listened intently, but after the second repetition he gave it up.

"It's no use, Thanks Old Scout," he commented; "we'll keep that name for Sundays. It's too fussy to be exposed to the weather all through the week. Meantime, you're such a good sport that I know you won't mind if I just call you a plain king."

"Go to it," agreed the king in excellent American. "What is Sunday?"

"Holy Moses!" groaned Jimmy. "Now I suppose I have to hand you Sunday; and it's a cinch the formula isn't in the handbook. I've been missing Sunday already, but I wouldn't undertake to explain what it means until we can take a solid day for it, and cross our fingers and promise not to quarrel. It's too dangerous a subject to start in a casual walk like this. More people have killed each other because of the peaceful and charitable and humanitarian things which Sunday means than for all the other causes of dispute put together. Wait a minute. Is this Bezzanna's room?"

"We're here," laughed the king.

"I feel like a twisted doughnut!" bewailed Jimmy, looking down at his spirally incased legs. "Gee! I wish I'd saved my safety razor!"

"Cheer up," encouraged the king, and knocked on the door.

Jimmy gave a downward tug at the skirts of his tunic. The door was opened by a mischievous-eyed vision in a delicate pink Grecian robe, who held in her hand Jones' Handbook of Modern Shop Practice and Revised-to-the-Minute Formulæ!

"Hello, Jimmy!" she cheerily hailed her unexpected caller. "Come right in. You've surprised your own surprise party."

Jimmy, followed by the king, advanced into a pale pink room and batted his eyes, for several bewildering things confronted him. Among these were Agilita Haplee, who was tall and slender and had large, soulful eyes; and Lulea Birrquay, who was short and dumpy and wore bright red; and Toopy Polecon, of his American class, who was little and lively and was mostly a movement and a flash of white teeth; and Marsoe Grangro, who was big and stately, but tittered; and a colorless girl, with an unpronounceable name, who hid as much as possible!

Never had Jimmy Smith wished for anything so much as at that moment he wished for trousers and a shave. Meantime he waded through the ceremonies of introduction as best he could, and eventually he might have gained his self-possession and have forgotten—at least in part—his barber poles; but the suddenly discovered presence of another bewildering object in the room saved him the perspiring trouble. That astonishing object was nothing less than a shiny, new, nickel-trimmed, drop-head, mahogany cabinet, roller-bearing, exhibition sample, Warbler sewing machine! He almost hugged it—it seemed so like a face from home.

"Is this yours?" Bezzanna wanted to know. "I just had it opened for you."

"I never saw it before; so it's yours," he assured her, having already clutched the Jones' Handbook. "It looks like cabled money to me though. We make all the machinery which the Warbler Sewing Machine Company uses in the manufacture of this machine in the Eureka Machine Works."

"Fine business!" the princess gleefully rejoined. "Then you're right there with the goods."

He had already seated himself eagerly before the exhibition sample, with the king a quiveringly interested spectator on the opposite side of him; but now Jimmy turned shocked eyes on Bezzanna.

"Look here, kiddy," he protested with a sidelong glance at the girls who could not understand, "you've picked up an awful line of slang."

"Invincible"

TRADE MARK

STARTER

For the Automobile

Price $25

Simplicity—with maximum Efficiency

An "Invincible" Starter on your car—new or old—frees you forever from the labor and danger of cranking.

It can be installed by any good mechanic in an hour. Operates on acetylene and air. It supplies, to the motor, a properly proportioned mixture. **Turn on the switch—the motor starts.** Each start costs 1-25 of one cent. Complete combustion. No fouling of spark plugs. No muffler or exhaust explosions.

The "Invincible" Starter not only operates perfectly in the coldest weather, but is equally efficient on the hottest day of midsummer. Will stand the strictest investigation of engineers.

Adopted by the United States Motor Company and by other well-known manufacturers. Not an experiment—but a tested and proved success.

Write for our Booklet on "Acetylene Gas Starters" or, better yet, **send us $10.00 and we will ship you at once, express prepaid, balance $15.00 C. O. D., an "INVINCIBLE" STARTER OUTFIT complete.**

(In ordering be sure and specify:—make and model of car; what ignition system; location of gas tank.)

If installed and operated according to our printed instructions, we guarantee our Starter to give absolute satisfaction—or **money refunded.**

"Invincible" Starter Company General Offices Penobscot Bldg. **Detroit, Mich.**

Every Motor Helped By These Spark Plugs

No Gas Engine, However Foul, Can Lessen Their Efficiency

Their patented electrical action guar- destroy soot and carbon. They

Reliance

SPARK PLUG—"Sparks in Water"

Magneto

Get this book on

JEFFERY DEWITT CO.
65 Butler Ave
Detroit

This is the Greatest of Outdoor Sports

Canoeing is at its best when you

This is the canoe that has made this sport so popular on all our river playgrounds, park lakes, the seashore, etc. The

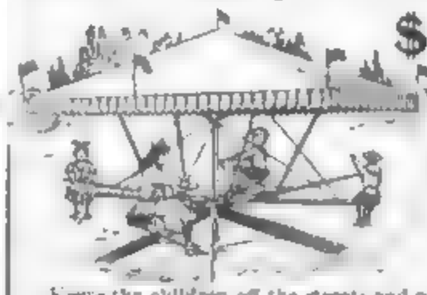
"Old Town Canoe"

is light, easy to paddle, durably constructed, easy to manage, as graceful as a swan. If you live where water to play on, write for our

OLD TOWN CANOE CO.
654 Middle Street Old Town, Me., U. S. A.

Home Merry-Go-Round

$15



Keeps the children off the streets and provides the best amusement and exercise right at home

HERSCHELL-SPILLMAN CO.
146 Sweeney St., No. Tonawanda, N. Y.
Refer to Dun or Bradstreets.

"It's Time To Mend Your Ways"

Glide Grader Ditcher Leveler No. 1
A Horseman Road Machine

Strong enough for 4 horses if required.
Weight 650 pounds.

Shipped on Free Trial

A Real Road Machine—A Demonstrated Success

Write us TO-DAY for Booklet and special good roads matter. All Free.

Glide Road Machine Co. 532 Huron St. Minneapolis, Minn.

They Won't Slip

CAT'S PAW

CUSHION RUBBER HEELS

50¢ Attached All Dealers

The moment you have a pair of CAT'S PAW CUSHION RUBBER HEELS attached to your shoes you feel a greater degree of safety.

Because of the Friction Plug—a patented feature which *positively prevents slipping* on wet sidewalks or pavements—and makes them wear much longer.

The extra quality of rubber affords greater resiliency. There are no holes in the heels to track mud and dirt into the house

And—best of all—they cost no more than the ordinary kind.

To the Retail Trade

It pays to give the public what they want.

The public will want Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels.

Order from your jobber today.

The name is easy to remember. Get a pair today.

Send us the name of your shoe dealer, and we will mail you a Cat's Paw Bangle Pin free.

THE FOSTER RUBBER COMPANY, 105 FEDERAL STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Canadian Office—Eastern Township Bank Bldg., Montreal.

Utica Pliers Save You Money

Because instead of sending for a plumber when you want a gas jet repaired, you do it yourself. If your wife wants a new shaped hat she uses a Utica No. 004, reshapes it herself

to just what she wants and ... new hat. Get the Quality line, ... Take no substitute. ... other ... as good as Utica. We have ... pliers in use over 5 years and still going. Guaranteed satisfactory or your money back. Send for booklet.

UTICA DROP FORGE & TOOL CO., Utica, N. Y.

Our Factory Price $6.75 For this chair. You pocket the big saving. Send ... quarter sawed oak Craftsman chair as illustration. ... Be sure to write for ... FREE FURNITURE BOOK

BROOKS MFG CO 6004 Rust Ave Saginaw Mich

Brooks Chair No. 11

TRU-EN VERITHIN WATCH

—"fits your pocket like a silver dollar."

Only *half* as thick as the ordinary watch, yet *guaranteed* accurate, and even *more* durable.

Attempts to *cut down* watch thickness—by reducing size of movement parts—cause a loss of accuracy and durability. To the Gruen Verithin, foreign skill, plus ... has *built up* the new ... instructed. This retains full strength, ... and ... Supply so limited that only ... each locality can be ... Gruen Verithin ... and the "Story of the Gruen Verithin."

GRUEN WATCH MFG COMPANY ... Fifth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

Makers of famous Gruen Watches since 1876

Prices

Gruen Verithin model ... ed, $25 to $40

In grades marked "Precision," 45 to 250

Gruen watches for women ... 17.50 up

The Highest Perfection attainable

Gravies *Salad Dressings*

A Famous Sauce

It is remarkable how the use of Lea & Perrins' Sauce adds to the enjoyment of every meal.

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

An Appetizer; A Digestive.

Try it on Soups, Fish, Steaks, Roasts, Hashes, Chafing Dish Cooking and Welsh Rarebits.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, N. Y.

"Slang?" she repeated. "I don't get ... it."

"Slang," he carefully explained—"well, slang is the poetry of a man in a hurry, but it's considered rather rough work for ladies in our set."

"I don't know yet why I'm in Dutch," retorted the princess puzzled; "but I do know that you handed me all the American I use."

"All right—rub it in!" he returned, properly defeated. "I might know I'd get the worst of it; but just the same I see I shall have to give you some advanced lessons in plain and fancy parlor conversation. Meantime I'm going to be polite. I'm going to thank you for not having fussed up with this until you knew whether it was mine or not." He grinned into the shuttle groove, where there was a knotted tangle of oiled thread.

"All right—get back," she permitted him. "I'll admit that I couldn't work it. I know what it's for though. It's to make clothes. I saw that from the pictures." And she spread before him the much-thumbed pages of the Warbler Instruction Book, printed in five languages but not in Isolan. "But none of them show me how to fix it so all the thread don't curl up down in that little hole."

"I never saw this particular shuttle movement myself; but give me just a minute and I'll pass you a demonstration."

He bent over the machine and extracted the shuttle from its tangle of oily thread. The brown-bearded countenance of the king came within microscopical range. The air round him grew stuffy, but still Jimmy Smith, blissful in having a piece of accurate mechanism in his hand once more, worked on in profound concentration.

"There!" he exclaimed at last. "I guess that's tied with a pink ribbon and ready to go out on the next delivery. Where's some cloth?" And he looked up to find himself hemmed tightly in by fluffy pink and blue and red and yellow and white robes, and surrounded by six flushed-cheeked, sparkling-eyed and eager girlish faces, with the hand of Bezzanna on the back of his chair, the crook of her arm touching his shoulder, and her head bent so close to his that her curls tickled his hair. He caught his breath rather sharply at that last, but he smiled up at her with a frank friendliness which won the king's instant approval and confidence.

"Some cloth for the professor," Jimmy pompously demanded; and, laughing, Bezzanna ran and brought it—some queerly shaped pieces, the edges of which he placed together and slipped under the needlefoot. He ran the seam halfway down, amid the "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" of the admiring feminine circle; then he broke the needle. He put another one in and threaded it, but Bezzanna drove him away from the machine.

"You don't know how to sew!" she chided him. "I want to do it."

She finished that seam with grace and ease; and as she bent over her work, in a pose most effective for the display of the beautiful curve from the base of her ear to her smooth shoulder, Jimmy Smith wondered what it was that made her so much prettier than all these other girls—or, in fact, than any girl he had ever seen. She was a corker! He hated to admit it; but never, even at home, in the land which produces more beautiful and attractive and delightful women than all the rest of the world put together, had he seen such an amazing collection of beauty selfishly appropriated by one person. Bright as a dollar too! He was worried about it, until at last he found the right explanation, and then he was satisfied. The original castaways who had founded Isola must have been Americans!

Bezzanna removed the delicate pink, satin-finished cloth from the machine, studied the seam with a little frown and an adorable pucker of her rosy lips, and bit off the ends of the thread with her glistening white teeth. She seized a third piece of cloth, put the edges together and inserted them in the machine, with an intense interest which showed that she would prefer to do nothing but sew for the balance of the day.

An imploring clamor rose from the bevy of excited girls. It was evident they were begging to sew!

"You see!" triumphed Jimmy to the king. "You and I can't escape from a business opportunity every hour from now on. Tomorrow you get me a likely bunch of boys for instruction and we'll put out subagents right away for the Warbler sewing machine. You see how the women will eat it up, don't you? We can put one in every family in Isola, even if the lady of the house has to mortgage the plush album to make the first payment. You and I will handle the general agency, the sole labor of which consists in pocketing half the commission; and it won't interfere for a minute with the glass company and the soap factory, or any other of our corporations."

"I get you," responded the king with equal enthusiasm. "I'm aching so to get busy that my arm hurts."

"Gee! Old Scout, you're a hummer in picking up American!" complimented Jimmy.

Bezzanna finished the second seam, removed her work and held it out proudly for inspection. Jimmy Smith had a queer sinking sensation in the pit of his stomach. That delicately tinted, shiny pink garment was a pair of bathing trunks of about his size.

"Now I'm next!" she exclaimed turning to him brightly. "I couldn't understand how they made such cute little even stitches in your clothes."

She turned animatedly to the girls and began to explain something; then they all chattered excitedly at once. Suddenly she sprang up from the machine and ran out of the room.

"Betsy Ann!" called Jimmy in agony—but she was gone. He sprang to follow her; but his hip was in no present condition for speed, as it reminded him with a sharp pang. "Stop her, king!" he begged. "If she brings those darn trunks up here I'll cave in!"

"I don't get you," puzzled the king; but he went and, the room being cleared of the proprietor, the rest of the girls pounced on that Warbler sewing machine; and, demanding of Jimmy singly and in groups to be shown, they put it to the extreme speed test, gurgling over it so much that Jimmy fully expected them to send home for their things and stay right there.

The king was the first to return.

"I got away with it," he reassuringly laughed to Jimmy. "I hid them in an empty vase—but I don't see why."

Bezzanna returned by another door.

"Here they are!" she said, glowing with the happy certainty of approbation. "I made them myself, intending to spring them on you the first warm day," and she held out, for his delighted inspection and approval, a pair of light blue bathing trunks, trimmed with pink ribbons and embroidered with dainty butterflies. "Your national costume is so cute!" she bubbled, and turned with charming effervescence to the eager girls to show them the creation and to discuss with them the immense superiority of the neat, swift and handy machine stitch over tedious handwork.

"That settles it!" hissed Jimmy fiercely to the king as he limped hastily to the door. "I have to have pants!"

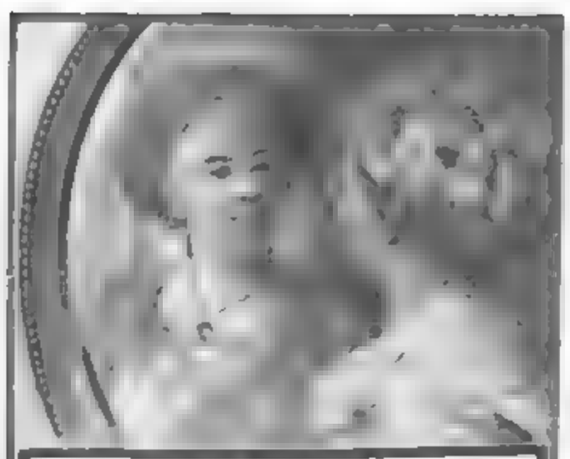
"Oh, Jimmy!" called Bezzanna, hurrying to him and holding forth the dainty garment. She looked up at him with clear eyes, so full of pleading that they could have compelled him to crack a safe. "Do go and put them on—won't you? I'm dippy to know if they fit, and the girls want to see how you look in them. Why, how red your face is! The room is too warm. Oh, you're all in!" And her tone became so sympathetic that it removed Jimmy's last prop.

"I'm afraid I'll have to go back to bed," he miserably lied; and, taking the infernal trunks with such mumbled thanks as he could command, he crawled feebly from the torture chamber and made the king help him get ready to retire. "I hate this confounded bed, but I have to make good!" Jimmy groaned as he thumped in to the accompaniment of the king's aggravating laughter. "There's one thing certain!" he savagely exclaimed as he propped himself vigorously on one elbow. "I want that machine and some plain dark cloth down here tonight, for I'm not going to leave this room again until I figure me out some pants."

"I'll see if I can borrow it from Betsy Ann," chuckled the king. "By the way, Jimmy, if we sell a lot of those machines where are we to get them?"

"By George, I hadn't thought of that!" exclaimed Jimmy, sitting straight up in bed. "Why, that's a cinch!" he added cheerfully after a moment of thought. "We'll organize a company and manufacture them!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

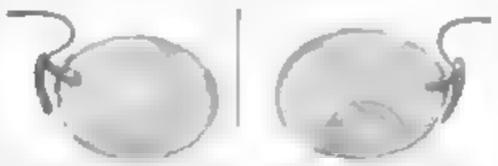


KRYPTOK LENSES

Do Not Mar Good Looks

They have the appearance of single-vision lenses, yet combine two distinct focal points, one for distance and one for reading. No seams, lines or cement.

No one can tell you have double-vision glasses when you wear Kryptoks. They are not freakish in appearance.



This is a Kryptok Lens Note the absence of seams. Kryptok Lenses do not look old or suggest old age. They improve one's appearance.

This is a Pasted Lens Note the ugly seams. They are unsightly. They indicate old age. Pasted lenses detract from one's appearance.

Write for Descriptive Booklet

Your optician will supply you with Kryptok Lenses. May be put into any style frame or mounting, or into your old ones. Over 250,000 people are wearing them

Kryptok Company, 105 East 23d St., New York

Rémoh Gems

The World-Famous Synthetic Stones

The greatest triumph of the oxy-hydrogen furnace. Set singly or in combination with fine diamonds. Stand all tests of mined stones. Nature's work duplicated. Ever lasting quality guaranteed. Set only in 14k Solid Gold or Platinum mountings. Sent C. O. D., express prepaid subject to examination, or by registered mail on receipt of price. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

Beautiful Book in Colors Free

Write today for our magnificent 4-color catalog de-luxe, it's free.

Rémoh Jewelry Co.
468 N. Bdwy., St. Louis, Mo.

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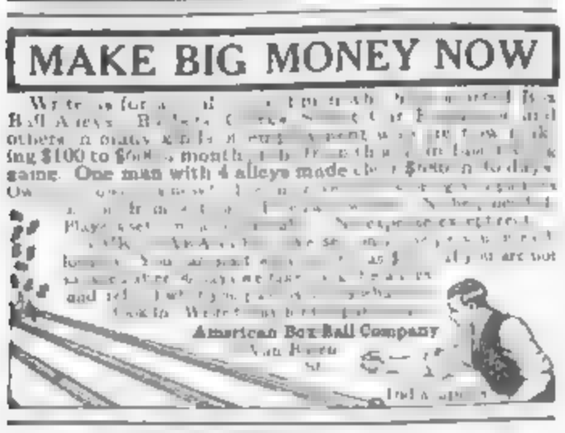

American Box Ball Company

GRAY MOTORS FOR BOATS

3 H. P. with Complete Outfit ready to install $55
Also 3½ to 36 H. P.

Gray Motor Company, 4116 U. S. Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

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Send Sketch or Model for FREE SEARCH
Books Advice, Searches, and Big List of Inventions Wanted FREE
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Chewing Gum Sell to dealers in your town. Be our agent. Clean, profitable business built up quickly with our new brands. Four flavors, novel packages. Write today. Hainer Gum Factory, Cincinnati. We make Vending, Slot, Premium and Special Gums.

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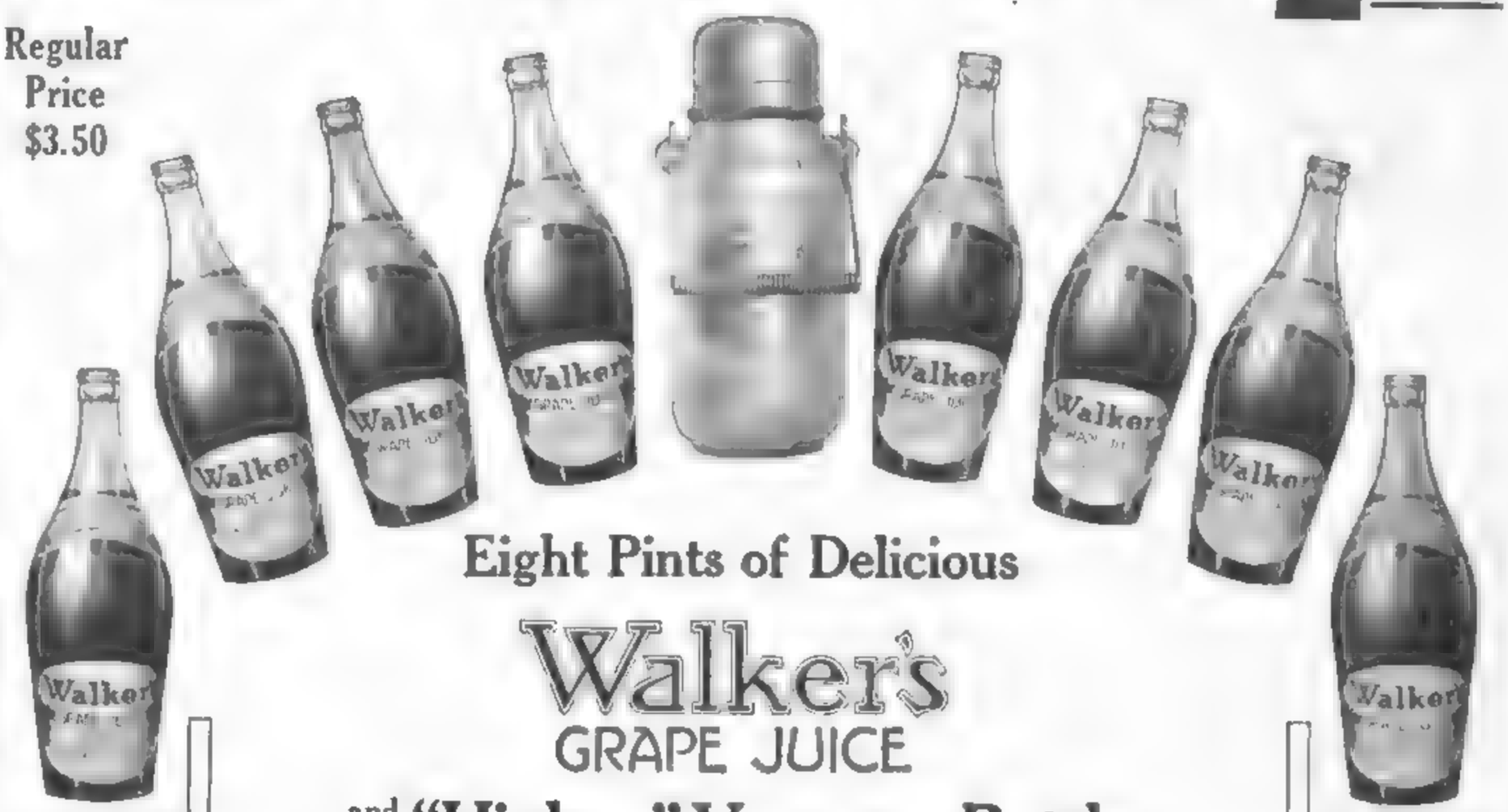

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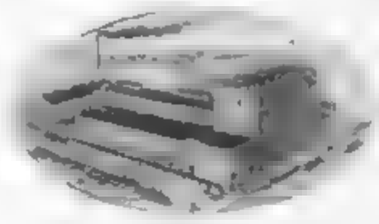

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EXTRAORDINARY CASES

(Concluded from Page 22)

endeavored to work out some scheme by which they could be induced to attend. He had not evolved a successful idea until by chance at a Chautauqua meeting of some sort in Dakota a stranger had said to him:

"Why, doctor, we have solved that trouble by a system of medals."

This idea remained with the doctor, and when he returned to Lincoln he conceived the idea of establishing in his Sunday-school a series of medals running from the size of a dime to that of a dollar.

Now the doctor explained to the agent of the Government that he concluded that if he could make these medals, of which he would need a considerable number, he would relieve his flock of this expense. He therefore began to experiment, using coins as models. He explained to the agent that in spite of all his labor he had not been successful in getting a perfect coin.

The doctor talked freely. He asked the agent, who had great experience with counterfeiters, why it was that he had been unable to obtain a perfectly round coin, and the agent pointed out that he saw no air vent in his molds. The doctor said that of course this was the reason, that he did not know of an air vent.

It seemed that they parted in a friendly fashion and the agent was inclined to believe in the doctor's explanation.

Uncle Sam Wins

It was a theory of Aristotle that with the truth all things would agree, but that with the false, events would be found not to accord. This is a basic truth that cannot be doubted. It is the principle upon which these papers run. Every transaction is a piece in the vast mosaic of events. Its borders are infinitely irregular. No man can falsify them. It is a problem beyond the capacities of the human mind. It consequently appears in every case that the one who undertakes this impossible labor is sure to entangle himself.

It is customary for the Government to persist where the debasing of its coin is an issue, and events presently arose that threw the doctor's story into shadow. It was discovered that he did know of the necessity of an air vent in the molds, because early in his experiments he had made inquiry of a dentist. It was observed that in every case the doctor had defaced the molds before he had abandoned them—a custom peculiar to counterfeiters, who appear to be under the impression that they cannot be convicted unless the design of the coin is found in the mold. It appeared that the doctor, in fact, made a number of complete coins; and it was finally disclosed that his son had passed several of these coins on a tobacconist. Moreover, it was strange that the doctor should spend nearly four years in attempting to manufacture medals for his Sunday-school, when he could have purchased them for a trifling sum.

The doctor was put on trial, convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary. There are some things of more value than a knowledge of Browning, and one of them is a realization of the peril incurred by entering into rivalry with the United States Government in the manufacture of money.

Consider how remote the chances were that any one would ever find the fragment of plaster in the first case or the bit of coin in the other. How did it happen?

The madhouses are crowded with men who have endeavored to solve the mystery of chance. The inquiry presently enters that bloody angle wherein the adherents of design and those of coincidence contend with the bayonet. Nevertheless when one looks closely he seems to observe a certain percentage of chances against the criminal agent. Does this mean that the criminal is usually a person whose intelligence is below the average, or does it mean that the Thing behind the machinery of the universe—mind, impulse, call it what you like—is laboring at some great work, and that all those who are useful to its purpose, who aid it, it endeavors to preserve, and all those who are useless or harmful it endeavors to destroy—as Nature in the plant or animal develops the organ that is not?

Editor's Note—This is the sixth in a new series of papers by Mr. Post. The seventh will be printed in an early number

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ON MAIN STREET

(Continued from Page 21)

sobs when moving pictures are mentioned in his hearing—in addition to this moving-picture competition, Chicago also wrestled with powerfully bad weather and was handicapped by deficient transportation facilities—facilities that are more overcrowded and worse managed even than New York's; and finally there was the unsafe condition of the streets after nightfall, by reason of the fact that about half of Chicago's population, if one might judge by the newspaper accounts, goes abroad with blackjacks and gas-pipes, merrily knocking the other half in the head. Moreover, Chicago is fan-shaped and its theaters are grouped together in the Loop District, right where the spokes of the fan meet. Beyond them, enveloping them on three sides—the lake being in front—is the business district; so that, for pretty nearly everybody who lives in Chicago, a visit to the theater at night means a thirty-minute trip on a street car coming downtown and another thirty-minute trip going back home again. There New York has the advantage; for Manhattan Island, speaking roughly, is shaped like a human tongue, with the theaters beaded along a line right up through the center, and residential cross-streets stretching off on each side to right and left; so that a good many thousands of prosperous New York dwellers, and practically all the guests in the bigger hotels, are within easy walking or riding distance of almost any Broadway theater. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, Chicago managers say that, house for house, Chicago theaters have done better during the season of 1911-12 than New York houses, which, if it is true—and probably it is—speaks strongly for Chicago theatergoers.

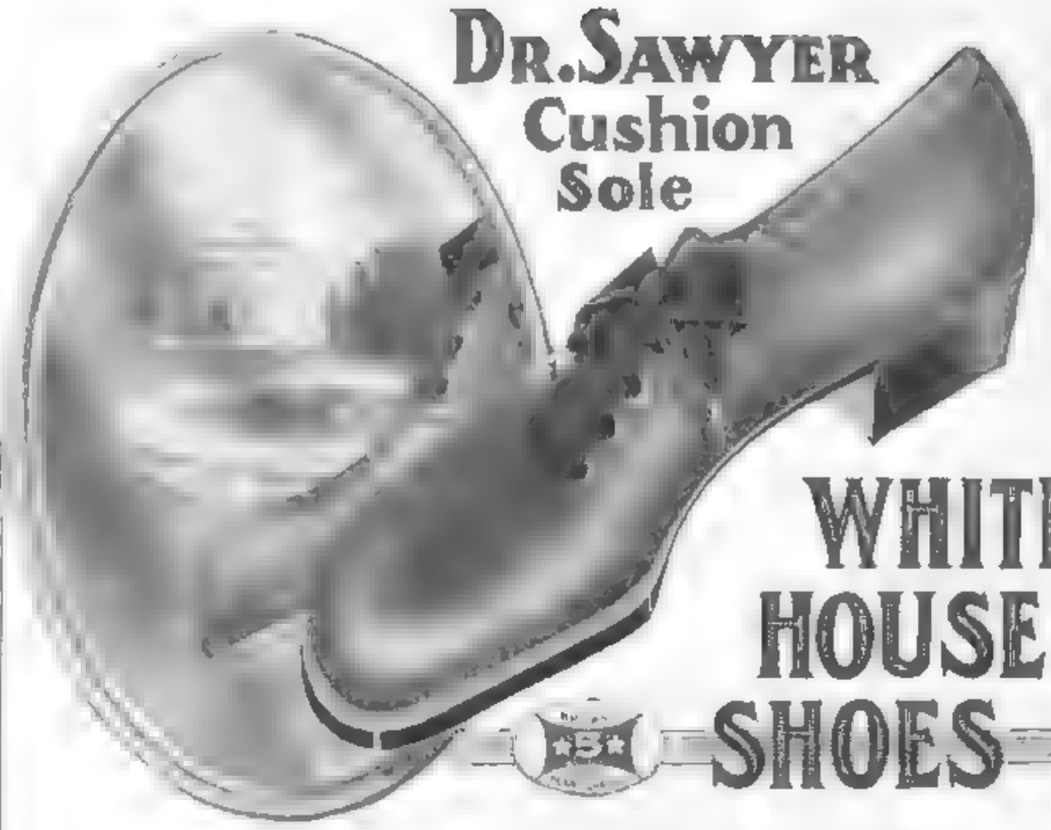
A Chicago audience is likely to be a home audience by a very heavy percentage; a New York audience, in all likelihood, will be made up, fifty per cent or more, of strangers. Chicago is a home place; New York is a show place and customarily has three or four times as many transient visitors as Chicago.

Where Home Talent is Appreciated

A Chicago theatrical man of parts said to the writer, and offered to prove the truth of what he said by statistics, that thirty per cent of the really important American dramatic successes of the last few years were Chicago productions—not [illegible], rescrambled European importations and not dramatic productions that merely had their coming-out parties in Chicago because it is a big town and handy for the purpose, but genuine, original American productions, out and out. He went ahead and cited a long and impressive list, beginning with Babes in Toyland and The Wizard of Oz, which were brought out at the Grand Opera House in Chicago by the Chicago firm of Hamlin Brothers, and which set a brand-new pace for musical extravaganzas in America. He likewise cited Arizona—for which the Hamlins were also responsible—as a straight Chicago product; and, as a more recent instance, The Man From Home. This last-named piece was put on at the Studebaker, in Chicago, to season it for a campaign on the road; and when its success became immediate and sure another theater was hurriedly converted from a vaudeville house to receive it. It didn't see New York until months after, when its Chicago run had ended.

This man went on to say that Chicago, in common with the rest of the country, was ceasing to accept blindly and dumbly the New York dictum as the official judgment on a new play. He called to mind The Seven Sisters, which last year failed in New York after a three-weeks run and went to Chicago and ran for fourteen. Then there was Joseph Medill Patterson's newest piece, Rebellion, which failed so dismally in New York last fall that it was taken off after the thirteenth performance and hurriedly transferred to Chicago, in the faint hope that change of climate, the oxygen treatment and transfusion of blood might prolong the faintly flickering spark. Chicago came through handsomely with the breath of life and the revivifying saline solution in the shape of favorable notices and box-office receipts. The fact that the author was a Chicagoan and interested in one of the Chicago newspapers, my informant insisted, had nothing to do with the

Dr. Sawyer Cushion Sole



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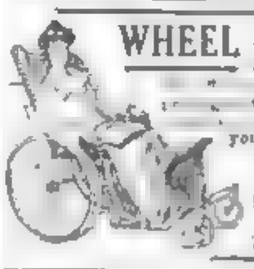

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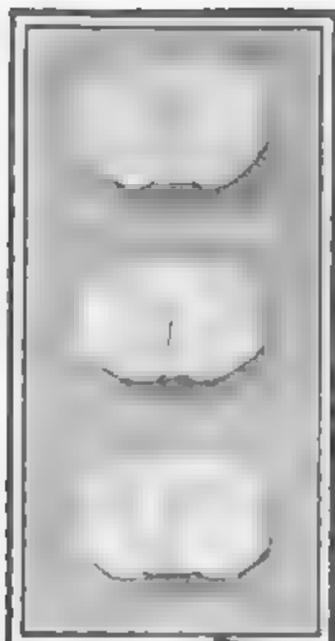

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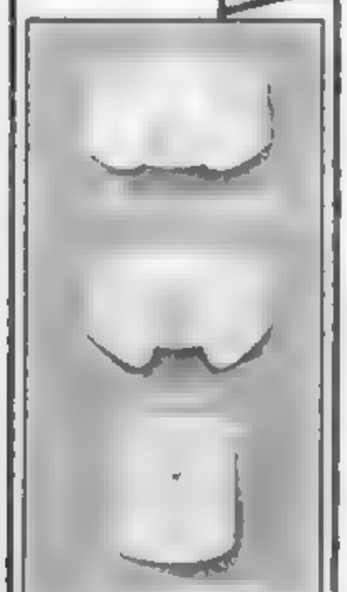

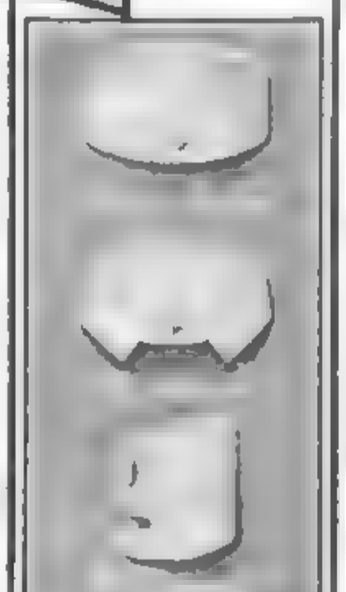

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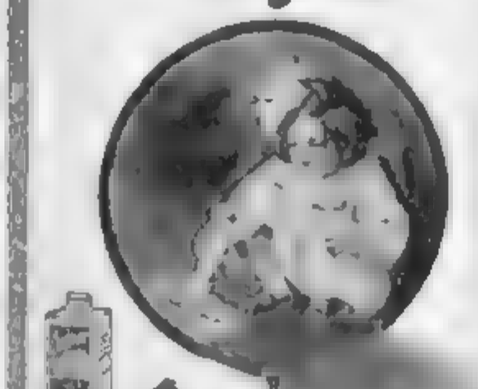

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Chicago reception of the play—merit, and not local pride, was the only consideration, he said.

The Runaways was a musical comedy that fell pretty flat at the Casino, in New York, when the Casino was the accepted home of big musical shows; but rechristened as Chow-Chow, it went to the La Salle Theater, in Chicago, and from there hit the pike, playing on the road seven straight seasons uninterruptedly, netting its owners profits of over four hundred thousand dollars. The Fisher Maiden was another musical show that didn't greatly please New York or the New York critics; but, as The Jolly Baron, it stayed thirty-one solid weeks in one Chicago theater and then cleaned up a pile of money on the road. The Isle of Spice and The Royal Chef were neither of them successes in New York, the scene of their first appearances; but Chicago liked them, and presumably it was Chicago's indorsement that made them immediately popular and profitable on tour.

Six years ago, two students wrote a college boys' play, called The Umpire, for performance by students of the University of Chicago. Of course in professional theatrical circles they were unknown. Another practically unknown youth, named Mort Singer—he was little more than a boy himself, both in age and in theatrical experience—thought he saw possibilities in the skit. He raked together three thousand reluctant and diffident dollars, hired a company somehow and put on The Umpire at a regular theater as a regular attraction. It ran the whole season, topping Chicago box-office records up to that time. It gave Singer his start and he hasn't perceptibly slowed up since. It made musical-comedy stars of Cecil Lean and Florence Holbrook—he had been a chorus man and she a subprincipal in another show; and it encouraged the authors—Hough and Adams were their names—to begin turning out musical shows by the running mile. Now, at the end of six years, both still being very young men, they are about ready to quit the musical-comedy game, each of them having amassed a comfortable fortune from his royalties.

How Chicago Sees its Stars

Mr. Singer claims the honor of having produced in six years more successful comedies than any manager ever produced, whether of successes or failures, in the same period. And Askin and Singer have undoubtedly been responsible for the development of more comic opera stars since they first went into business together, and also since they separated, than any two men ever developed in anything like a similar time. Mainly, however, these newfound stars of theirs first twinkled in Chicago and then went to New York to blaze. That, the Chicago managers say, has always been the way of it—Chicago is the place where the stars come out and New York is the place where they go in. And they point, for examples, to Eddie Foy, strictly a Chicago product, and also, not changing the subject or anything like that, to Otis Skinner, who long enjoyed a Chicago popularity before he broke into Broadway society; and to Jack Barrymore, who played small parts and character bits mainly until a Chicago manager caught him and made a star of him; and to Sallie Fisher, one of Singer's finds, who is now a prima donna in her own right; and to Montgomery and Stone, two of the highest-priced comedians in America today, who were knockabouts, doing a sort of glorified clown act in vaudeville for a joint salary of probably two hundred and fifty dollars a week when the Hamlins stuck them into The Wizard of Oz; and, citing perhaps the latest case, to John E. Young, rescued by Askin from a chorus and now a promising recruit in musical comedy.

So there you are. Summing up, then—say, from some safe, sane, centrally located, halfway point, such as Sewickley, Pennsylvania—one undertaking to compare New York and Chicago theatrically and dramatically might be so emboldened as to state that Chicago productions are apt to be cleaner and perhaps a little cruder than New York's, and that New York productions are less clean, but show more finish; which may be only another way of saying you may see their finish sooner, as is indeed quite frequently the case. Also you could describe Chicago as ambitious, advancing and grateful; and New York as self-satisfied, arrogant and selfish.

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I urge upon all Catholics the use of the

MANUAL OF PRAYERS

A Beautiful Gift for First Communion, Confirmation, Weddings, Adult Baptism, &c., &c.

This book, in best Morocco binding, with gilt edges, and a beautiful rolled-gold chain Rosary. **Both for $3.00.**

Or, the Manual, the Rosary, and the "Life of Cardinal Gibbons," all for $5.00. Your choice of Rosaries: Amethyst, Garnet, Topaz, Carnelian, Crystal, Sapphire, Emerald, Opal, Jet or Pearl.

The Manual in white leather $5.00, silk lined $6.00

JOHN MURPHY CO., Baltimore, Md.

"Practical Bungalows"

The Book You Need if You Intend to Build

100 pages 220 illustrations

SPECIAL OFFER **50c** Postpaid

[illegible]

We have built over 2000 homes [illegible]

Write Today [illegible]

50c (coin or stamps) will bring you our big bungalow book—postpaid.

LOS ANGELES INVESTMENT COMPANY

333 F Hill St. Los Angeles, California

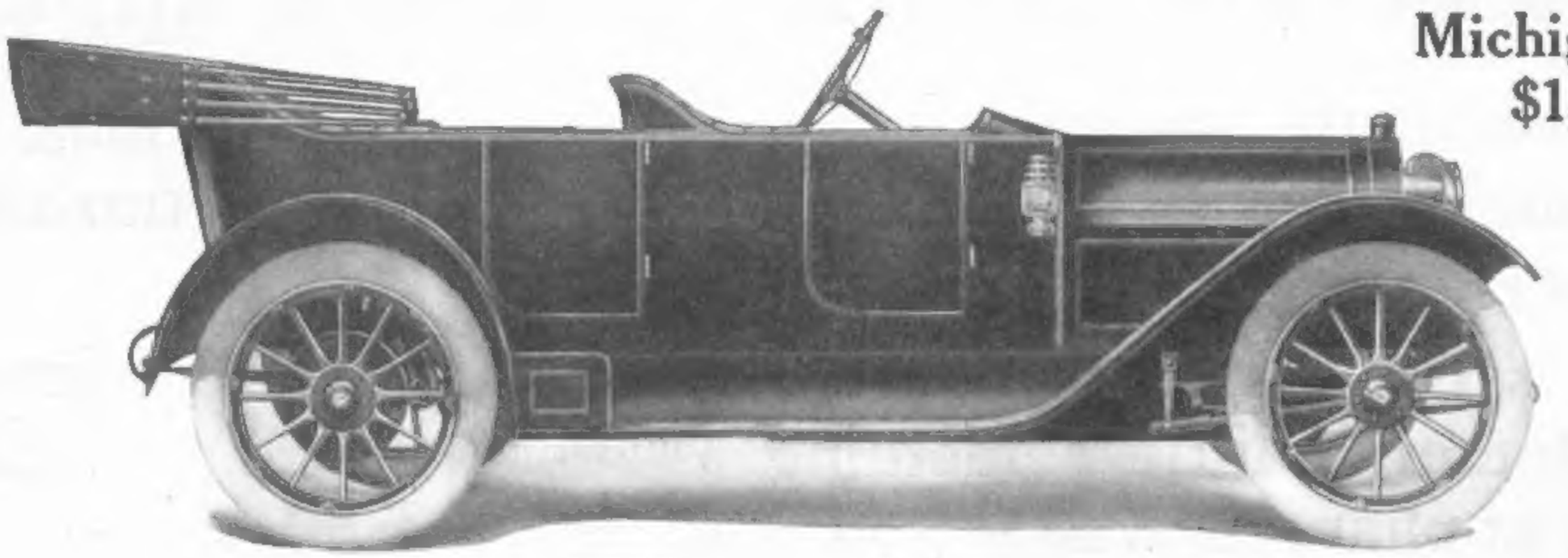
ALL-METAL GARAGE

Fire-proof, storm-proof, vandal-proof. Easy to put up or take down. No wood. Made in right [illegible] patented [illegible] sections with heavy corrugated iron [illegible] sting iron.

THE GORDON PORTABLE

is guaranteed rust-proof for 50 years! Cheaper [illegible]

THE GORDON MFG. CO.
361 Lewis Av. Middletown, O.



Michigan "40"
$1,500

The Car
And The Factory Behind It

When you buy a car there are two things to consider—

First, the car itself. Next, and equally important, the factory behind it.

Anything that tends to distract your attention from these two essentials is immaterial. And in the face of all the fancy sales talk you hear every day, bear in mind these two big things—

The car! And the factory behind it!

You are buying an automobile. You want one that will give you the most for what you pay. Most in specifications. Most in quality. Most in service. A car in advance of the market—in which you get the 1913 features *today*.

You want your car to come from a concern that knows how to produce a good article mechanically. And that has confidence enough in its product to guarantee it—with the financial ability to make the guarantee *worth something*.

The Master Car

All these requirements are met—successfully—in the "Michigan Forty."

Other cars are being sold at the "Michigan" price. Of course. But in the "Michigan Forty" you get the maximum of value. In other words, you get "more car."

Thirty years of success in pleasure vehicle building has established our reputation, both in a manufacturing and a financial way. Millions of people all over the country know of us—of our business ideals.

And when we guarantee *for life* the mighty "Michigan Forty," they know that the car is good. That we will stand back of it. That there is responsibility back of our guarantee.

Note the Michigan Features

Read the big features mentioned below. Are they not convincing proof of more than ordinary value? *Of greatest value?*

A wonderful car! Backed up by an old line, established concern! *What more can you ask! What more do you want!*

Michigan 40

Every Big Feature Included in the Michigan "40"

Motor—40 horsepower. Four cylinders, 4¼ x 5¼ inches. Three-bearing crankshaft. Enclosed valves.

Self-starter—absolutely efficient; light in weight; non-injurious to motor.

Dual ignition. Briggs guaranteed magneto.

Three-speed selective transmission. Strong enough for a 60 H. P. car.

Frame—extra strong, 5-32-in. steel. Four inches deep, 3¼-inch flange.

Shortsville wheels, 34x4-inch tires and demountable rims—just to make sure that "*Michigan*" owners will not be bothered with that bugbear of motordom, tire trouble.

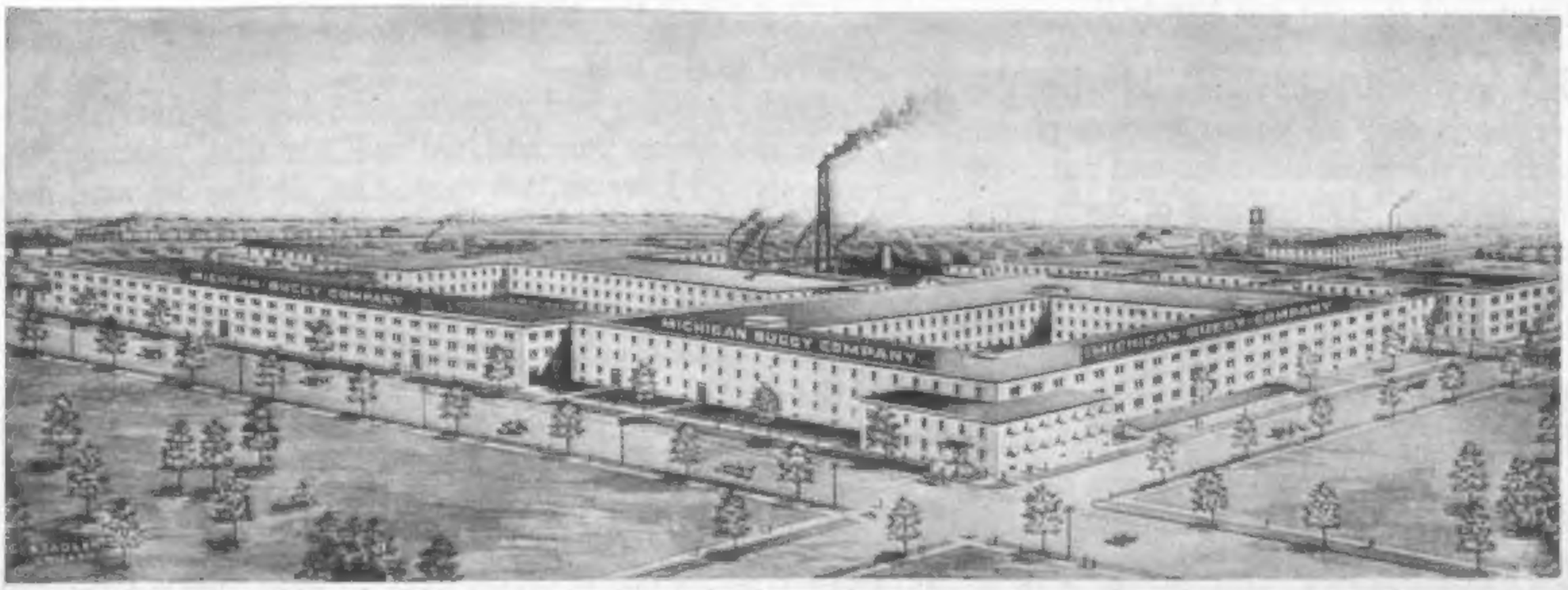
Fourteen-inch brake drums. One square inch of braking surface to every six pounds.

White nickel mountings throughout.

116-inch wheel base, long 50-inch springs and luxuriously comfortable cushions insure perfect-riding qualities.

A life guarantee on every "*Michigan*" car—backed up by an old-established concern.

MICHIGAN BUGGY COMPANY, 218 Lay Street, Kalamazoo, Mich.



Free Catalog Coupon

MICHIGAN BUGGY CO.
Motor Car Dept.
218 Lay Street
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Please send me catalog describing the "Michigan Forty" and other Michigan cars.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

(88)

to the sellers of electrically heated appliances

you can stand up squarely before your customers, look them in the eye and say, *"this Hotpoint electric iron is guaranteed by the factory for five years."*

and that is the exact moment when you should continue to tell your customer a little something about the iron and the other electrical appliances which you sell. you might say—

—"From my electrical knowledge, I believe you will have no trouble with this iron within the five year guarantee period, but if you do, simply send the defective element to the factory, and they will replace it without charge."

Now is the time to **show** her something—
—pick up a screw-driver and show her that she can almost instantly take the iron completely apart by taking out a few screws, and can as easily put it together again.

Show her the figures stamped on the back of the iron which give the year and the month in which the iron left the factory. This makes it easy to determine the guarantee.

Your customer is interested. She is learning something about the application of electricity to household economics. You have her attention.

You can introduce a new epoch—
—in the relationship between manufacturer, dealer and user. You can identify yourself with "the new idea in business," commercialized and put into wholesale effect, by explaining how far the Pacific Electric Heating Company has carried its guarantee idea.

Say to her—"If you have a Hotpoint iron that is not of the very latest model, bring it to me, with $3.00, which is three-fifths the regular price of a new iron, and I will give you a brand-new, 1912 model with a five year guarantee, right out of my regular stock"—

—and to top it off, tell her, "as for the old cord and plug, you can keep it if you choose, there will be a new one with the new iron and you may find the old one handy."

Some of the very oldest Hotpoint irons were sold when the condition of the art was such that no guarantee was given. A little later we inaugurated the guarantee idea and our irons were guaranteed for six months. Later some of them were sold under a year guarantee, some under a two year. The guarantee on all but the very latest of them will have expired long ago. Never mind.

Should she ask why the factory does this—
—explain to her that the Pacific Electric Heating Company began making electric irons nine years ago—that it was the first factory to put a guarantee on its irons—that it has always been in the van of improvement—that the irons have been improved year by year and the factory considers them practically perfect.

That the company is anxious that every user be supplied with the very latest model. Tell her that you, as an up-to-date distributor are only too glad to assist the factory to do this.

This will introduce another big thing—
—which you, as a distributor of Hotpoint goods are privileged to announce—that is—Hotpoint Day, the one day on which all America turns its interest to electrical appliances. The day inaugurated by the Pacific Electric Heating Company four years ago. This year it will be celebrated May 11th. Tell your customer what you are doing to make Hotpoint Day interesting and instructive to her—

—tell her that on Hotpoint Day only, you will sell her a regular $4.50 three-pound Hotpoint iron at $2.25—exactly half price. Show it. Explain how competent it is for most ironing—how handy in the sewing room—for travelers.

Tell her about your Hotpoint Day demonstration, and ask her to bring her friends in. It will not be confined to the iron but will include the entire line of electric cooking and heating devices. Like enough, right then and there she will want you to explain EL TOSTO or EL STOVO or some of our other devices which you should be showing.

Your customers are entitled to know these things—
—which are informative and interesting. The spirit behind you in telling it should be this—you should appreciate that you represent the Pacific Electric Heating Company, which is the livest, the most aggressive manufacturer of devices to be used on the lamp socket. That as such you must convey to your customers the same broad-minded interest in the continued successful use of its appliances as is manifested by the factory itself in the above plans.

A word to the user—
—should you not find a dealer who handles our line please let us hear from you and we will see that you are served promptly. However, we cannot furnish the 3-pound iron at $2.25 except through the dealer and only on Hotpoint Day. For list of dealers, see *The Saturday Evening Post* of May eleventh.

TO LIGHTING COMPANIES and DEALERS You cannot afford to overlook a line of electrically heated appliances, the manufacturers of which go so far as we do to protect the interests of our customers. If there is an outlet in your town that is not being taken advantage of, write for our proposition to the trade. It would be well to order samples at the same time.

PACIFIC ELECTRIC HEATING COMPANY

136 Liberty St., NEW YORK
Toronto, Canada

ONTARIO, CALIF.

1001 Wash. Blvd., CHICAGO
Vancouver, B. C.

EVERWEAR WILL SET HER FREE

Everwear TRADE MARK Guaranteed Hosiery

A THANKLESS task—that never-ending darning! There are "artists in darning" as well as in painting—but they are seldom appreciated by the most loving husbands or most thoughtful children. All *do* or should appreciate hole-free hosiery, combined with comfort and style. Be free then! Since hole-free Everwear costs no more than the ordinary hole-developers.

A PLEASURE AWAITS YOU—If Everwear Hosiery is yet to be enjoyed, don't delay. Fit out the whole family from the lively youngster to the heads-of-the-house.

COMFORT—Don't imagine that we make Everwear hard, bulky or stiff so as to insure our guarantee. That would be a suicidal policy. *It is delightfully soft, hugging foot and ankle with a closeness and ease that makes you forget you have feet in shoes.*

ANATOMICALLY CORRECT—Everwear Hose is tested over models scientifically constructed from actual measurements of the human foot and leg. That's why it fits so perfectly; no bunching at the curve of the toes—no wrinkles over the instep—neat and trim around the ankle—ease and comfort at every point. It is seamless, and knit to each size. Because of the exceptional vitality of its fabric, Everwear Hose retains its elasticity and shapeliness permanently, even after scores of trips to the laundry.

BEAUTY AND COLORS PERMANENT—Everwear Hose holds its color despite the attacks of laundry chemicals. Our dyes are fast; the colors deep and even; each pair retains its original rich lustre and depth of color indefinitely.

RIGIDLY GUARANTEED—Everwear purchased by the box is guaranteed against rips or holes for a definite period. (See price list below.) If rips or holes appear within the specified time—we or your dealer *gladly* replace them free. Your endless darning-job leaves home when Everwear comes in.

REMEMBER: THAT THE FIVE VITAL IDEAS back of Everwear Hosiery are: unassailable quality, correct fit, comfort, a reasonable price and a *definite* replace guarantee.

ASK YOUR DEALER—for Everwear Hose in the Red Box. He sells them at prices quoted below. If he hasn't them—order direct of us. We will prepay express direct into your hands. State size, weight and color.

Look for this red box

Money Can't Buy Better At any Price

Economy Forbids Paying More for Hose

There's a Size and Style of Everwear Hose for each member of the Family

MEN—Select from this List

Sizes 9 to 12

Light and medium weight cotton—Black, Natural color, White, Blue, Steel Gray, Tan, Brown, Purple, Light Gray, Green, Burgundy, Heliotrope.—Pair 25c. Box 6 pair, Price $1.50, Gtd. 6 mos.

Gauze weight silk lisle (a new style)—Black, White, Blue, Dark Gray, Tan, Purple, Light Gray, Green, Burgundy, Heliotrope.—Pair 35c. Box 3 pair, Price $1.00, Gtd. 3 mos.

Medium weight silk lisle—Black, Natural, White, Blue, Dark Gray, Tan, Purple, Light Gray, Green, Burgundy, Heliotrope.—Pair 50c. Box 6 pair, Price $3.00, Gtd. 6 mos.

Fine cashmere—Black, Navy, Tan, Natural Mixed, Oxford.—Pair 35c. Box 6 pair, Price $2.00, Gtd. 6 mos.

Light weight pure thread silk—Black, White, Blue, Tan, Purple, Light Gray, Green, Burgundy, Heliotrope.—Pair 50c. Box 3 pair, Price $1.50, Gtd. 3 mos.

WOMEN and CHILDREN—Select from this List

Women—Sizes 5 to 11

Light and medium weight cotton—Black, White, Natural, Black (Rib Top), White (Rib Top), Natural (Rib Top), Black with white foot, Tan, Tan (Rib Top).—Pair 35c. Box 6 pair, Price $2.00, Gtd. 6 mos.

Light and medium weight silk lisle—Black, White, Natural, Black (Rib Top), White (Rib Top), Natural (Rib Top), Tan, Tan (Rib Top).—Pair 50c. Box 6 pair, Price $3.00, Gtd. 6 mos.

Light weight pure thread silk—Black, White, Tan.—Pair 75c. Box 3 pair, Price $2.25, Gtd. 3 mos.

We also supply special out-size hose for women

Children—Sizes 5 to 7½

Tan, white or black, medium weight cotton.—Pair 25c. Box 4 pair, Price $1.00, Gtd. 3 mos.

Children—Sizes 5 to 7½ (Continued)

Black and tan, heavy weight, double knee.—Pair 25c. Box 4 pair, Price $1.00, Gtd. 3 mos.

Black, fine cashmere.—Pair 35c. Box 3 pair, Price $1.00, Gtd. 3 mos.

White, black and tan, fine silk lisle.—Pair 35c. Box 3 pair, Price $1.00, Gtd. 3 mos.

Children—Sizes 8 to 11

Tan, white or black, medium weight cotton.—Pair 35c. Box 3 pair, Price $1.00, Gtd. 3 mos.

Black and tan, heavy weight, double knee.—Pair 35c. Box 3 pair, Price $1.00, Gtd. 3 mos.

Black, fine cashmere.—Pair 50c. Box 3 pair, Price $1.50, Gtd. 3 mos.

White, black and tan, fine silk lisle.—Pair 50c. Box 3 pair, Price $1.50, Gtd. 3 mos.

EVERWEAR HOSIERY CO., Dept. 11, Milwaukee, Wis., U. S. A.

When you market—Ask for

FAIRBANK PRODUCTS

Gold Dust

Ordinary dish water only cleans the surface. Put a dash of Gold Dust into the water, and it will go to the bottom of things, drive out every bit of dirt, every germ, every hidden particle. Gold Dust **cleanses** as well as it cleans.

Gold Dust makes dishes sweeter and cleaner than ever before, and saves at least half the time ordinarily consumed in washing them.

"Let the Gold Dust Twins do your work"

Fairy Soap

Purity is the first requisite in a toilet and bath soap.

Fairy Soap is pure because it is made from choice edible products.

Besides, its floating, oval cake is a distinct advantage over other white toilet soaps.

Costs **but 5c,** but you cannot get better soap at any price.

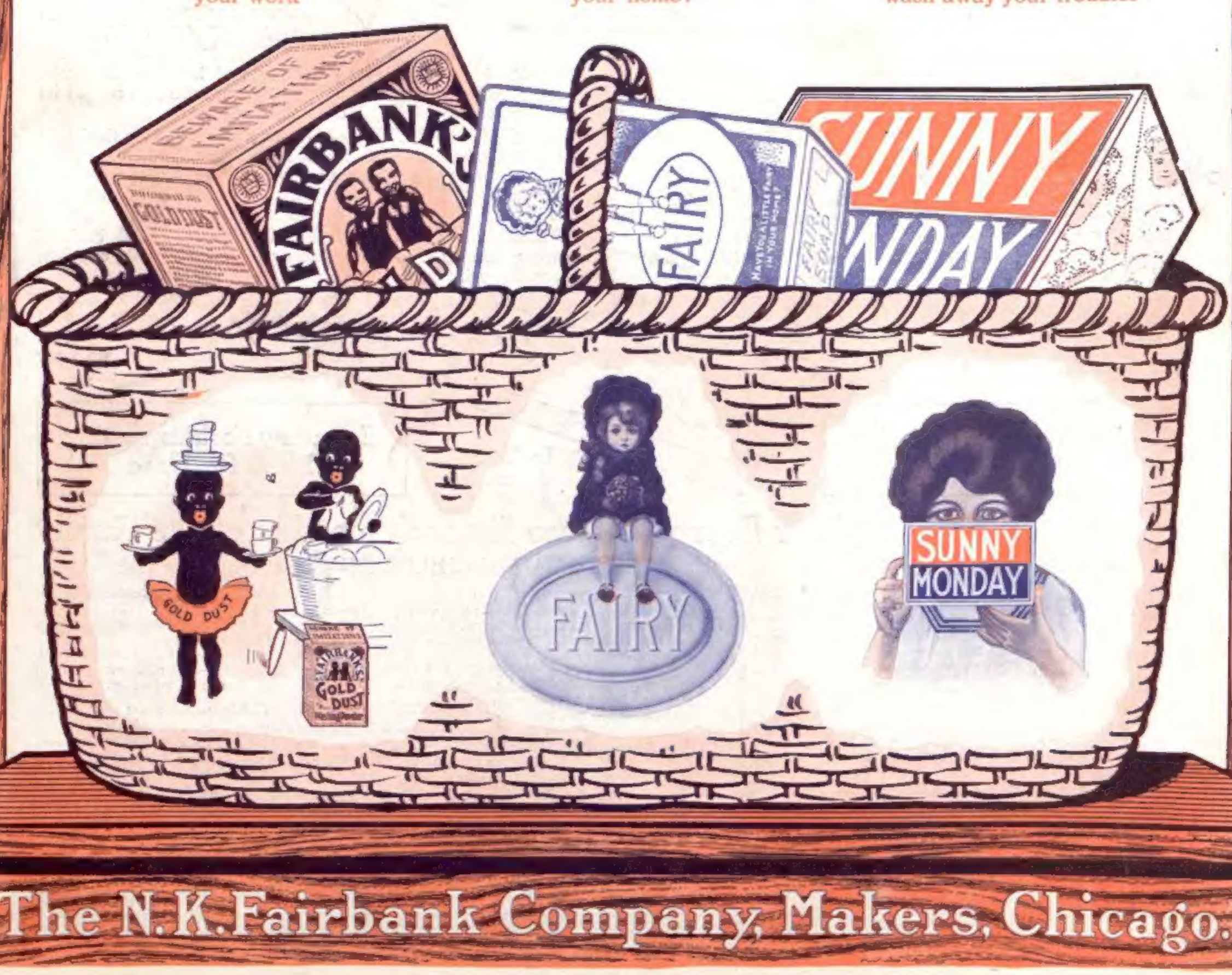
"Have you a little 'Fairy' in your home?"

Sunny Monday
Laundry Soap

There is no earthly excuse for rubbing and scrubbing the life out of your clothes. Sunny Monday—a pure, white, vegetable-oil soap—contains a wonderful **dirt-starter** which saves rubbing, spares your back, and adds to the life of your clothes.

Sunny Monday is the best laundry soap we know how to make, and we have been in the business over twenty-five years.

"Sunny Monday Bubbles will wash away your troubles"



The N.K. Fairbank Company, Makers, Chicago.